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WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE'S

COMPLETE WORKS,

DRAMATIC AND POETIC:

THE TEXT FROM THE

CORRECTED COPY OF THE LATE GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

WITH

GLOSSARIAL NOTES AND A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

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KING HENRY VI. PART I. *Act II. — Scene* 4

Vol. II. — p. 3.

KING HENRY VI. PART II. *Act III. — Scene* 2.

(11.)

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FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Sixth.*
Duke of Gloster, *uncle to the king, and protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *uncle to the king, and regent of France.*
Thomas Beaufort, *duke of Exeter, great uncle to the king.*
Henry Beaufort, *great uncle to the king, bishop of Winchester, and afterwards cardinal.*
John Beaufort, *earl of Somerset; afterwards duke.*
Richard Plantagenet, *eldest son of Richard, late earl of Cambridge; afterwards duke of York.*
Earl of Warwick. *Earl of* Salisbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot, *afterwards earl of Shrewsbury.*
John Talbot, *his son.*
Edmund Mortimer, *earl of March.*
Mortimer's *keeper, and a lawyer.*
Sir John Fastolfe. *Sir* William Lucy.
Sir William Glansdale. *Sir* Thomas Gargrave.
Mayor of London. Woodville, *lieut. of the Tower.*
Vernon, *of the white rose, or York faction.*
Basset, *of the red rose, or Lancaster faction.*
Charles, *dauphin, and afterwards king of France.*
Reignier, *duke of Anjou, and titular king of Naples.*
Duke of Burgundy. *Duke of* Alençon.
Governor of Paris. *Bastard of* Orleans.
Master-gunner of Orleans, and his son.
General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant. *A Porter.*
An old shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, *daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.* *Countess of* Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, lords, warders of the Tower, heralds, officers, soldiers, messengers, and several attendants, both on the English and French.

Scene, *partly in England, and partly in France.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey. Dead march. Corpse of King Henry *the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of* Bedford, Gloster, *and* Exeter; *the Earl of* Warwick, *the Bishop of* Winchester, *Heralds, &c.*

Bedford.

HUNG be the heavens with black,[1] yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.
Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.
Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses[2] have contriv'd his end?
Win. He was a king blessed of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.
Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.
Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.
Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish[3] of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!

(1) Alluding to our ancient stage-practice when a tragedy was to be acted

(2) There was a notion long prevalent, that life might be taken away by metrical charms.

(3) Nurse was anciently so spelt.

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A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly: or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Roüen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.[1]

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France:—
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.[2]

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance,
France is revolted from the English quite;
Except some petty towns of no import:
The dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reigneir, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew:
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn;
Either to quell the dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Ex.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.
[*Exit. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—France. *Before* Orleans. *Enter* Charles, *with his forces;* Alençon, Reignier, *and others.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,

(1) Her, *i. e.* England's.

(2) *i. e.* Their miseries which have had only a short intermission.

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So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exe.*

Alarums: excursions; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter Charles, Alençon, Reignier, *and others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.[1]

Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliases,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals[2] or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard *of* Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard[3] of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer[4] appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

(1) *i. e.* The prey for which they are hungry.
(2) A gimmal is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another; here it is taken at large for an engine..

Char. Go, call her in: [*Exit* Bastard.] But, first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:—
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.
[*Retires.*

Enter La Pucelle, Bastard *of* Orleans, *and others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?—
Where is the dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart:—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this:[5] Thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms;
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's church-yard,
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come o'God's name, I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.
[*They fight.*

Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;
'Tis the French dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

(3) This was not in former times a term of reproach.
(4) Countenance.
(5) Be firmly persuaded of it.

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Char. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer,[1] halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death, the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters,[2] were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?
Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
Char. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.—London. *Hill before the Tower. Enter, at the gates, the Duke of* Gloster, *with his serving-men, in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.[3]—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; Gloster it is that calls.
[Servants *knock.*
1 Ward. [*Within.*] Who is there that knocks so imperiously?
1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.
2 Ward. [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
1 *Serv.* Answer you so the lord protector, villains?
1 Ward. [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.
Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm, but I.—
Break up[4] the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
Servants *rush at the Tower gates. Enter, to the gates,* Woodville, *the lieutenant.*
Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.
Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke: I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.
Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.
Enter Winchester, *attended by a train of servants, in tawny-coats.*
Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey? what means this?
Glo. Piel'd priest,[5] dost thou command me to be shut out?
Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,[6]
And not protector of the king, or realm.
Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvass[7] thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth,
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.
Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;
[Gloster *and his men attack the bishop.*
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.
Glo. Winchester goose,[8] I cry—a rope! a rope!—
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawney-coats!—out, scarlet[9] hypocrite!
Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, enter the Mayor *of London, and officers.*
May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!
Glo. Peace, mayor; thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.
Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,

(1) Expect prosperity after misfortune.
(2) Meaning the four daughters of Philip, mentioned in Acts xxi. 9.
(3) Theft. (4) Break open.
(5) Alluding to his shaven crown. (6) Traitor
(7) Sift. (8) A strumpet.
(9) An allusion to the bishop's habit

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Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.
Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they skirmish again.*
May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation:—
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. *All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.
Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.
May. I'll call for clubs,[1] if you will not away:—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.
Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.
Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*
May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs[2] bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—France. Before Orleans. Enter on the walls, the Master-Gunner *and his* Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd;
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do, to procure me grace:[3]
The prince's espials[4] have inform'd me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*
Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the Lords Salisbury *and* Talbot, *Sir* William Glansdale, *Sir* Thomas Gargrave, *and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death,
Rather than I would be so pil'd esteem'd.[5]
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all;
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.
Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.
Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with slight skirmishes enfeebled.
[*Shot from the town.* Salisbury *and Sir* Thomas Gargrave *fall.*
Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!
Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us?—
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!—
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury want mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles——
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone, Remember to avenge me on the French.*—
Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,

(1) That is, for peace-officers armed with club or staves.

(2) Pride. (3) Favour. (4) Spies.
(5) So stripped of honours.

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Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[*Thunder heard; afterwards an alarum.*
What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[Salisbury *groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—
Pucelle or puzzel,[1] dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. [*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V.—The same. Before one of the gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. Talbot *pursueth the* Dauphin, *and driveth him in: then enter* Joan la Pucelle, *driving Englishmen before her. Then enter* Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout with thee:
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee,[2] thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.
Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee. [*They fight.*
Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will châstise this high-minded strumpet.
Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go; cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[Pucelle *enters the town, with soldiers.*
Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lion's stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*
It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* Talbot *and his forces, &c.*

SCENE VI.—The same. Enter, on the walls, Pucelle, Charles, Reignier, Alençon, *and soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves:—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals,
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exe.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. Enter, to the gates, a French Sergeant, *and two* Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.[3]
1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit* Serg.] Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds,)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, *and forces, with scaling-ladders; their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

(1) Dirty wench.
(2) The superstition of those times taught, that he who could draw a witch's blood was free from her power.
(3) The same as guard-room.

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Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.
Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid? and be so martial?
Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying* St. George! a Talbot! *and all enter by the town.*

Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, Bastard, Alençon, Reignier, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all unready[1] so?
Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous, or desperate, than this.
Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel, how he sped.

Enter Charles *and* La Pucelle.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.
Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.
Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?
Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms[2] to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, *crying,* A Talbot! a Talbot! *They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Orleans. Within the town. Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, *a* Captain, *and others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*
Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse,[3] we met not with the dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates.
Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.
Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,)
Am sure, I scar'd the dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?
Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?
Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, good lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies:[4]
That she may boast, she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.
Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars

(1) Undressed. (2) Plans, schemes. (3) Wonder. (4) *i. e.* Where she dwells.

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Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive my mind.
Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Auvergne. Court of the castle. Enter the Countess *and her* Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure[1] of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger *and* Talbot.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What? is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see, report is fabulous and false:
I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled[2] shrimp,
Should strike such terror to his enemies.
Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.
Count. What means he now?—Go ask him whither he goes?
Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, *with keys.*

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Prisoner! to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.
Tal. Ha, ha, ha!
Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.
Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,[3]
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.
Count. Why, art not thou the man?
Tal. I am indeed.
Count. Then have I substance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.
Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;[4]
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I show you presently.

He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.
Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited;[5]
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience,) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
Count. With all my heart: and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *The Temple Garden. Enter the Earls of* Somerset, Suffolk, *and* Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, *and another* Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suff. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth;
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suff. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;[6]
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment

(1) For opinion. (2) Wrinkled.
(3) Foolish. (4) For a purpose.
(5) Announced loudly.
(6) *i. e.* Regulate his motions most adroitly.

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But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours;[1] and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.
Suff. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen: and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;[2]
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale, and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red
And fall on my side so against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
[*To* Somerset.
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks,
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.
Suff. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suff. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen[3] from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,[4]
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt[5] from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker[6] Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:[7]
Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suff. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exe.*

SCENE V.—The same. A room in the Tower.

Enter Mortimer, *brought in a chair by two* Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:

(1) Tints and deceits: a play on the word.
(2) Justly proposed.
(3) *i. e.* Those who have no right to arms.
(4) The Temple, being a religious house, was a sanctuary.
(5) Excluded. (6) Confederate. (7) Opinion.

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And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,[1]
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:[2]
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine,
That droops his sapless branches to the ground.—
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 *Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire[3] of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised[4] Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.[5]
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard; Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the Third; whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as, in this haughty[6] great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army; weening[7] to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, 'would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaughter'er doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewell; and fair[8] be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!
[*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—
[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out* Mortimer.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:—
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill[9] the advantage of my good. [*Exit*

(1) The heralds that, fore-running death, proclaim its approach.
(2) End.
(3) *i. e.* He who terminates or concludes misery.
(4) Lately-despised. (5) Uneasiness, discontent
(6) High. (7) Thinking.
(8) Lucky, prosperous.
(9) My ill, is my ill usage.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. The Parliament-House. Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloster, Warwick, Somerset, *and* Suffolk; *the Bishop of* Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, *and others.* Gloster *offers to put up a bill;*[1] Winchester *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.
Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession, and degree;
And for thy treachery, What's more manifest;
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge, as at the Tower?
Besides, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.
Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, How am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one, but he, should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——
Glo. As good?
Thou bastard of my grandfather!—
Win. Ay, lordly sir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glo. Am I not the protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. This Rome shall remedy.
War. Roam thither then.
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [*Aside.*
K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—
[*A noise within;* Down with the tawny coats!
What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again;* Stones! stones!

Enter the Mayor *of* London, *attended.*

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the retainers of Gloster *and* Winchester, *with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.
1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.
2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*
Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd[2] fight aside.
3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,[3]
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.
1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.
[*Skirmish again.*
Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.
K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Winchester;—
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,

(1) *i. e.* Articles of accusation.
(2) Unseemly, indecent.
(3) This was a term of reproach towards men of learning.

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Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?
Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great, and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.[1]
For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand, I give.
Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!
Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [*Aside.*
K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
1 *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.
2 *Serv.* And so will I.
3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt* Servants, Mayor, *&c.*
War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.
Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick; for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.
K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.
War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.
K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon[2] of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely duke of York.
Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

(1) Feels an emotion of kind remorse.
(2) Recompense.

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Aside.*
Glo. Now it will best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.
K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glo. Your ships already are in readiness. [*Exeunt all but* Exeter.
Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—France. *Before* Roüen. *Enter* La Pucelle *disguised, and* Soldiers *dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Roüen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance (as I hope we shall,)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.
1 *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Roüen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*
Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là?*
Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.
Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung. [*Opens the gates.*
Puc. Now, Roüen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [Pucelle, *&c. enter the city.*

Enter Charles, Bastard *of* Orleans, Alençon, *and forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Roüen.
Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants,[3]
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is,—
No way to that,[4] for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter La Pucelle *on a battlement: holding out a torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Roüen unto her countrymen:
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.
Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

(3) Confederates in stratagems.
(4) *i. e.* No way equal to that.

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Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Alen. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter Talbot, *and certain English.*

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride[1] of France.
[*Exeunt to the town.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter from the town, Bedford, *brought in sick, in a chair, with* Talbot, Burgundy, *and the English forces. Then, enter on the walls,* La Pucelle, Charles, Bastard, Alençon, *and others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taste?
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan.
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[Talbot, *and the rest, consult together.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest:
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.
Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Puc. Captains, away: let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, sir, but to tell you
That we are here.
[*Exeunt* La Pucelle, *&c. from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house
(Prick'd on by public wrongs, sustain'd in France,)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear to get the town, or die.
Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Roüen,
And will be partner of your weal, or wo.
Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.
Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.
[*Exeunt* Burgundy, Talbot, *and forces, leaving* Bedford, *and others.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe, *and a* Captain.

Capt. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Capt. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?
Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world to save my life. [*Exit.*
Capt. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!
[*Exit.*

Retreat: Excursions. Enter from the town, La Pucelle, Alençon, Charles, *&c.; and exeunt, flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarum: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, *and others.*

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!
Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think, her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?[2]
What, all a-mort?[3] Roüen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order[4] in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Harry, with his nobles, lies.
Bur. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.
Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies[5] fulfill'd in Roüen;

(1) Haughty power.
(2) Scoffs. (3) Quite dispirited.
(4) Make some necessary dispositions.
(5) Funeral rites.

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A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The same. The plains near the city. Enter Charles, *the* Bastard, Alençon, La Pucelle, *and forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roüen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.
Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.
Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise;
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.
Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped[1] from our provinces.
Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd[2] from France,
And not have title to an earldom here.
Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drums heard.*
Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, Talbot *and his forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

A French march. Enter the Duke of Burgundy *and forces.*

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.
[*A parley sounded.*
Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.
Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.
Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.
Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.
Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.
Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bo
Should grieve thee more than streams of fore
gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!
Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with h
words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.
Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims
on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.
Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty[3] words of
hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;—
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.
Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn
again!
Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship
makes us fresh.
Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.
Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.
Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our
powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.—Paris. *A room in the palace. Enter* King Henry, Gloster, *and other Lords,* Vernon, Basset, *&c. To them* Talbot, *and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable
peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.
K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?
Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.
K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious
lord!
When I was young (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.

(1) Rooted out. (2) Expelled. (3) Elevated.

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Long since we were resolved[1] of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd[2] with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.
[*Exeunt* King Henry, Gloster, Talbot, *and Nobles.*

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.
[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death;
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. A room of state. Enter King Henry, Gloster, Exeter, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Winchester, Warwick, Talbot, *the* Governor *of* Paris, *and others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the Sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath—
[Governor *kneels.*
That you elect no other king but him:
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend[3]
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt* Governor *and his train.*

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's[4] leg,
[*Plucking it off.*
(Which I have done) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty 'squire, did run away;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty[5] courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.[6]
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge,)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—
[*Exit* Fastolfe.
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style? [*Viewing the superscription.*
No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the king?*
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend[7] some alteration in good will?
What's here?—*I have, upon especial cause,*—
[Reads.
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,[8]
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter Vernon *and* Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant; Hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine: Sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

(1) Confirmed in opinion. (2) Rewarded. (3) Design. (4) Mean, dastardly. (5) High. (6) *i. e.* In greatest extremities. (7) Design. (8) Anticipated.

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Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn[1] the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd[2] the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious praie!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;
Let me persuade you take a better course.
Exe. It grieves his highness;—Good my lords, be friends.
K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords,—remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years: and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
Putting on a red rose
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset, than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* King Henry, Glo. Som Win. Suf. *and* Basset.
War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. And, if I wist, he did,—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.
[*Exeunt* York, Warwick, *and* Vernon.
Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear, we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much,[3] when sceptres are in children's hands
But more, when envy[4] breeds unkind[5] division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Ex.*

SCENE II.—France. *Before* Bourdeaux. *Enter* Talbot, *with his forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls the General *of the* French *forces, and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power.
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.
Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death.

(1) Resist. (2) Betrayed.
(3) 'Tis strange, or wonderful.
(4) Enmity. (5) Unnatural

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Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due[1] thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt* General, *&c. from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;[2]
Not rascal-like,[3] to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God, and Saint George! Talbot, and England's right!
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exe.*

SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony. *Enter* York, *with forces; to him a* Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your espials[4] were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted[5] by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.[6]

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture[7] of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Other plains of Gascony. *Enter* Somerset, *with his forces; an* Officer *of* Talbot's *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Offi. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, sir William? whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;[8]
Who, ring'd about[9] with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away

(1) Endue, honour. (2) In high spirits.
(3) A rascal deer is the term of chace for lean poor deer.
(4) Spies. (5) Vanquished, baffled.
(6) Expended, consumed.
(7) Alluding to the tale of Prometheus.
(8) *i. e.* From one utterly ruined by the treacherous practices of others.
(9) Encircled.

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The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betrayed to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en or slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The English *camp, near* Bourdeaux. *Enter* Talbot *and* John *his son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,[1]
A terrible and unavoided[2] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard[3] should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—A field of battle. Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbot's *Son is hemmed about, and* Talbot *rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France's sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son.
The life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd[4] time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

(1) To a field where death will be feasted with slaughter.

(2) For unavoidable.

(3) Your care of your own safety. (4) Ended.

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John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die:
And like[1] me to the peasant boys of France;
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.
Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Another part of the same.—Alarum: Excursions. Enter Talbot *wounded, supported by a* Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone:—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity![2]
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin,[3] and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!
Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither[4] sky,
In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say—
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
[*Dies.*

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard, La Pucelle, *and forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,[5]
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
But—with a proud, majestical high scorn,—
He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born*
To be the pillage of a giglot[6] *wench:*
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.
Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, *attended; a French herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, dauphin? 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead,
Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.
Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury;
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great mareshal to Henry the Sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze[7] the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.
Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exe.*

(1) Liken me, reduce me to a level with.
(2) Death stained and dishonoured with captivity.
(3) 'Watching me with tenderness in my fall.'
(4) Flexible, yielding.
(5) Raving mad.
(6) Wanton.
(7) Confound.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A room in the palace. Enter* King Henry, Gloster, *and* Exeter.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.
K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.
K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity[1] and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young;
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one;
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two ambassadors, with Winchester, *in a cardinal's habit.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive, that will be verified,
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.
K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.
Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have informed his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.
K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*To the Amb.*] pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.
[*Exeunt* King Henry *and train;* Gloster, Exeter, *and Ambassadors.*
Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.
Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.
Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—France. *Plains in Anjou. Enter* Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, La Pucelle, *and forces, marching.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.
Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.
Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently.
Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before* Angiers. *Alarums: Excursions. Enter* La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;[2]
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents!
[*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,[3]
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk about, and speak not*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads*
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,

(1) Barbarity, savageness.
(2) Charms sewed up.
(3) The north was supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits.

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That France must vail[1] her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Ex.*

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. La Pucelle *and* York *fight hand to hand.* La Pucelle *is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.
Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. O, Charles the dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning[2] hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.
Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Suffolk, *leading in Lady* Margaret.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers [*Kissing her hand.*] for eternal peace:
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whoso'er thou art.
Suff. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going.*
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself;[3]
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.
Suff. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suff. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?
Suff. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*
Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.
Suff. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure the man is mad.
Suff. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suff. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.[4]
Mar. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter.
Suff. Yet so my fancy[5] may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*
Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?
Suff. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*
Suff. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*
Suff. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*
Suff. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo.*
Suff. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suff. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suff. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suff. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suff. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suff. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.
[*Troops come forward.*

A parley sounded. Enter Reignier, *on the walls.*

Suff. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suff. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suff. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord;
Consent (and, for thy honour, give consent,)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

(1) Lower. (2) To ban is to curse.
(3) 'Do not represent thyself so weak.'

(4) An awkward business, an undertaking so likely to succeed.
(5) Love.

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Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suff. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face,[1] or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit, from the walls.*
Suff. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter Reignier, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suff. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suff. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suff. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd;
So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*
Suff. Farewell, sweet madam! But, hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.
Suff. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
Suff. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*
Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish[2] tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt* Reignier *and* Margaret.
Suff. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
Mad,[3] natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit.*

(1) Play the hypocrite. (2) Childish.
(3) Wild. (4) Untimely.
(5) Miser here simply means a miserable creature.

SCENE IV.—Camp of the Duke of York, *in Anjou. Enter* York, Warwick, *and others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless[4] cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!
Puc. Decrepit miser![5] base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.
Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle![6]
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.
Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
On purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*
York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived![7] Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.
War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.
Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;

(6) A corruption of obstinate.
(7) 'No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities.'

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That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?
War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially since Charles must father it.
Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man! that's most intolerable.
York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.
York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure!—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*
York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse[1] of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.
York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief,
The utter loss of all the realm of France.
War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, *attended;* Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, *and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.
York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful[2] enemies.
Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus.
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;[3]
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.
Char. 'Tis known already, that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.
York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit[4] proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.
Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.
Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.
[*Aside to* Charles.
War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?
Char. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[Charles, *and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when you please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—London. *A room in the palace.*
Enter King Henry, *in conference with* Suffolk; Gloster *and* Exeter *following.*

K. Hen. Your wond'rous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour in tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive

(1) Compassion. (2) Baneful.
(3) Coronet is here used for crown.

(4) 'Be content to live as the beneficiary of our king.'

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SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

*** 'The Contenfion of the two famous houses of York and Lancaster,' in two parts, was published in quarto, in 1600; and the first part was entered on the Stationers' books, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) March 12, 1593-4. On these two plays, which I believe to have been written by some preceding author, before the year 1590, Shakspeare formed, as I conceive, this and the following drama; altering, retrenching, or amplifying, as he thought proper. At present it is only necessary to apprize the reader of the method observed in the printing of these plays. All the lines printed in the usual manner are found in the original quarto plays (or at least with such minute variations as are not worth noticing:) and those, I conceive, Shakspeare adopted as he found them. The lines to which inverted commas are prefixed, were, if my hypothesis be well founded, retouched, and greatly improved by him; and those with asterisks were his own original production; the embroidery with which he ornamented the coarse stuff that had been awkwardly made up for the stage by some of his contemporaries. The speeches which he new-modelled, he improved, sometimes by amplification, and sometimes by retrenchment.

MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Sixth:*
Humphrey, *duke of Gloster, his uncle.*
Cardinal Beaufort, *bishop of Winchester, great uncle to the king.*
Richard Plantagenet, *duke of York:*
Edward *and* Richard, *his sons.*
Duke of Somerset, *Duke of* Suffolk, *Duke of* Buckingham, *Lord* Clifford, *Young* Clifford, *his son.* } *of the king's party.*
Earl of Salisbury, *Earl of* Warwick, } *of the York faction.*
Lord Scales, *Governor of the Tower. Lord* Say.
Sir Humphrey Stafford, *and his brother. Sir* John Stanley.
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and Walter Whitmore.
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
A Herald. Vaux.
Hume *and* Southwell, *two priests.*
Bolingbroke, *a conjurer. A Spirit raised by him.*
Thomas Horner, *an armourer.* Peter, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham. *Mayor of* Saint Alban's.
Simpcox, *an impostor. Two Murderers.*
Jack Cade, *a rebel:*
George, John, Dick, Smith, *the Weaver,* Michael, *&c. his followers.*
Alexander Iden, *a Kentish gentleman.*

Margaret, *queen to king Henry.*
Eleanor, *duchess of Gloster.*
Margery Jourdain, *a witch. Wife to* Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

Scene, *dispersedly in various parts of England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London.—*A room of state in the palace. Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter, on one side,* King Henry, *Duke of* Gloster, Salisbury, Warwick, *and Cardinal* Beaufort; *on the other, Queen* Margaret, *led in by* Suffolk; York, Somerset, Buckingham, *and others, following.*

Suffolk.

As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd,
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquis gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.- Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
'A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
* If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

'*Q. Mar.* Great king of England, and my gracious lord;

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'The mutual conference that my mind hath had[1]—
'By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
'In courtly company, or at my beads,—
'With you mine alder-liefest[2] sovereign,
'Makes me the bolder to salute my king
'With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
'And over-joy of heart doth minister.

'*K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish: but her grace in speech,
'Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
'Makes me, from wondering fall to weeping joys;
'Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
'Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suff. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
'For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.*——Item,—*That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father*——

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item,—*It is further agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.*

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down;
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—
Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,
Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and* Suffolk.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
'To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
'Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
'What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
'His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
'Did he so often lodge in open field,
'In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
'To conquer France, his true inheritance?
'And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
'To keep by policy what Henry got?
'Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
'Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
'Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
'Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
'With all the learned council of the realm,
'Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
'Early and late, debating to and fro
'How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
'And hath his highness in his infancy
'Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
'And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
'Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
'Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die
'O peers of England, shameful is this league!
'Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame:
'Blotting your names from books of memory:
'Razing the characters of your renown;
'Defacing monuments of conquered France;
'Undoing all, as all had never been!

'*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
'This peroration with such circumstance?[3]
'For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

* *Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
* But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
'Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
* Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
* Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

* *Sal.* Now, by the death of him that died for all
* These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

'*War.* For grief, that they are past recovery:
'For, were there hope to conquer them again,
'My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
'Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
'Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
'And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
'Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
'Mort Dieu!

* *York.* For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
* That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
* France should have torn and rent my very heart,
* Before I would have yielded to this league.
'I never read but England's kings have had
'Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
'And our king Henry gives away his own,
'To match with her that brings no vantages.

* *Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,
* That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
* For costs and charges in transporting her!
* She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
* Before——

* *Car.* My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;
* It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

* *Glo.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
'But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
'Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
'I see thy fury: If I longer stay,
'We shall begin our ancient bickerings.[4]—
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
* Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
* And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
* Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
* And heir apparent to the English crown;
* Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
* And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
* There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.

(1) I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination.

(2) Beloved above all things.

(3) This speech crowded with so many circumstances of aggravation.

(4) Skirmishings.

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* Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
* Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
' What though the common people favour him,
' Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;*
' Clapping their hands, and crying with a loud voice
' *Jesu maintain your royal excellence!*
' With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
' I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
' He will be found a dangerous protector.
* *Buck.* Why should he then protect our sovereign,
* He being of age to govern of himself?—
' Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
' And all together—with the duke of Suffolk,—
' We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.
* *Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay;
* I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*
' *Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
' And greatness of his place be grief to us,
' Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
' His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside;
' If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.
Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
* Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt* Buckingham *and* Somerset.
Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
' While these do labour for their own preferment,
' Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
' I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
' Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
' Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
' More like a soldier, than a man o'the church,
' As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
' Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
' Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
' Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
' Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
' Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
' Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
' And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
' In bringing them to civil discipline;
' Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
' When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
' Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people:—
' Join we together, for the public good;
' In what we can to bridle and suppress
' The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
' With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
' And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
' While they do tend the profit of the land.
* *War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
* And common profit of his country!
* *York.* And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.
Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.
War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
* And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Exeunt* Warwick *and* Salisbury.
York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
* Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
* Stands on a tickle[1] point, now they are gone:
* Suffolk concluded on the articles;
* The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
* To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
* I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?
* 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
* Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
* And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
* Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
* While as the silly owner of the goods
* Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
* And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
* While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
* Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
* So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
* While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
* Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
* Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
* As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
* Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.[2]
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold his sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The same. A room in the duke of Gloster's *house. Enter* Gloster *and the* Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
* Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
* As frowning at the favours of the world?
* Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
* Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
' What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,
* Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
* If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
* Until thy head be circled with the same.
' Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
' What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
* And, having both together heav'd it up,
* We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
* And never more abase our sight so low,
* As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

(1) For ticklish.

(2) Meleager; whose life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should last. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in torment.

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'*Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
'Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
'And may that thought, when I imagine ill
'Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
'Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
'My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.
'*Duch.* What dream, my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
'With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
'*Glo.* Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
'Was broke in twain, by whom I have forgot,
'But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
'And on the pieces of the broken wand
'Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
'And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
'This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.
'*Duch.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
'Shall lose his head for his presumption.
'But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
'And on my head did set the diadem.
'*Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
* Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd[1] Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
* Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
* Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
* To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
* From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.
'*Duch.* What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
'With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
'Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
'And not be check'd.
'*Glo.* Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

'*Mess.* My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
'You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
'Whereas[2] the king and queen do mean to hawk.
Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
'*Duch.* Yes, good my lord, I'll follow presently.
[*Exeunt* Gloster *and* Messenger.
'Follow I must, I cannot go before,
* While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
* Were I a man, .uke, and next of blood,
* I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
* And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
* And, being a woman, I will not be slack
* To play my part in fortune's pageant.
'Where are you there? Sir John![3] nay, fear not, man,
'We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!
'*Duch.* What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
'Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
'*Hume.* This they have promised,—to show your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
'That shall make answer to such questions,
'As by your grace shall be propounded him.
'*Duch.* It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
'When from Saint Albans we do make return,
'We'll see these things effected to the full.
'Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
'With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
[*Exit* Duchess.
* *Hume.* Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
'Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John Hume?
'Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
'The business asketh silent secrecy.
* Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
* Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
'Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
'I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
'And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
'Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
'They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
'Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
'And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
* They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;
* Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
* Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
* To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
* Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
* Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;
* And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
* Sort how it will,[4] I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The same. A room in the palace.
Enter Peter, *and others, with petitions.*

'1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.[5]
'2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk, *and Queen* Margaret.

* 1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.
'2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.
'*Suff.* How now, fellow? would'st any thing with me?
'1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.
'*Q. Mar.* [Reading the superscription.] *To my lord protector!* are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: What is thine?
'1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.
Suff. Thy wife too? that is some wrong indeed.—What's yours?—What's here! [*Reads.*] *Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*—How now, sir knave?
2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.
Peter. [*Presenting his petition*] Against my

(1) Ill-educated. (2) For where.
(3) A title frequently bestowed on the clergy.
(4) Let the issue be what it will.
(5) With great exactness and observance of form.

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master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

'*Q. Mar.* What say'st thou? Did the duke of 'York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

'*Peter.* That my master was? No, forsooth: my 'master said, That he was; and that the king was 'an usurper.

Suff. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exeunt Servants, with* Peter.

'*Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected
'Under the wings of our protector's grace,
'Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
[*Tears the petition.*
'Away, base cullions![1]—Suffolk, let them go.

* *All.* Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

* *Q. Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
* Is this the fashion in the court of England?
* Is this the government of Britain's isle,
* And this the royalty of Albion's king?
* What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
* Under the surly Gloster's governance?
* Am I a queen in title and in style,
* And must be made a subject to a duke?
'I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
'Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
'And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
'I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
'In courage, courtship, and proportion:
'But all his mind is bent to holiness,
* To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
* His champions are—the prophets and apostles;
* His weapons, holy saws[2] of sacred writ;
* His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
* Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
* I would, the college of cardinals
* Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
* And set the triple crown upon his head;
* That were a state fit for his holiness.

'*Suff.* Madam, be patient: as I was cause
'Your highness came to England, so will I
'In England work your grace's full content.

* *Q. Mar.* Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort,
* The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
* And grumbling York; and not the least of these,
* But can do more in England than the king.

* *Suff.* And he of these, that can do most of all,
* Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
* Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.

'*Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
'As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
'She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
'More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
* She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
* And in her heart she scorns her poverty:
* Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
* Contemptuous base-born callat[3] as she is,
'She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
* Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

'*Suff.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
* And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
* That she will light to listen to the lays,
* And never mount to trouble you again.
* So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
* For I am bold to counsel you in this.
* Although we fancy not the cardinal,
* Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
* Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
* As for the duke of York,—this late complaint[4]
* Will make but little for his benefit:
* So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
* And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King Henry, York, *and* Somerset, *conversing with him; Duke and Duchess of* Gloster, *Cardinal* Beaufort, Buckingham, Salisbury, *and* Warwick.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd[5] the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

* *Sal.* Peace, son;——and show some reason, Buckingham,
* Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

* *Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

'*Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself
'To give his censure:[6] these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what need your grace
'To be protector of his excellence?

'*Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm;
'And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suff. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
'Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?)
'The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
* The dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
* And all the peers and nobles of the realm
* Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

* *Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
* Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

* *Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
* Have cost a mass of public treasury.

* *Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution,
* Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
* And left thee to the mercy of the law.

* *Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices and towns in France,—
* If they were known, as the suspect is great,—
* Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* Gloster. *The Queen drops her fan.*
'Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?
[*Gives the* Duchess *a box on the ear.*
'I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?

(1) Scoundrels. (2) Sayings. (3) Drab, trull.
(4) *i. e.* The complaint of Peter the armourer's man against his master

(5) Denay is frequently used instead of deny among the old writers.
(6) Censure here means simply judgment or opinion.

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'*Duch.* Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman;
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.[1]
K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.
'*Duch.* Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;
'She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
* Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[*Exit* Duchess.
* *Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
* And listeth after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
* She's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs,
* She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.
[*Exit* Buckingham.

Re-enter Gloster.

* *Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,
* With walking once about the quadrangle,
* I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
* As for your spiteful false objections,
* Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
* But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
* As I in duty love my king and country!
* But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
* I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
* To be your regent in the realm of France.
* *Suff.* Before we make election, give me leave
'To show some reason, of no little force,
'That York is most unmeet of any man.
'*York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
'First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
* Next, if I be appointed for the place,
* My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
* Without discharge, money, or furniture,
* Till France be won into the dauphin's hands.
* Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
* Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.
* *War.* That I can witness; and a fouler fact
* Did never traitor in the land commit.
Suff. Peace, headstrong Warwick!
War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of Suffolk, *bringing in* Horner *and* Peter.

Suff. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!
* *York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?
* *K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me: What are these?
'*Suff.* Please it your majesty, this is the man
'That doth accuse his master of high treason:
'His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
'Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper.
'*K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy words?
Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.
'*Pet.* By these ten bones, my lords, [*Holding* 'up his hands.] he did speak them to me in the garret one night as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.
* *York.* Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
* I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—
'I do beseech your royal majesty,
'Let him have all the rigour of the law.
Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this: therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.
K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?
'*Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
'Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
'Because in York this breeds suspicion:
'And let these have a day appointed them
'For single combat in convenient place;
'For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
'This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.
K. Hen. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset, We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.
Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.
Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.
Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; * for God's
* sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth
* against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I
* shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my
* heart!
Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.
'*K. Hen.* Away with them to prison: and the day
'Of combat shall be the last of the next month.
* Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.—The same. The duke of Gloster's *Garden. Enter* Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, *and* Bolingbroke.

* *Hume.* Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell
* you, expects performance of your promises.
* *Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore pro-
* vided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our
* exorcisms?[2]
* *Hume.* Ay; What else? fear you not her
* courage.
* *Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a
* woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be
* convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft,
* while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go
* in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* Hume.]
'Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on
'the earth:—* John Southwell, read you; and let
* us to our work.

Enter Duchess, *above.*

* *Duch.* Well said, my masters; and welcome
* all. To this geer;[3] the sooner the better.
* *Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
'The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
'The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs[4] howl,
'And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
'That time best fits the work we have in hand.
'Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
'We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.
[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle;* Bolingbroke, *or* Southwell, *reads,* Conjuro te, *&c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the* Spirit *riseth.*
* *Spir.* Adsum.
* *M. Jourd.* Asmath,
* By the eternal God, whose name and power
* Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

(1) The marks of her fingers and thumbs.
(2) By *exorcise* Shakspeare invariably means to raise spirits, and not to lay them.
(3) Matter or business.
(4) Village-dogs.

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* For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.
* *Spir.* Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done!
Boling. *First, of the king. What shall of him become?* [Reading out of a paper.
Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
[*As the* Spirit *speaks*, Southwell *writes the answer.*
Boling. *What fate awaits the duke of* Suffolk?
Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.
Boling. *What shall befall the duke of* Somerset?
Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
' Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
' False fiend, avoid!
[*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit *descends.*

Enter York *and* Buckingham, *hastily, with their guards, and others.*

' *York.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
' Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
' What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
' Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
' My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
' See you well guerdon'd[1] for these good deserts.
* *Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
* Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.
* *Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Showing her the papers.*
' Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
' And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
' Stafford, take her to thee. [*Ex.* Duch. *from above.*
' We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;
' All.—Away!
[*Exeunt guards, with* South. Boling. *&c.*
* *York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
* A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
* Why, this is just.
* *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:
Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.—
What shall betide the duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
* Come, come, my lords;
* These oracles are hardily attain'd,
* And hardly understood.
' The king is now in progress toward Saint Albans,
' With him, the husband of this lovely lady;
' Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
' A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.
' *Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
' To be the post, in hope of his reward.
' *York.* At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's
' within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

' Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
' To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [*Exe.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Saint Albans. *Enter* King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloster, Cardinal, *and* Suffolk, *with* Falconers *hollaing.*

' *Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,[2]
' I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
' Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.
' *K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
' And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
' To see how God in all his creatures works!
* Yea, man and birds, are fain[3] of climbing high.
Suff. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
* And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
' *Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
' That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
' *Car.* I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.
' *Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?
* *K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy!
' *Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
' Beat on a crown,[4] the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
' *Glo.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
* *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*
' Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice,
' With such holiness can you do it?
' *Suff.* No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
' So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suff. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!
Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that! [*Aside to the* Cardinal.
' *Car.* Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*
' *Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
' In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*
' *Car.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
' This evening, on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*
' *K. Hen.* How now, my lords?
' *Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloster,
' Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
' We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword. [*Aside to* Gloster

(1) Rewarded.
(2) The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl.
(3) Fond.
(4) *i. e.* Thy mind is working on a crown.

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Glo. True, uncle.
Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?
Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*
K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?
'*Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
* Or all my fence[1] shall fail. [*Aside.*
* Car. *Medice, teipsum;*
' Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. [*Aside.*
K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
* How irksome is this music to my heart!
* When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
* I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter an Inhabitant *of Saint Albans, crying,* A miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!
Suff. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.
Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.
'*K. Hen.* Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
' Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor *of Saint Albans, and his brethren; and* Simpcox, *borne between two persons in a chair; his* Wife, *and a great multitude, following.*

* *Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,
* To present your highness with the man.
* *K. Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
* Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
* *Glo.* Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,
* His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
* *K. Hen.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
* That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been born blind, and now restor'd?
Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suff. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.
Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.
K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.
'*K. Hen.* Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
' Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
' But still remember what the Lord hath done.
* *Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
* Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
'*Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
' A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep
' By good Saint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox, come;*
' *Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*
* *Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
* Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suff. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
* *Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
* *Glo.* 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.
'*Simp.* Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
' And made me climb, with danger of my life.
* *Glo.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
' Let me see thine eyes:—wink now; now open them:—
' In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.
'*Simp.* Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint Alban.
Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.
K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suff. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.
* *Wife.* Never before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Then, Saunder, sit thou there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, 's impossible.——
My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs?
Simp. O, master, that you could!
Glo. My masters of Saint Albans have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?
May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glo. Then send for one presently.
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. [*Exit an attendant.*
Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.
Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone. You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

(1) Fence is the art of defence.

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Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the* Beadle *hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry,* A miracle!

* *K. Hen.* O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

* *Q. Mar.* It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

* *Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

* *Wife.* Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came. [*Exeunt* Mayor, Beadle, Wife, *&c.*

'*Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

'*Suff.* True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

'*Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I;
'You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

'*K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

'*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
'A sort[1] of naughty persons, lewdly[2] bent,—
'Under the countenance and confederacy
'Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
'The ringleader and head of all this rout,—
'Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
'Dealing with witches, and with conjurors:
'Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
'Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
'Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
'And other of your highness' privy council,
'As more at large your grace shall understand.

'*Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means
'Your lady is forthcoming[3] yet at London.
'This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aside to* Gloster.

'*Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:
* And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
* Or to the meanest groom.

* *K. Hen.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
* Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

* *Q. Mar.* Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
* And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

'*Glo.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
'How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal:
'And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
'Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
'Noble she is; but if she have forgot
'Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
'As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
'I banish her, my bed, and company;
'And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
'That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

'*K. Hen.* Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
'To-morrow, toward London, back again,
'To look into this business thoroughly,
'And call these foul offenders to their answers;
'And poise[4] the cause in justice' equal scales,
'Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

(1) A company. (2) Wickedly.

SCENE II.—London. *The duke of* York's *garden. Enter* York, Salisbury, *and* Warwick.

'*York.* Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
'Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
'In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
'In craving your opinion of my title,
'Which is infallible, to England's crown.

* *Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—
'Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
'The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
'The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
'Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
'Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
'The fifth, was Edmund Langley, duke of York;
'The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
'William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
'Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
'And left behind him Richard, his only son,
'Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;
'Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
'The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
'Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
'Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
'Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
'And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
'Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

* *War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth;
* Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

* *York.* Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
* For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
* The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

* *Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

* *York.* The third son, duke of Clarence (from whose line
* I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
* Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March:
* Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:
* Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

'*Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
'As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
'And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
'Who kept him in captivity, till he died.
* But, to the rest.

'*York.* His eldest sister, Anne,
'My mother being heir unto the crown,
'Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
'To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
'By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
'To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
'Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
'Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
'So, if the issue of the elder son
'Succeed before the younger, I am king.

'*War.* What plain proceedings are more plain than this?
'Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
'The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
'Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
'It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
'And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—

(3) *i. e.* Your lady is in custody. (4) Weigh.

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'Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
'And, in this private plot,[1] be we the first,
'That shall salute our rightful sovereign
'With honour of his birthright to the crown.
Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
'*York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not your king,
'Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
'With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:
* And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
* But with advice, and silent secrecy.
* Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
* Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
* At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
* At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
* Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
* That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
* 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
* Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
* *Sal.* My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.
'*War.* My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick
'Shall one day make the duke of York a king.
'*York.* And, Nevil, this do I assure myself,—
'Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
'The greatest man in England but the king. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.—The same. A hall of justice. Trumpets sounded. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloster, York, Suffolk, *and* Salisbury; *the Duchess of* Gloster, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, *and* Bolingbroke, *under guard.*

'*K. Hen.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:
'In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
'Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
'Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
* You four, from hence to prison back again; [*To* Jourd. *&c.*
* From thence, unto the place of execution:
* The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
* And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
'You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
'Despoiled of your honour in your life,
'Shall, after three days' open penance done,
'Live in your country here, in banishment,
'With sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.
'*Duch.* Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.
* *Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
* I cannot justify whom the law condemns.— [*Exeunt the* Duchess, *and the other prisoners, guarded.*
'Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
'Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
'Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—
'I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
'Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.[2]
'*K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go,
'Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
'Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
'My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
'And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
'Than when thou wert protector to thy king.
* *Q. Mar.* I see no reason, why a king of years
* Should be to be protected like a child.—
'God and king Henry govern England's helm:
'Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.
'*Glo.* My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
'As willingly do I the same resign,
'As ere thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
'Farewell, good king: When I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*
* *Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
* And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
* That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
* His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
* This staff of honour raught:[3]—There let it stand,
'Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.
* *Suff.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
* Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
'*York.* Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
'This is the day appointed for the combat;
'And ready are the appellant and defendant,
'The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
'So please your highness to behold the fight.
* *Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
* Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
'*K. Hen.* O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
'Here let them end it, and God defend the right!
* *York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested,[4]
* Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
* The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter on one side, Horner, *and his* Neighbours, *drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him; at the other side,* Peter, *with a drum and a similar staff, accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.[5]

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; And a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: * drink, and pray for me,
* I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last
* draught in this world.*—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave,

(1) Sequestered spot.
(2) *i. e.* Sorrow requires solace, and age requires ease.
(3) Reached.
(4) In a worse plight.
(5) A sort of sweet wine.

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and myself an honest man: * and touching the
* duke of York,—will take my death, I never
meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen:
* And, therefore, Peter, have at thee with a down-
right blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon
Ascapart.

* *York.* Despatch:—this knave's tongue begins
to double.

* Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and* Peter *strikes down his master.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess
treason. [*Dies.*

* *York.* Take away his weapon:——Fellow,
* thank God, and the good wine in thy master's
way.

' *Peter.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies
' in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in
' right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:[1]
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrong-
fully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The same. A street. Enter Gloster *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

* *Glo.* Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day
a cloud;
* And, after summer, evermore succeeds
* Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
* So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.[2]
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

' *Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
' To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
' Uneath[3] may she endure the flinty streets,
' To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious[4] looks, still laughing at thy shame;
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
* But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
* My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess *of* Gloster, *in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir* John Stanley, *a Sheriff, and Officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from
the sheriff.

' *Glo.* No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open
shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
' See, how the giddy multitude do point,
' And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
' Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
' And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban[5] thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
' Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame,[6] with papers on my back;
* And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
* To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet[7] groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
' Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
* Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;
* Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?
* No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
* To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
' Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
' With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
* But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
* Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

* *Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
* I must offend, before I be attainted:
* And had I twenty times so many foes,
* And each of them had twenty times their power,
* All these could not procure me any scathe,[8]
* So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
' Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
' Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
' But I in danger for the breach of law.
' Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
' I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
' These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's par-
liament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.
[*Exit* Herald.
My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

' *Sher.* An't please your grace, here my com-
mission stays:
' And sir John Stanley is appointed now
' To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

' *Glo.* Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

' *Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't please
your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;[9]
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

Duch. What gone, my lord; and bid me not
farewell?

' *Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt* Gloster *and* Servants.

' *Duch.* Art thou gone too? * All comfort go with
thee!
* For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
* Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
* Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
' Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;

(1) The death of the vanquished person was always regarded as certain evidence of his guilt.
(2) Change. (3) Not easily. (4) Malicious.
(5) Curse.

(6) Wrapped up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance.
(7) Deep-fetched. (8) Harm, mischief.
(9) *i. e.* The world may look again favourably on me.

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'I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
'Only convey me where thou art commanded.
* *Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
* There to be used according to your state.
* *Duch.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
* And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?
* *Stan.* Like to a duchess and duke Humphrey's lady,
* According to that state you shall be used.
'*Duch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare:
Although thou hast been conduct[1] of my shame!
'*Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
'*Duch.* Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?
'*Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
'*Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
* No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
* And show itself, attire me how I can.
* Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury. Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, *and others.*

'*K. Hen.* I muse,[2] my lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
'Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
'*Q. Mar.* Can you not see? or will you not observe
'The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
'With what a majesty he bears himself;
'How insolent of late he is become,
'How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?
'We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
'And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
'Immediately he was upon his knee,
'That all the court admir'd him for submission:
'But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
'When every one will give the time of day,
'He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
'And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
'Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
'Small curs are not regarded, when they grin:
'But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
'And Humphrey is no little man in England.
'First, note, that he is near you in descent;
'And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
'Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—
'Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
'And his advantage following your decease,—
'That he should come about your royal person,
'Or be admitted to your highness' council.
'By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
'And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
'Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
'Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
'And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
'The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
'Made me collect[3] these dangers in the duke.
'If it be fond,[4] call it a woman's fear;
'Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
'I will subscribe and say—I wrong'd the duke.
'My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
'Reprove my allegation, if you can;
'Or else conclude my words effectual.
'*Suff.* Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
'And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
* The duchess, by his subornation,
* Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
* Or if he were not privy to those faults,
* Yet, by reputing of his high descent[5]
* (As next the king, he was successive heir,)
* And such high vaunts of his nobility,
* Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
* By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
* And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.
* *Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,
* Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
* Levy great sums of money through the realm,
* For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it;
* By means whereof, the towns each day revolted?
* *Buck.* Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
* Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.
* *K. Hen.* My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
* To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
* Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?
* Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
* From meaning treason to our royal person,
* As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
* The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
* To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
* *Q. Mar.* Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance?
* Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
* For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
* Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
* For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
* Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
* Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
* Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter Somerset.

* *Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?
'*Som.* That all your interest in those territories
'Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.
K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's will be done!
York. Cold news for me; for I had hopes of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
* Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
* And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
* But I will remedy this gear[6] ere long,
* Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*

Enter Gloster.

* *Glo.* All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

(1) For conductor. (2) Wonder.
(3) *i. e.* Assemble by observation. (4) Foolish.
(5) *i. e.* Valuing himself on his high descent.
(6) Gear was a general word for things or matters

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Suff. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
' Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
* A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
* The purest spring is not so free from mud,
* As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stayed the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.
Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
' I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
' Nor never had one penny bribe from France.
' So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
' Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!
' That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
' Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
' Be brought against me at my trial day!
' No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
' Because I would not tax the needy commons,
' Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
' And never ask'd for restitution.
* *Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
* *Glo.* I say no more than truth, so help me God!
York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
* For I should melt at an offender's tears,
* And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
' Unless it were a bloody murderer,
' Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
' I never gave them cóndign punishment:
' Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
' Above the felon, or what trespass else.
' *Suff.* My lord, these faults are easy,[1] quickly answer'd:
' But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
' Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
' I do arrest you in his highness' name;
' And here commit you to my lord cardinal
' To keep, until your further time of trial.
' *K. Hen.* My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
' That you will clear yourself from all suspects;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.
Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!
* Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
* And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
* Foul subornation is predominant,
* And equity exil'd your highness' land.
* I know, their complot is to have my life;
' And, if my death might make this island happy,
' And prove the period of their tyranny,
' I would expend it with all willingness:
' But mine is made the prologue to their play:
' For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
' Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
' Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
' And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
' Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
' By false accuse[2] doth level at my life:
' And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
' Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
* And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
* My liefest[3] liege to be mine enemy:—
* Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
* Myself had notice of your conventicles.
' I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
' Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt:
' The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.
* *Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable:
* If those that care to keep your royal person
* From treason's secret knife, and traitor's rage,
* Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
* And the offender granted scope of speech,
* 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto *your* grace.
Suff. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
' With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
' As if she had suborned some to swear
' False allegations to o'erthrow his state?
' *Q. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose indeed;—
' Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
* And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—
' Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
' *Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.
Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
' Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
' And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee fi...
' Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
' For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.
[*Exeunt Attendants, with* Gloster.
K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.
Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?
K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
* Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
* My body round engirt with misery;
* For what's more miserable than discontent?—
* Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
* The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
* And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
* That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
* What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
* That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
* Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
* Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
* And as the butcher takes away the calf,
* And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
* Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
* Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
* And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
* Looking the way her harmless young one went,
* And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
* Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
* With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
* Look after him, and cannot do him good;
* So mighty are his vowed enemies.
' His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
' Say—*Who's a traitor*, Gloster *he is none.* [*Exit*
* *Q. Mar.* Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
* Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
* Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
* Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile

(1) For easily. (2) For accusation. (3) Dearest.

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* With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
* Or as the snake, rolled in a flowering bank,[1]
* With shining checker'd slough,[2] doth sting a child,
* That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
* Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
* (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
' This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
' To rid us from the fear we have of him.
* *Car.* That he should die, is worthy policy;
* But yet we want a colour for his death:
* 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.
* *Suff.* But, in my mind, that were no policy:
* The king will labour still to save his life,
* The commons haply[3] rise to save his life;
* And yet we have but trivial argument,
* More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
* *York.* So that, by this, you would not have him die.
* *Suff.* Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.
* *York.* 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—
* But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
* Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
* Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
* To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
* As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
' *Suff.* Madam, 'tis true: And were't not madness then,
' To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
' Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
' His guilt should be but idly posted over,
' Because his purpose is not executed.
' No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
' By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
' Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
' As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
' And do not stand on quillets, how to slay him:
' Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
' Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
' So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
' Which mates[4] him first, that first intends deceit.
* *Q. Mar.* Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
* *Suff.* Not resolute, except so much were done;
* For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
* But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
* Seeing the deed is meritorious,
* And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
* Say but the word, and I will be his priest.
* *Car.* But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
* Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
* Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
* And I'll provide his executioner,
* I tender so the safety of my liege.
* *Suff.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
* *Q. Mar.* And so say I.
* *York.* And I: and now we three have spoke it,
* It skills not greatly[5] who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

' *Mess.* Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
' To signify—that rebels there are up,
' And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
* Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
* Before the wound do grow incurable;
* For, being green, there is great hope of help.
* *Car.* A breach, that craves a quick expedient[6] stop!
' What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
' *York.* That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
' 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
' Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
' *Som.* If York, with all his far-fet[7] policy,
' Had been the regent there instead of me,
' He never would have staid in France so long.
' *York.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
' I rather would have lost my life betimes,
* Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
* By staying there so long, till all were lost.
* Show me one scar charácter'd on thy skin:
* Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.
* *Q. Mar.* Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
* If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
* No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still;—
* Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
* Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all!
' *Som.* And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame!
' *Car.* My lord of York, try what your fortune is
' The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
' And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
' To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
' Collected choicely, from each county some,
' And try your hap against the Irishmen?
* *York.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
* *Suff.* Why, our authority is his consent;
* And, what we do establish, he confirms:
* Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
' *York.* I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords,
' Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
' *Suff.* A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
' But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.
' *Car.* No more of him; for I will deal with him,
' That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
' And so break off; the day is almost spent:
' Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
' *York.* My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
' At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
' For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suff. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but* York.
' *York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
' And change misdoubt to resolution:
* Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
* Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
* Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
* And find no harbour in a royal heart.
* Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought;
* And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
* My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
* Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
* Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
* To send me packing with a host of men:
* I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
* Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
' I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
' You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
' Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
* I will stir up in England some black storm,

(1) *i. e.* In the flowers growing on a bank.
(2) Skin. (3) Perhaps. (4) Confounds.
(5) It is of no importance. (6) Expeditious
(7) Far-fetched.

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* Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell:
* And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
* Until the golden circuit on my head,
* Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
* Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.[1]
' And, for a minister of my intent,
' I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
' John Cade of Ashford,
' To make commotion, as full well he can,
' Under the title of John Mortimer.
* In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
* Oppose himself against a troop of kernes;[2]
* And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
* Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
* And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
* Caper upright like a wild Mórisco,[3]
* Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
* Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
* Hath he conversed with the enemy;
* And undiscover'd come to me again,
* And given me notice of their villanies.
* This devil here shall be my substitute;
* For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
* In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
' By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
' How they affect the house and claim of York.
' Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortur'd:
' I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
' Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
' Say, that he thrive (as 'tis great like he will,)
' Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
' And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
' For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
' And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Bury. *A room in the palace. Enter certain* Murderers, *hastily.*

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
* We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
* 2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done!
* Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

' 1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.
' *Suff.* Now, sirs, have you
' Despatch'd this thing?
' 1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
' *Suff.* Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
' I will reward you for this venturous deed.
' The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
' Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
' According as I gave directions?
' 1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.
' *Suff.* Away, be gone! [*Exeunt* Murderers.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, *Lords, and others.*

' *K. Hen.* Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
' *Suff.* I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
' *K. Hen.* Lords, take your places;—And, I pray you all,
' Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
' Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

(1) A violent gust of wind.
(2) Irish foot-soldiers, light-armed.
(3) A Moor in a morris dance.

* *Q. Mar.* God forbid any malice should prevail
* That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
* Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!
* *K. Hen.* I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.—

Re-enter Suffolk.

' How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
' Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
Suff. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
* *Q. Mar.* Marry, God forefend!
* *Car.* God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,
* The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word. [*The King swoons.*
' *Q. Mar.* How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.
* *Som.* Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
* *Q. Mar.* Run, go, help, help!—O, Henry, ope thine eyes!
* *Suff.* He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.
* *K. Hen.* O heavenly God!
* *Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious lord?
Suff. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now[4] to sing a raven's note,
* Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
' By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
' Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
* Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
* Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
* Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
' Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
' Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
' Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
' Yet do not go away;—Come, basilisk,
' And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
* For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
* In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
* Although the duke was enemy to him,
* Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
* And for myself,—foe as he was to me,
* Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
* Or blood-consuming sighs, recall his life,
* I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
* Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,
* And all to have the noble duke alive.
' What know I how the world may deem of me?
' For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
' It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
* So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
* And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
* This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
* To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
K. Hen. Ah, wo is me for Gloster, wretched man
Q. Mar. Be wo for me,[5] more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
* What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
* Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
* Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
* Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:

(4) Just now.
(5) *i. e.* Let not wo be to thee for Gloster, but for me.

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* Erect his statue then, and worship it,
* And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
' And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
' Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
* Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
* What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
* And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
* And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
* Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
* Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
* But left that hateful office unto thee:
* The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
* Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore,
* With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
* The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
* And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
* Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
* Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
* As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
* When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
* I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
* And when the dusky sky began to rob
* My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
* I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
* A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
* And threw it towards thy land;—the sea receiv'd it;
* And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
* And, even with this, I lost fair England's view,
* And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
* And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
* For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
* How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
* (The agent of thy foul inconstancy.)
* To sit and watch me, as Ascanius did,
* When he to madding Dido would unfold
* His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
* Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
* Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
* For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick *and* Salisbury. *The Commons press to the door.*

' *War.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,
' That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
' By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
' The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
' That want their leader, scatter up and down,
' And care not who they sting in his revenge.
' Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
' Until they hear the order of his death.
K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
' Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
' And comment then upon his sudden death.
War. That I shall do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.
[Warwick *goes into an inner room, and* Salisbury *retires.*
* *K. Hen.* O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts:
* My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
* Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
* If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
* For judgment only doth belong to thee!
* Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
* With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
* Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
* To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
* And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
* But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
* And, to survey his dead and earthly image,
* What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The folding-doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and Gloster *is discovered dead in his bed:* Warwick *and others standing by it.*

* *War.* Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.
* *K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave is made:
* For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
* For seeing him, I see my life in death.[1]
' *War.* As surely as my soul intends to live
' With that dread King that took our state upon him
' To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
' I do believe that violent hands were laid
' Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
Suff. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
' What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?
' *War.* See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,[2]
' Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
' Being all descended to the labouring heart;
' Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
' Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
' Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
' To blush and beautify the cheek again.
' But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
' His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
' Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man:
' His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
' His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
' And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
' Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
' His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,
' Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
' It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
' The least of all these signs were probable.
' *Suff.* Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
' Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
' And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
' *War.* But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;
' And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
' 'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
' And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.
' *Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
' As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?

(1) *i.e.* I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.

(2) A body becomes inanimate in the common course of nature, to which violence has not brought a timeless end.

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Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
'*Q. Mar.* Are you a butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
Suff. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exeunt* Cardinal, Som. *and others.*
War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.
'*Suff.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!
Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
* Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
* And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.
[*Exeunt* Suffolk *and* Warwick.
* *K. Hen.* What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
* Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
* And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
* Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
[*A noise within.*
Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter Suffolk *and* Warwick, *with their weapons drawn.*

'*K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
'Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—
'Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suff. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter Salisbury.

* *Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.— [*Speaking to those within.*
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banish'd fair England's territories,
'They will by violence tear him from your palace,
* And torture him with grievious ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
'They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
'And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—
'Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
'As being thought to contradict your liking,—
'Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
* They say, in care of your most royal person,
* That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
* And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
* In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
* Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
* Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
* That slily glided towards your majesty,
* It were but necessary, you were wak'd;
* Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
* The mortal worm[1] might make the sleep eternal:
* And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
* That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
* From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
* With whose envenom'd and fatal sting,
* Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
* They say, is shamefully bereft of life.
Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.
Suff. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint[2] an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort[3] of tinkers, to the king.
Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we'll all break in.
'*K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
'I thank them for their tender loving care:
'And had I not been 'cited so by them,
'Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
'For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
'Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
'And therefore,—by His majesty I swear,
'Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
'He shall not breathe infection in this air[4]
'But three days longer, on the pain of death.
[*Exit* Salisbury.
'*Q. Mar.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!
'*K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
'No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
'Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
'Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
'But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—
* If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
* On any ground that I am ruler of,
* The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
'Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
'I have great matters to impart to thee.
[*Exeunt* K. Henry, Warwick, *Lords, &c.*
'*Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!
'Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
'Be playfellows to keep you company!
'There's two of you; the devil make a third!
'And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps.
* *Suff.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
* And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
'*Q. Mar.* Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
'Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?
Suff. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

(1) Deadly serpent.
(2) Dexterous. (3) A company.
(4) *i. e.* He shall not contaminate this air with his infected breath.

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Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
* As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
' With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words:
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
* And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
* Or like an overcharged gun,—recoil,
* And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suff. You bade me ban,[1] and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

* *Q. Mar.* O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,
* That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
* Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
* To wash away my woful monuments.
' O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;
[*Kisses his hand.*
* That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
' Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
' So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
' 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
* As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
' I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
' Adventure to be banished myself:
* And banished I am, if but from thee.
* Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
* O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
* Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
* Loather a hundred times to part than die.
* Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
* 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
* A wilderness is populous enough,
* So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
* For where thou art, there is the world itself,
* With every several pleasure in the world;
* And where thou art not, desolation.
* I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
* Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

' *Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

' *Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
' For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
' That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
' Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
' Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
' Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
* The secrets of his overcharged soul:
' And I am sent to tell his majesty,
' That even now he cries aloud for him.

' *Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit* Vaux.
' Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
' But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
' Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
' Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
' And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
' Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
' Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming:
' If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

' *Suff.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
' And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
' As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where,[2] from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
' And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
' To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
' So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
' Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death;
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

' *Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
' It is applied to a deathful wound.
' To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
' For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris[3] that shall find thee out.

Suff. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suff. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.
[*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE III.—London. *Cardinal* Beaufort's *bed-chamber. Enter* King Henry, Salisbury, Warwick, *and others. The* Cardinal *in bed, attendants with him.*

* *K. Hen.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

' *Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
' Enough to purchase such another island,
' So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

* *K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
* When death's approach is seen so terrible!

* *War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

* *Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.
' Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
* O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
' Alive again? then show me where he is;
' I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
* He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
' Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands up right,
' Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
' Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

(1) Curse. (2) For whereas. (3) The messenger of Juno.

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'Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
* *K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
* Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
* O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
* That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
* And from his bosom purge this black despair!
'*War.* See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.
* *Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
* *K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
'Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
'Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
'He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!
'*War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
'*K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
'Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
'And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. *The sea-shore near* Dover. *Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat,* a Captain, *a* Master, *a* Master's Mate, Walter Whitmore, *and others; with them* Suffolk, *and other* Gentlemen, *prisoners.*

* *Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful[1] day
* Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
* And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
* That drag the tragic melancholy night;
* Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
* Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
* Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
* Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
* For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
* Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
* Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
'Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
'And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
'The other, [*Pointing to* Suff.] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.
'1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.
'*Mast.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
'*Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
* *Cap.* What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
* And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
* Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;
* The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
* Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.
* 1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.
* 2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.
'*Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
'And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [*To* Suffolk.
'And so should these, if I might have my will.
* *Cap.* Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
'*Suff.* Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
'Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
'*Whit.* And so am I; my name is—Walter Whitmore.
'How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

(1) Pitiful. (2) A low fellow.
(3) Pride that has had birth too soon.

'*Suff.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
'A cunning man did calculate my birth,
'And told me—that by *Water* I should die:
'Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded:
'Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
'Whit. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
'Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
'But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
'Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
'Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
'And I proclaim'd a coward through the world! [*Lays hold on* Suffolk.
'*Suff.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.
'*Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!
Suff. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
'*Suff.* Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
'Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.[2]
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
'Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
'And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
'How often hast thou waited at my cup,
'Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
'When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
* Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
* Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:[3]
* How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
* And duly waited for my coming forth?
'This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
'And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
* *Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
* *Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
* *Suff.* Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
'*Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
'Strike off his head.
Suff. Thou dar'st not for thy own
Cap. Yes, Poole.
Suff. Poole?
Cap. Poole? sir Poole? lord?
'Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
'Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
'Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
'For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
'Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
'And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
'Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
* Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
* And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
* For daring to affy[4] a mighty lord
* Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
* Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
* By devilish policy art thou grown great,
* And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
* With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
* By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France·
* The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
* Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
* Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
* And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
* The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,

(4) To betroth in marriage.

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* Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
* As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
* And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
* By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
* And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
* Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
* Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
* Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
* The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
* And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
* Is crept into the palace of our king,
* And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.
* *Suff.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
* Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
* Small things make base men proud: 'this villain here,
'Being captain of a pinnace,[1] threatens more
'Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
'Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
'It is impossible, that I should die
'By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
'Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
'I go of message from the queen to France;
'I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.
'*Cap.* Walter,——
'*Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.
* Suff. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*:—'tis thee I fear.
'*Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.
'What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
'1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.
'*Suff.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
'Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
'Far be it, we should honour such as these
'With humble suit: no, rather let my head
'Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
'Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
'And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
'Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
* True nobility is exempt from fear:—
'More can I bear, than you dare execute.
'*Capt.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
'*Suff.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
'That this my death may never be forgot!
'Great men oft die by vile bezonians:[2]
'A Roman sworder and banditto slave,
'Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
'Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
'Pompey the great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exeunt* Suff. *with* Whit. *and others.*
Capt. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the first* Gentleman.

Re-enter Whitmore, *with* Suffolk's *body.*

'*Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,
'Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*
'1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
'His body will I bear unto the king:
'If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
'So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit, with the body.*

SCENE II—Blackheath. *Enter* George Bevis *and* John Holland.

'*Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though made
'of a lath; they have been up these two days.
'*John.* They have the more need to sleep now
'then.
'*Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means
'to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set
'a new nap upon it.
John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.
* *Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded
* in handycrafts-men.
'*John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather
'aprons.
* *Geo.* Nay more, the king's council are no good
* workmen.
* *John.* True; And yet it is said,—Labour in
* thy vocation: which is as much to say, as,—let
* the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore
* should we be magistrates.
* *Geo.* Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign
* of a brave mind, than a hard hand.
* *John.* I see them! I see them! There's Best's
* son, the tanner of Wingham;——
* *Geo.* He shall have the skins of our enemies,
* to make dog's leather of.
John. And Dick the butcher,——
* *Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and
* iniquity's throat cut like a calf.
* *John.* And Smith the weaver.
* Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.
* *John.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* Cade, Dick *the butcher*, Smith *the weaver, and others in great number.*

'*Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our sup-
'posed father,——
Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.[3]
[*Aside.*
'*Cade.* — for our enemies shall fall before us, in-
'spired with the spirit of putting down kings and
'princes,—Command silence.
Dick. Silence!
Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—
Dick. He was an honest man, and a good brick-layer. [*Aside.*
'*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—
Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.
[*Aside.*
'*Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—
Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*
'*Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with
'her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.
[*Aside.*
'*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.
Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage. [*Aside.*
* *Cade.* Valiant I am.
* *Smith.* 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.
[*Aside.*
Cade. I am able to endure much.
Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [*Aside.*
Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.
Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*
Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i'the hand for stealing of sheep.
[*Aside.*
Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England,

(1) A pinnace then signified a ship of small burden.

(2) Low men.

(3) A barrel of herrings.

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seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)——

All. God save your majesty!

'*Cade.* I thank you, good people:—there shall 'be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; 'and I will apparel them all in one livery, that 'they may agree like brothers, and worship me 'their lord.

'*Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the 'lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

'*Cade.* I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, 'on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall 'not die,—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine 'thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;—'Twill go hard with you.

'*Cade.* Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write 'thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an 'honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

'*All.* He hath confessed: away with him; he's a 'villain and a traitor.

'*Cade.* Away with him, I say; hang him with 'his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the* Clerk.

Enter Michael.

'*Mich.* Where's our general?

'*Cade.* Here I am, thou particular fellow.

'*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and 'his brother are hard by with the king's forces.

'*Cade.* Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: 'He shall be encountered with a man as good as 'himself: He is but a knight, is 'a?

'*Mich.* No.

'*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight 'presently; Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have 'at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, *and* William *his brother, with drum and forces.*

* *Staff.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
* Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,
* Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;—
* The king is merciful, if you revolt.

* *W. Staff.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
* If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;[1] It is to you, good people, that I speak,
* O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
* For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

'*Staff.* Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
'And thou thyself, a shearman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

'*W. Staff.* And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?

'*Staff.* Ay, sir.

Cade. By her, he had two children at one birth.

W. Staff. That's false.

'*Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:
'The elder of them, being put to nurse,
'Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
'And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
'Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:
'His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

* *Staff.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,
* That speaks he knows not what?

* *All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staff. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

* *Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*] —Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

'*Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord 'Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

'*Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is England 'maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my 'puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, 'that my lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, 'and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he 'can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

'*Staff.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

'*Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: The French-'men are enemies: go to then, I ask but this; Can 'he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be 'a good counsellor, or no?

* *All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

* *W. Staff.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
* Assail them with the army of the king.

'*Staff.* Herald, away; and, throughout every town,
'Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
'That those, which fly before the battle ends,
'May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
'Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
'And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* Staffords, *and forces.*

* *Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
* Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
* We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
* Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;[2]
* For they are thrifty honest men, and such
* As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

* *Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.

(1) I pay them no regard. (2) Shoes.

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* *Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are
* most out of order. Come, march forward.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another part of Blackheath. Alarums. The two parties enter and fight, and both the Staffords *are slain.*

'*Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?
'*Dick.* Here, sir.
'*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen,
'and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in
'thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I
'reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as
'it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a
'hundred lacking one.
'*Dick.* I desire no more.
* *Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservedst no
* less. This monument of the victory will I bear:
* and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels,
* till I do come to London, where we will have the
* mayor's sword borne before us.
* *Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break
* open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.
* *Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come,
* let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE IV.—*London. *A room in the palace. Enter* King Henry, *reading a supplication; the duke of* Buckingham, *and lord* Say *with him: at a distance,* Queen Margaret, *mourning over* Suffolk's *head.*

* *Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,
* And makes it fearful and degenerate;
* Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
* But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
* Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
* But where's the body that I should embrace?
'*Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the
'rebels' supplication?
* *K. Hen.* I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
'For God forbid, so many simple souls
'Should perish by the sword; And I myself,
'Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
'Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
'But stay, I'll read it over once again.
* *Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
* Rul'd, like a wandering planet,[1] over me;
* And could it not enforce them to relent,
* That were unworthy to behold the same?
'*K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.
'*Say.* Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.
K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.
Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

* *K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?
'*Mess.* The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!
'Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
'Descended from the duke of Clarence' house:
'And calls your grace usurper, openly,
'And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
'His army is a ragged multitude
'Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless;
'Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
'Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
'All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
'They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.
* *K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not what they do.
'*Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,
'Until a power be rais'd to put them down.
* *Q. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
* These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.
'*K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
'Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.
'*Say.* So might your grace's person be in danger;
'The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
'And therefore in this city will I stay,
'And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

* 2 *Mes.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; the citizens
* Fly and forsake their houses:
* The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
* Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
* To spoil the city, and your royal court.
* *Buck.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.
* *K. Hen.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.
* *Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
* *K. Hen.* Farewell, my lord; [*To Lord* Say.] trust not the Kentish rebels.
* *Buck.* Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.
'*Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,
'And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The same. The Tower. Enter Lord Scales, *and others, on the Walls. Then enter certain* Citizens, *below.*

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?
1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.
Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself,
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The same. Cannon Street. Enter Jack Cade, *and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!
Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*
* *Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call
* you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair
* warning.

(1) Predominated irresistibly over my passions; as the planets over those born under their influence.

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Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—The same. Smithfield. *Alarum. Enter, on one side,* Cade *and his company; on the other, citizens, and the king's forces, headed by* Matthew Gough. *They fight; the citizens are routed, and* Matthew Gough *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

'*Dick.* Only, that the laws of England may come 'out of your mouth.

'*John.* Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he 'was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not 'whole yet. [*Aside.*

'*Smith.* Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for 'his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

'*Cade.* I have thought upon it, it shall be so. 'Away, burn all the records of the realm; my 'mouth shall be the parliament of England.

* *John.* Then we are like to have biting statutes, * unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*

* *Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be * in common.

Enter a Messenger.

'*Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; * he that * made us pay one and twenty fifteens,[1] and one * shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, *with the Lord* Say.

'*Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten 'times.—Ah, thou say,[2] thou serge, nay, thou buck-'ram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our 'jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my 'majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto mon-'sieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it 'known unto thee by these presence, even the pre-'sence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that 'must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou 'art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the 'youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: 'and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other 'books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused 'printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, 'his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-'mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast 'men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and 'a verb; and such abominable words, as no Chris-'tian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed 'justices of peace, to call poor men before them 'about matters that they were not able to answer. 'Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and be-'cause they could not read, thou hast hanged them;[3] 'when, indeed, only for that cause they have been 'most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-'cloth,[4] dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

* *Dick.* And work in their shirt too; as myself, * for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

'*Say.* Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

'*Cade.* Away with him, away with him! he 'speaks Latin.

* *Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

'Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
'Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
'Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
'The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
'Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
'I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
* Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
* Justice with favour have I always done;
* Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
* When have I aught exacted at your hands,
* Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
* Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
* Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
* And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
* Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
* Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirit,
* You cannot but forbear to murder me.
* This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
* For your behoof,—

* *Cade.* Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in * the field?

* *Say.* Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
* Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

* *Geo.* O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

* *Say.* These cheeks are pale for[5] watching for your good.

* *Cade.* Give him a box on the ear, and that will * make 'em red again.

* *Say.* Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

* *Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, * and the pap of a hatchet.

'*Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?

'*Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

'*Cade.* Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, 'I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will 'stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, 'and behead him.

* *Say.* Tell me, wherein I have offended most?
* Have I affected wealth or honour; speak?
* Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
* Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
* Whom have I injur'd, that you seek my death?
* These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,[6]
* This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
* O, let me live!

* *Cade.* I feel remorse in myself with his words: * but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for * pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he

(1) A fifteen was the fifteenth part of all the moveables, or personal property, of each subject.

(2) Say was a kind of serge.

(3) *i. e.* They were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy.

(4) A foot-cloth was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse.

(5) In consequence of.

(6) *i. e.* These hands are free from shedding guiltless or innocent blood.

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* has a familiar[1] under his tongue; he speaks not
* o'God's name. 'Go, take him away, I say, and
'strike off his head presently; and then break into
'his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and
'strike off his head, and bring them both upon two
'poles hither.

'*All.* It shall be done.

* *Say.* Ah, countrymen! if, when you make your prayers,
* God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
* How would it fare with your departed souls?
* And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

* *Cade.* Away with him, and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some, with Lord* Say.

'The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a
'head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute;
'there shall not a maid be married, but she shall
'pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: Men
'shall hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and
'command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

'*Dick.* My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside,
'and take up commodities upon our bills?

'*Cade.* Marry, presently.

'*All.* O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, *with the heads of Lord* Say *and his son-in-law.*

'*Cade.* But is not this braver?—Let them kiss
'one another, for they loved well, when they were
'alive. Now part them again, lest they consult
'about the giving up of some more towns in France.
'Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night:
'for with these borne before us, instead of maces,
'will we ride through the streets; and, at every
'corner, have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Southwark. *Alarum. Enter* Cade, *and all his rabblement.*

* *Cade.* Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus'
* corner! kill and knock down! throw them into
* Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*]
* What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold
* to sound retreat or parley, when I command them
* kill?

Enter Buckingham, *and Old* Clifford, *with forces.*

'*Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
'Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
'Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
'And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
'That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

'*Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
'And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;
'Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
'Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
'Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
'Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
'Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
'Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

'*All.* God save the king! God save the king!

'*Cade.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye
'so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your
'pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should
'leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I
'thought, ye would never have given out these arms,
'till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but
'you are all recreants, and dastards; and delight
'to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break
'your backs with burdens, take your houses over
'your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: For me,—I will make shift for
'one; and so—God's curse light upon you all!

'*All.* We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

'*Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
'That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
'Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
'And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
'Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
'Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
'Unless, by robbing of your friends, and us.
'Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
'The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
'Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
'Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
'I see them lording it in London streets,
'Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.
'Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
'Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
'To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
'Spare England, for it is your native coast:
'Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
'God on our side, doubt not of victory.

'*All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the
'king, and Clifford.

'*Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and
'fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the
'Fifth hales them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes
'them leave me desolate. I see them lay their
'heads together, to surprise me: my sword make
'way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of
'the devils and hell, have through the very midst
'of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that
'no want of resolution in me, but only my followers'
'base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake
'me to my heels. [*Exit.*

'*Buck.* What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
'And he, that brings his head unto the king,
'Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt some of them.*
'Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
'To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Kenelworth *Castle. Enter* King Henry, Queen Margaret, *and* Somerset, *on the terrace of the castle.*

* *K. Hen.* Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
* And could command no more content than I?
* No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
* But I was made a king, at nine months old:
* Was never subject long'd to be a king,
* As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham *and* Clifford.

* *Buck.* Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!
* *K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpris'd?
* Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a great number of Cade's *followers, with halters about their necks.*

'*Clif.* He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
'And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
'Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

'*K. Hen.* Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
'To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
'Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,

(1) A dæmon who was supposed to attend at call.

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* And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
* Continue still in this so good a mind,
* And Henry, though he be infortunate,
* Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
* And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
* I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

* *Mess.* Please it your grace to be advertised,
* The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
* And with a puissant and a mighty power,
* Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,[1]
* Is marching hitherward in proud array;
* And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
* His arms are only to remove from thee
* The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.
* *K. Hen.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
* Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,
* Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
* But now[2] is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
* And now is York in arms to second him.—
* I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him;
* And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
* Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
* And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
* Until his army be dismiss'd from him.
* *Som.* My lord,
* I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
* Or unto death, to do my country good.
* *K. Hen.* In any case, be not too rough in terms;
* For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
* *Buck.* I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
* As all things shall redound unto your good.
* *K. Hen.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
* For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—Kent. *Iden's garden. Enter* Cade.

* *Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have
* a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five
* days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not
* peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me; but
* now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease
* of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no
* longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed
* into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick
* a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool
* a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think,
* this word sallet was born to do me good: for,
* many a time, but for a sallet,[3] my brain-pan had
* been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time,
* when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it
* hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink
* in; and now the word sallet must serve me to
* feed on

Enter Iden, *with Servants.*

* *Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
* And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
* This small inheritance, my father left me,
* Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
* I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
* Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
* Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
* And sends the poor well-pleased from my gate.
* *Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize
* me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without
* leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get
* a thousand crowns of the king, for carrying my
* head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an
* ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin,
* ere thou and I part.
* *Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
* I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee?
* Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
* And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
* Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
* But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

* *Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
* Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
* See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
* Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
* Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
* Thy leg a stick, compar'd with this truncheon;
* My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
* And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
* Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
* As for more words, whose greatness answers words,
* Let this my sword report what speech forbears.
* *Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hob-nails. [*They fight.* Cade *falls.*] O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.
* *Iden.* Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
* Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
* And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
* Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
* But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
* To emblaze the honour that thy master got.
* *Cade.* Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory; Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*
* *Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me,[4] heaven be my judge.
* Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
* And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
* So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
* Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
* Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
* And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
* Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
* Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit, dragging out the body.*

(1) Two orders of foot-soldiers among the Irish.
(2) Only just now. (3) A kind of helmet.
(4) *i. e.* In supposing that I am proud of my victory.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath. The King's camp on one side. On the other, enter York *attended, with drum and colours: his forces at some distance.*

'*York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
'And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
'Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
'To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
'Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
'This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
'I cannot give due action to my words,
'Except a sword or sceptre balance it,[1]
'A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul;
'On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

'Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
'The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
'*Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
'*York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
'Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
'*Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
'To know the reason of these arms in peace;
'Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—
'Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
'Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
'Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
'*York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
'O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
'I am so angry at these abject terms;
'And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
'On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury! } *Aside.*
'I am far better born than is the king;
'More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
'But I must make fair weather yet a while,
'Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
'O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
'That I have given no answer all this while;
'My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
'The cause why I have brought this army hither,
'Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
'Seditious to his grace, and to the state.
'*Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part:
'But if thy arms be to no other end,
'The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
'The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
'*York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
'Soldiers, I thank you all: disperse yourselves;
'Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
'You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
* And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
* Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
* As pledges of my fealty and love,
* I'll send them all as willing as I live;
* Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
* Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
'*Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission: We twain will go into his highness' tent.

(1) *i. e.* Balance my hand.

Enter King Henry, *attended.*

'*K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
'That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
* *York.* In all submission and humility,
* York doth present himself unto your highness.
* *K. Hen.* Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?
'*York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
'And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
'Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden, *with* Cade's *head.*

'*Iden.* If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
'May pass into the presence of a king,
'Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
'The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
'*K. Hen.* The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!—
'O, let me view his visage, being dead,
'That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
'Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
'*Iden.* I was, an't like your majesty.
'*K. Hen.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
'*Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name;
'A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
* *Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
* He were created knight for his good service.
'*K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
'We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
'And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
'*Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!
'*K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;
'Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen Margaret *and* Somerset.

'*Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
'But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
'*York.* How now! Is Somerset at liberty?
'Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
'And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
'Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
'False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
'Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
'King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
'Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
'Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
'That head of thine doth not become a crown;
'Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
'And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
'That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
'Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
'Is able with the change to kill and cure.
'Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
'And with the same to act controlling laws.
'Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
'O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.
'*Som.* O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
'Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
* Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
* *York.* Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
* If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
* Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;
[*Exit an attendant.*
* I know, ere they will have me go to ward,[2]

(2) Custody, confinement.

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* They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.
'Q. *Mar.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
* To say, if that the bastard boys of York
* Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
* *York.* O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
* Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
'The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
'Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
'That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward *and* Richard Plantagenet, *with forces, at one side; at the other, with forces also,* Old Clifford *and his son.*

* See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.
* Q. *Mar.* And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
'*Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*
'*York.* I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?
'Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
'We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
'For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
'*Clif.* This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
'But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:—
'To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
'*K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
'Makes him oppose himself against his king.
'*Clif.* He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
'And chop away that factious pate of his.
Q. *Mar.* He is arrested, but will not obey;
'His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
'*York.* Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
'*Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
* *Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
* *York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
* I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
'Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,[1]
* That, with the very shaking of their chains,
* They may astonish these fell lurking curs;
* Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter Warwick *and* Salisbury, *with forces.*

'*Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
'And manacle the bear-ward[2] in their chains,
'If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
* *Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
* Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
* Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
* Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
* And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.
* *Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
* As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
* *York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
* *Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
* *K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
* Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
* Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
* What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
* And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
* O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
* If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
* Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
* Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
* And shame thine honourable age with blood?
* Why art thou old, and want'st experience
* Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
* For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
* That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
* *Sal.* My lord, I have considered with myself
* The title of this most renowned duke;
* And in my conscience do repute his grace
* The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
* *K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
* *Sal.* I have.
* *K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
* *Sal.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
* But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
* Who can be bound by any solemn vow
* To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
* To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
* To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
* To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
* And have no other reason for this wrong,
* But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
Q. *Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
'*K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
'*York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
'I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.
'*Clif.* The first, I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
'*War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,[3]
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
'Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.
'*Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,
'To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.
Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.
'*Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatic,[4] that's more than thou canst tell.
'*Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—Saint Albans. *Alarums: Excursions. Enter* Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—

(1) The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their crest.
(2) Bear-keeper.
(3) Helmet.
(4) One on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma.

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Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

'How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?
'*York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
'But match to match I have encountered him,
'And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
'Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

'*War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—
'As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
[*Exit* Warwick.
'*Clif.* What seest thou in me, York? Why dost thou pause?
'*York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
'But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
'*Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
'But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.
'*York.* So let it help me now against thy sword,
'As I in justice and true right express it!
'*Clif.* My soul and body on the action both!—
'*York.* A dreadful lay![1]—address thee instantly.
[*They fight, and* Clifford *falls.*
'Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [*Dies.*
'*York.* Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
'Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!
[*Exit.*

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his dead father.*
And the premised[2] flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease[3]—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve[4]
The silver livery of advised[5] age;
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
'Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the body.*
'As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
'So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet *and* Somerset, *fighting, and* Somerset *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there:—
'For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still.
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, *and others, retreating.*

'*Q. Mar.* Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!
K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way: and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply 'scape
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.[6]
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Albans. *Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter* York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, *and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

'*York.* Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;[7]
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,[8]
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.
'*Rich.* My noble father,
'Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
'Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
'Persuaded him from any further act:
'But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes

(1) A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake.
(2) Sent before their time. (3) Stop.
(4) Obtain. (5) Considerate.
(6) For parties.
(7) *i. e.* The gradual detrition of time.
(8) *i. e.* The height of youth: the brow of a hill is its summit.

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Enter Salisbury.

'*Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
'By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
'God knows, how long it is I have to live;
'And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
'You have defended me from imminent death.
'Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:[2]
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
'Being opposites of such repairing nature.[3]
'*York.* I know, our safety is to follow them:
'For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
'To call a present court of parliament.
'Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
'What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall!
[*Exeunt.*

(2) *i. e.* We have not secured that which we have acquired.

(3) *i. e.* Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat.

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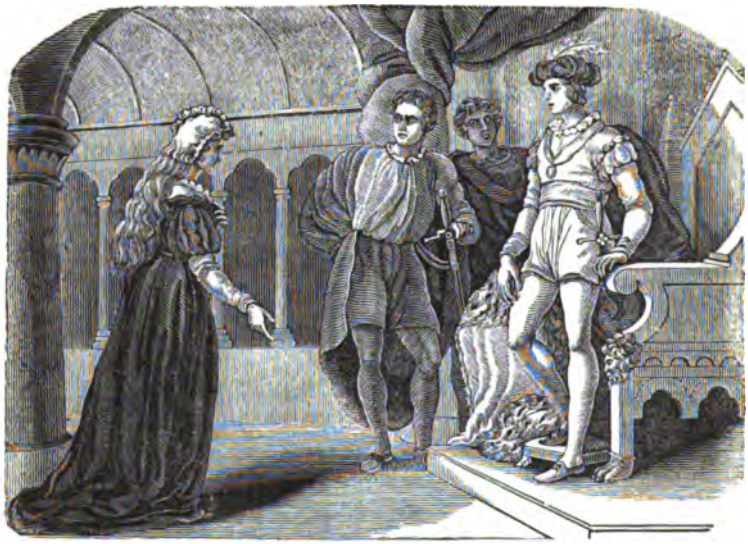

KING HENRY VI. PART III. *Act III. — Scene* 2.

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KING RICHARD III. *Act I. — Scene* 2.

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THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Sixth:
Edward, *prince of Wales, his son.*
Lewis XI. *king of France.*
Duke of Somerset, *Duke of* Exeter, *Earl of* Oxford, *Earl of* Northumberland, *Earl of* Westmoreland, *Lord* Clifford, } *lords on King Henry's side.*
Richard Plantagenet, *duke of York.*
Edward, *earl of March, afterwards* King Edward IV. Edmund, *earl of Rutland,* George, *afterwards duke of* Clarence, Richard, *afterwards duke of* Glocester, } *his sons.*
Duke of Norfolk, *Marquis of* Montague, *Earl of* Warwick, *Earl of* Pembroke, *Lord* Hastings, *Lord* Stafford, } *of the duke of York's party.*

Sir John Mortimer, *Sir* Hugh Mortimer, } *uncles to the duke of York.*
Henry, *earl of Richmond, a youth.*
Lord Rivers, *brother to Lady Grey. Sir* William Stanley. *Sir* John Montgomery. *Sir* John Somerville. *Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his father. A Father that has killed his son.*

Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, *afterwards queen to Edward IV.*
Bona, *sister to the French queen.*

Soldiers, and other attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

Scene, *during part of the third act, in France, during all the rest of the play, in England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *The Parliament House. Drums. Some soldiers of* York's *party break in. Then, enter the Duke of* York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and others, with white roses in their hats.*

Warwick.

I WONDER, how the king escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
'Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
'Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
'Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
'Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
'Is either slain, or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Showing his bloody sword.*
Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood, [*To* York, *showing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the duke of* Somerset's *head.*
* *York.* Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?
Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
'And this the regal seat: possess it, York:
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
'For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We'll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords;—
'And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
'Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.
[*They retire.*
* *York.* The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
* But little thinks we shall be of her council:
* By words, or blows, here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
'*York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
'The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells,[1]

(1) Hawks had sometimes little bells hung on them, perhaps to dare the birds; that is, to fright them from rising.

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'I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[Warwick *leads* York *to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, *and others, with red roses in their hats.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
'*North.* If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
'My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he;
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.
K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—
[*They advance to the Duke.*
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.
Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.
'*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
'*York.* It must and shall be so. Content thyself.
War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster:
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
'*North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
'*West.* Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
'*Clif.* Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.
'*War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

(1) Since.

York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?
'If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith[1] thou hast lost it all.
K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks you lose:—
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, [*To* York.] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.
War Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.
'*K. Hen.* Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
'Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
'My title's good, and better far than his.
War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
'*K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king:
'For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?[2]
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
'*York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.
'*War.* Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
'Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
'Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

(2) *i. e.* Detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty.

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'*K. Hen.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the soldiers show themselves.*
'*K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word;—
'Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet whilst thou liv'st.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?
War. What good is this to England, and himself?
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
'*Clif.* How hast thou injured both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
* *West.* Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
* In whose cold blood no spark of honour 'bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
'And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!
[*Exeunt* North. Cliff. *and* West.
* *War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
'The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
* And neither by treason, nor hostility,
* To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*Coming from the throne.*
War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.
'*K. Hen.* And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes! [*Sonet. The lords come forward.*
'*York.* Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.
War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt* York, *and his Sons*, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*
* *K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen Margaret *and the Prince of* Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray[1] her anger;
I'll steal away.
K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*

(1) Betray, discover. (2) Peck.

'*Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay
'*Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?
* Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
* And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
* Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
* Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
* Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
* Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
* Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
* Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
* Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
* And disinherited thine only son.
* *Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me:
* If you be king, why should not I succeed?
* *K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;—
* The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.
* *Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
'And given unto the house of York such head,
* As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
* To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
* What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
* And creep into it far before thy time?
* Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
'And yet shalt thou be safe? * such safety finds
* The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
'Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
'The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
'Before I would have granted to that act.
* But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
'And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
'Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
'Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
'Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
'And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
'And utter ruin of the house of York.
'Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;
'Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.
K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.
K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.
Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus. [*Exe.* Queen Mar. *and the* Prince.
'*K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
'Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
'Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;
* Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
* Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
* Tire[2] on the flesh of me, and of my son!
* The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
* I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;
* Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.
* *Exe.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—A room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. Enter Edward, Richard, *and* Montague.

'*Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter York.

'*York.* Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
'What is your quarrel? how began it first?
'*Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?
'*Rich.* About that which concerns your grace, and us;
'The crown of England, father, which is yours.
'*York.* Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.
* *Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.
* *Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
* By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
* It will outrun you, father, in the end.
'*York.* I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.
'*Edw.* But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
'I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.
'*Rich.* No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
'*York.* Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
'*Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not took
'Before a true and lawful magistrate,
'That hath authority over him that swears:
'Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
'Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
'Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
'Therefore, to arms. * And, father, do but think,
* How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
* Within whose circuit is Elysium,
* And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
* Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
* Until the white rose, that I wear, be died
* Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
'*York.* Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
'Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
'And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
'Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
'And tell him privily of our intent.—
'You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentish-men will willingly rise:
'In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
'Witty[1] and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
'While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
'But that I seek occasion how to rise;
'And yet the king not privy to my drift,
'Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

'But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou in such post?
'*Mess.* The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
'Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
'She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
'And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
* *York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—
'Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
'My brother Montague shall post to London:
* Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
* Whom we have left protectors of the king,
* With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
* And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
* *Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not
* And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Ex.*

Enter Sir John *and Sir* Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
'You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.
'*York.* What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; what should we fear?
[*A march afar off*
'*Edw.* I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;
'And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
'*York.* Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
'I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
'Many a battle have I won in France,
'When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
'Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Plains near Sandal Castle. Alarums: Excursions. Enter Rutland, *and his* Tutor.

'*Rut.* Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford, *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him.
'*Tut.* Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
'Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers*
Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.
'*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
'And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
'Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;

(1) Of sound judgment.

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'And till I root out their accursed line,
'And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—— [*Lifting his hand.*
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray; Sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
'*Rut.* I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest, in revenge thereof,—sith[1] God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[Clifford *stabs him.*
Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*[2]
[*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The same. Alarum. Enter York.

'*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:
'My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
'And all my followers to the eager foe
'Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
'Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
'My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
'Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
'And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
'In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
'And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
'Richard cried,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
'And cried,—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
'*A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!*
With this we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
'We bodg'd[3] again; as I have seen a swan
'With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
'Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
'And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
'And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
'The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
'Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, *and Soldiers.*

'Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
'I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
'I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.[4]
York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
'A bird that will revenge upon you all:
'And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

(1) Since.
(2) Heaven grant this may be your greatest boast. *Ovid. Epist.*

'Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
'So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
'And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
* And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
'Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.
[*Draws.*
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
'And ten to one is no impeach of valour.
[*They lay hands on* York, *who struggles.*
Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.
[York *is taken prisoner.*
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men[5] yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.
North. What would your grace have done unto him now?
Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this mole-hill here;
'That raught[6] at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
* What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now;
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
'And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin[7] with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
'Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York:
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
* Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
* And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York; and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*

(3) *i. e.* We boggled, made bad or bungling work of our attempt to rally.
(4) Noontide point on the dial. (5) Honest men.
(6) Reached. (7) Handkerchief.

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Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale[1] your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.[2]
Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.
Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
'Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
'Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type[3] of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government,[4] that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.[5]
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
'Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
'Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
'Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
'For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
'And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
''Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false Frenchwoman.
North. Beshrew me, but his passions[6] move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*He gives back the handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!
North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
'I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.
Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*
Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*
York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
'My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*
Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Impale, encircle with a crown.
(2) Kill him. (3) The distinguishing mark.
(4) Government, in the language of the time, signified evenness of temper, and decency of manners.
(5) The north. (6) Sufferings.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A plain near Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire. Drums. Enter Edward, *and* Richard, *with their forces, marching.*

* *Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
* Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
* From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
* Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
* Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
* The happy tidings of his good escape.—
'How fares my brother? why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
'I saw him in the battle range about;
'And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
'Methought, he bore him[7] in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:[8]
* Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
* Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
* The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
* So far'd our father with his enemies;
'So fled his enemies my warlike father;
'Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun![9]
* How well resembles it the prime of youth,
* Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!
Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,[10]

(7) Demeaned himself.
(8) Neat cattle; cows, oxen, &c.
(9) Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun when she dismisses him to his diurnal course.
(10) *i. e.* The clouds in rapid tumultuary motion.

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But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.
* *Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
' Each one already blazing by our meeds,[1]
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
' And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
' Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.
* *Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I speak it,
* You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

' But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
' Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
* Your princely father, and my loving lord.
' *Edw.* O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.
' *Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
' *Mess.* Environed he was with many foes;
* And stood against them as the hope of Troy[2]
* Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
* But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
* And many strokes, though with a little axe,
* Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
' By many hands your father was subdu'd;
' But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
' Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
' Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
' Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
' The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
' A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
' Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
' And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
' They took his head, and on the gates of York
' They set the same; and there it doth remain,
' The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
' Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
* O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
* The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
* And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
* For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
' Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
' For never henceforth shall I joy again,
' Never, O never, shall I see more joy.
' *Rich.* I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
* Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
* For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
* Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
* And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
* To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
* Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
' Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
' Or die renowned by attempting it.
Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
' His dukedom and his chair with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick *and* Montague, *with forces.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?
' *Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.
Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.[3]
War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards Saint Albans, to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advértised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
' Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen,
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
' Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
' Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you:
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.
' *Edw.* Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
' *War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:
And for your brother,—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
' With aid of soldiers to this needful war.
Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

(1) Merit. (2) Hector. (3) Killed.

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War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught[1] Northumberland,
And of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
'Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
'Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
'And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.
Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
'That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.
Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
'And when thou fall'st (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!
War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
'The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
'Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
'But sound the trumpets, and about our task.
* *Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel
* (As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)
* I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.
* *Edw.* Then strike up, drums;—God, and Saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?
Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host?
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
'*War.* Why then it sorts,[2] brave warriors: Let's away. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Lofty.
(2) Why then things are as they should be.

SCENE II.—Before York. *Enter* King Henry Queen Margaret, *the Prince of* Wales, Clifford, *and* Northumberland, *with forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
'Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
'*K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity,
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
'And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
'Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
'Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly[3] *gave away?*
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.
K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
'But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would, my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
'As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
'Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know,
'How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!
'*Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
'And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
'You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
'Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.
K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.
Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.
Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

(3) Foolishly.

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Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
'For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
'Darraign your battle,[1] for they are at hand.
Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.
North. Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, *and Soldiers.*

'*Edw.* Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
'And set thy diadem upon my head;
* Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
'Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
'Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
'To blot out me, and put his own son in.
'*Clif.* And reason too;
Who should succeed the father, but the son?
'*Rich.* Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!
'*Clif.* Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
'Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that killed young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
'*Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick? dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
'*North.* No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father: Call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,[2]
'That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
'*Edw.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
'*Prince.* If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies[3] to be avoided,
'As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,[4]
Whose father bears the title of a king
(As if a channel[5] should be call'd the sea,)
'Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
'To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?[6]
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet[7] know herself.—
* Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
* Although thy husband may be Menelaus;[8]
* And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
* By that false woman, as this king by thee.
'His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day;
'Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
'That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
'For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
'*Geo.* But, when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
'And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
'Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
'We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:

(1) *i. e.* Arrange your host, put your host in order.
(2) It is my firm persuasion.
(3) One branded by nature.
(4) Gilt is a superficial covering of gold.
(5) Kennel was then pronounced channel.
(6) To show thy meanness of birth by thy indecent railing.
(7) Drab (8) *i. e.* A cuckold.

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These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A field of battle between Towton *and* Saxton *in* Yorkshire. *Alarums: Excursions. Enter* Warwick.

'*War.* Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
'And, spite of spite, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward, *running.*

'*Edw.* Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
'For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

* *Geo.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
'Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
'What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?
'*Edw.* Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
'And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

'*Rich.* Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
'Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
'Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
'And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—
'Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
'*Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!*
'So underneath the belly of their steeds,
'That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
'The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
'*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
* Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
* Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
* And look upon,[1] as if the tragedy
* Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
'Here on my knee I vow to God above,
'I'll never pause again, never stand still,
'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
'Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
'And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
* And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
* I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
'Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
'That to my foes this body must be prey,—
'Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
'And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
'Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.
'*Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
'Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
'I, that did never weep, now melt with wo,
'That winter should cut off our spring-time so.
'*War.* Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.
'*Geo.* Yet let us all together to our troops,
'And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
'And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
'As victors wear at the Olympian games:

(1) And are mere spectators.

* This may plant courage in their quailing[2] breasts,
* For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
* Fore-slow[3] no longer, make we hence amain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The same. Another part of the field. Excursions. Enter Richard *and* Clifford.

'*Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
'Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
'And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
'Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.
Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee.
[*They fight.* Warwick *enters;* Clifford *flies.*
'*Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
'For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exe.*

SCENE V.—Another part of the field. Alarum. Enter King Henry.

* *K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,
* When dying clouds contend with growing light;
* What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
* Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
'Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
'Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
'Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
'Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
'Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
'Now, one the better; then, another best;
'Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
'Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
'So is the equal poise of this fell war.
* Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
* To whom God will, there be the victory!
'For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
'Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
'They prosper best of all when I am thence.
''Would I were dead! if God's good will were so.
'For what is in this world, but grief and wo?
* O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
'To be no better than a homely swain;
* To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
* To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
* Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
* How many make the hour full complete,
* How many hours bring about the day,
* How many days will finish up the year,
* How many years a mortal man may live.
* When this is known, then to divide the times:
* So many hours must I tend my flock;
* So many hours must I take my rest;
* So many hours must I contemplate;
* So many hours must I sport myself;
* So many days my ewes have been with young;
* So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
* So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
* So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
* Pass'd over to the end they were created,
* Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
* Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely.
* Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
* To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
* Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy

(2) Sinking into dejection.
(3) To fore-slow is to be dilatory, to loiter.

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* To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
* O, yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
* And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
* His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
* His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
* All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
* Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
* His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
* His body couched in a curious bed,
* When care, mistrust, and treason, wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son *that has killed his father, dragging in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits nobody.—
'This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
'May be possessed with some store of crowns:
* And I, that haply take them from him now,
* May yet ere night yield both my life and them
* To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
'Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
'Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
'O heavy times, begetting such events!
'From London by the king was I press'd forth;
'My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
'Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
'And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
'Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
'Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
* My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
* And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.
'*K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
'Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
* Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
* And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
* Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father *who has killed his son, with the body in his arms.*

'*Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
'Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
'For I have bought it with a hundred blows.—
'But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
'Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
* Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
* Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
* Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
* Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
'O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
'What stratagems,[1] how fell, how butcherly,
'Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
'This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
'O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
'And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!
K. Hen. Wo above wo! grief more than common grief!
'O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
* O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
* The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
* The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
'If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied?
Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
'Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?

(1) This word here means dreadful events.
(2) Think unfavourably of.

'*K. Hen.* How will the country, for these woful chances,
'Misthink[2] the king, and not be satisfied?
'*Son.* Was ever son, so rued a father's death?
'*Fath.* Was ever father, so bemoan'd a son?
'*K. Hen.* Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects' wo?
'Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much
'*Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit, with the body.*
* *Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
* My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
* For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go
* My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
* And so obsequious[3] will thy father be,
* Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
* As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit, with the body.*
'*K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
'Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, *Prince of* Wales, *and* Exeter.

'*Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
'And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
'Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
'*Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post amain:
'Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
'Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
'With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
'And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
'Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
'*Exe.* Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
'Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.
'*K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
'Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
'Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The same. A loud alarum. Enter Clifford, *wounded.*

'*Clif.* Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
'And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth.
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
* They never then had sprung like summer flies;
'I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
'And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?

(3) Careful of obsequies, or funeral rites.

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Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
'No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
'The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
'I stabb'd your father's bosom, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

Alarum and Retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Montague, Warwick, *and soldiers.*

'*Edw.* Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,
'And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
* Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—
'That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
'As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
'Command an argosy to stem the waves.
'But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them!
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
'And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
[Clifford *groans, and dies.*
Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.[1]
Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.
'*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
'Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
'In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
'But set his murdering knife unto the root
'From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
'I mean our princely father, duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
'Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
'That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
'Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
'And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Attendants bring the body forward.*
War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
'Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
'Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.[2]
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.[3]
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults
'*Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

(1) For separation.
(2) Sour words; words of asperity. (3) Favour.

War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast wont.
'*Rich.* What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
'When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that, he's dead; And, by my soul,
'If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
'This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
'From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
'And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation;
'And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:
* For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
* And never will I undertake the thing,
* Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
'Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster:—
'And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
'Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;
Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A chase in the north of England. *Enter two* Keepers, *with cross-bows in their hands.*

'1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake[4] we'll shroud ourselves;
'For through this launds[5] anon the deer will come;
'And in this covert will we make our stand,
'Culling the principal of all the deer.
* 2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
* 1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
* Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
* Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
* And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
* I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
* In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
'2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter Henry, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
'To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
'No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;

(4) Thicket.
(5) A plain extended between woods.

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* Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
* Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
' No humble suitors press to speak for right,
* No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?
' 1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
' This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.
* *K. Hen.* Let me embrace these sour adversities;
* For wise men say, it is the wisest course.
* 2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
* 1 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.
K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
' Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
' To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
' Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
' For Warwick is a subtle orator,
' And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
' By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
' For she's a woman to be pitied much:
* Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
* Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
* The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
* And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
* To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
* Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
* That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:
* Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
* Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
* And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
* With promise of his sister, and what else,
* To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
* O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
* Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.
2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?
' *K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
' A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?
' 2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.
' *K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.
2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?
K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
* Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
* Nor to be seen: ' my crown is call'd, content;
' A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.
' 2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented
' To go along with us: for, as we think,
' You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
' And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
' Will apprehend you as his enemy.
* *K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath?
* 2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath, nor will not now.
* *K. Hen.* Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?
* 2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.
* *K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old;
* My father and my grandfather, were kings;
* And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
* And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
* 1 *Keep.* No;
For we were subjects, but while you were king.
* *K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
* Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
* Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
* And as the air blows it to me again,
* Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
* And yielding to another when it blows,
* Commanded always by the greater gust;
* Such is the lightness of you common men.
* But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
* My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
* Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
* And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
* 1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.
* *K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,
* If he were seated as king Edward is.
1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.
' *K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd.
* And what God will, then let your king perform;
* And what he will, I humbly yield unto.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *A room in the palace. Enter* King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, *and Lady* Grey.

' *K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
' This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
' Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
' The worthy gentleman did lose his life.
Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
* It were dishonour, to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
' *Glo.* Yea! is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps the wind! [*Aside.*
Glo. Silence! [*Aside.*
' *K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit;
' And come some other time, to know our mind.
' *L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
' May it please your highness to resolve me now;
' And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
' Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
' An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.
' Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
* *Clar.* I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [*Aside.*
* *Glo.* God forbid that! for he'll take vantages. [*Aside.*

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' *K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [*Aside.*
Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two. [*Aside.*
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him. [*Aside.*
' *K. Edw.* 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's land.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.
Glo. Ay, good leave[1] have you, for you will have leave,
' Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
[Glo. *and* Clar. *retire to the other side.*
* *K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
* *L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
* *K. Edw.* And would you not do much, to do them good?
* *L. Grey.* To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
* *K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
* *L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
* *L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
* *K. Edw.* what service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
* *L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.
* *K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.
* *L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
* *K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
* *L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
* *Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [*Aside.*
* *Clar.* As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt. [*Aside.*
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.
' *K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
* *L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
* *K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
' *L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
* *L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

(1 This phrase implies readiness of assent.

* *K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.
* *L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive
* Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
* *L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
' *K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
' Accords not with the sadness[2] of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
' *Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [*Aside.*
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside.*
' K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
* Her words do show her wit incomparable;
* All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.
' I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you—father.
K. Edw. No more, than when thy daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
' Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. [*Aside.*
Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
* *Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.
K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
' *Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

(2) The seriousness.

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K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
'And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.
K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
'And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
'To question of his apprehension.—
'Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honourable.
[*Exeunt* King Edward, *Lady* Grey, Clarence, *and* Lord.
Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
'That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
'To cross me from the golden time I look for!
'And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,
* (The lustful Edward's title buried,)
'Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
'And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
'To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
* Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
* Like one that stands upon a promontory,
* And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
* Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
* And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
* Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
* So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
* And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
* And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
* Flattering me with impossibilities.—
* My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
* Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
* Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
* What other pleasure can the world afford?
'I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
'And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
'O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
'Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
'And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
'She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
'To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
'To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
'To shape my legs of an unequal size;
* To disproportion me in every part,
* Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
* That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
'O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
* Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
* But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
* As are of better person than myself,
* I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
* And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
* Until my misshap'd trunk that bears this head,
* Be round impaled[1] with a glorious crown.
* And yet I know not how to get the crown,
* For many lives stand between me and home:
* And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
* That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
* Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
* Not knowing how to find the open air,
* But toiling desperately to find it out,—
* Torment myself to catch the English crown:
* And from that torment I will free myself,
* Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.

(1) Encircled.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
'And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
* And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
* And frame my face to all occasions.
* I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
* I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
* I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
* Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
* And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon;
'Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
'And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
'Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—France. *A room in the palace. Flourish. Enter* Lewis *the French King, and Lady* Bona, *attended; the king takes his state. Then enter* Queen Margaret, Prince Edward *her son, and the Earl of* Oxford.

'*K. Lew.* Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret, [*Rising.*
'Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
'And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.
* *Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
* Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
* Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
* Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
* But now mischance hath trod my title down,
* And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
* Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
* And to my humble seat conform myself.
* *K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?
* *Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
* And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
* *K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
* And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck [*Seats her by him.*
* To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
* Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
* Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
* It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.
* *Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
* And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
* Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
* That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
* Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
* And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
* While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
* Usurps the regal title, and the seat
* Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
* This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
* With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
* Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
'And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
* Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
* Our people and our peers are both misled,
* Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
* And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.
* *K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
* While we bethink a means to break it off.
* *Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.
* *K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.
* *Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:

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* And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick, *attended.*

'*K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[*Descending from his state,* Queen Mar. *rises.*

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
* For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

'*War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
First to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

'*Q. Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, [*To* Bona.] in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart:
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
* Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
* But from deceit, bred by necessity;
* For how can tyrants safely govern home,
* Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
* To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—
* That Henry liveth still: but were he dead.
* Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
* Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
* Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
* For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
* Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
'Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

'*Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
'Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

'*Oxf.* Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
'My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
'When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
'Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
'While I use further conference with Warwick.

* *Q. Mar.* Heaven grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

[*Retiring with the* Prince *and* Oxford.

'*K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
'Is Edward your true king? for I were loath,
'To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
'Tell me for truth the measure of his love
'Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy,[1] but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:
Yet I confess, [*To* War.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

* *K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's:
* And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
* Touching the jointure that your king must make,
* Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:—
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

* *Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
* By this alliance to make void my suit;
* Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

* *K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret:
* But if your title to the crown be weak,—
* As may appear by Edward's good success,—
* Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
* From giving aid, which late I promised.
* Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
* That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

* *Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace;
* Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
* I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
* Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
* Thy sly conveyance,[2] and thy lord's false love;
* For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

(1) Malice, or hatred.

(2) Juggling.

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Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you;
Sent from your brother marquis Montague.
These from our king unto your majesty.—
And, madam, these for you; from whom, I know not.
[*To* Margaret. *They all read their letters.*
Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
* I hope, all's for the best.
' *K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?
' *Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?
' And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
' Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
' Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
' Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
* *Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.
War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.—
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right;
' And am I guerdon'd[1] at the last with shame?
* Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
* And, to repair my honour lost for him,
* I here renounce him, and return to Henry:
' My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.
' *Q. Mar.* Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
' And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
' And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
* And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
* He's very likely now to fall from him;
* For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
* Or than for strength and safety of our country.
* *Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
* But by thy help to this distressed queen?
* *Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
* Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
* *Bona.* My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.
* *War.* And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

(1) Rewarded. (2) Fright.

* *K. Lew.* And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.
* *Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
* Thou seest what's past, go fear[2] thy king withal.
Bona. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit* Mess.
K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
* And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
* And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
' Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—
' What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
' *Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:—
' Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
' Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
' And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
' That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
* *Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
* And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* Warwick.
' *K. Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
' And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
' Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
' I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
' For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all but* Warwick
War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale,[3] but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

(3) A stalking-horse, a pretence.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. *A room in the palace.* *Enter* Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, Montague, *and others.*

' *Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
' Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?

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* Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
* *Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
* How could he stay till Warwick made return?
* *Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, *attended; Lady* Grey, *as Queen;* Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings, *and others.*

* *Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.
* *Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.
' *K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
' That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
' *Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
' That they'll take no offence at our abuse.
' *K. Edw.* Suppose they take offence without a cause,
' They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
' Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
' *Glo.* And you shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
' *Glo.* Not I:
' No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
' Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
' *K. Edw.* Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,
' Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
' Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—
' And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
' Speak freely what you think.
' *Clar.* Then this is my opinion,—that king Lewis
' Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
' About the marriage of the lady Bona.
' *Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
' Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
' *K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
' By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth,
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
' *Hast.* Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
' England is safe, if true within itself?
* *Mont.* Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.
* *Hast.* 'Tis better using France, than trusting France:
* Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
* Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
* And with their helps only defend ourselves;
* In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
' To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
' *K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
* And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

(1) The heiress of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who matched them to his favourites.

' *Glo.* And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
' To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
' Unto the brother of your loving bride;
' She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
' But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
' *Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir[1]
' Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
' And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
' That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
' *Clar.* In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment;
' Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
' To play the broker in mine own behalf;
' And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
' *K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
' And not be tied unto his brother's will.
' *Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
' To raise my state to title of a queen,
' Do me but right, and you must all confess
' That I was not ignoble of descent,
* And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
* But as this title honours me and mine,
* So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
* Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
' *K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
' What danger, or what sorrow, can befall thee,
' So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
' And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
' Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
' Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
' Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
' And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
' *Glo.* I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. [*Aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

' *K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?
' *Mess.* My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
' But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.
' *K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
' Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
' What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?
Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
' But what said lady Bona to my marriage?
Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain;
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
' She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
' For I have heard, that she was there in place.[2]
Mess. *Tell him,* quoth she, *my mourning weeds are done,*[3]
And I am ready to put armour on.
' *K. Edw.* Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

(2) Present. (3) Thrown off.

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'*Mess.* He, more incens'd against your majesty
'Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
'Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
'They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
'But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
'That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
* Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
* For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter:
* That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
* I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit* Clarence, *and* Somerset *follows.*
* *Glo.* Not I:
* My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
* Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
* Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
* And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
'Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
'Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
'They are already, or quickly will be landed
'Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt* Pembroke *and* Stafford.
'But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
'Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
'Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
'Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
'If it be so, then both depart to him;
'I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;
'But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
'Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
'That I may never have you in suspect.
Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!
'*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
'*K. Edw.* Why so; then am I sure of victory.
'Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
'Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A plain in Warwickshire. Enter Warwick *and* Oxford, *with French and other forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence *and* Somerset.

But see, where Somerset and Clarence come;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
* That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
* With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
* And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
* So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
* At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
* And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,
* For I intend but only to surprise him.—
'You, that will follow me to this attempt,
'Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.
[*They all cry,* Henry!
Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE III.—*Edward's *camp, near Warwick. Enter certain* Watchmen, *to guard the King's tent.*

* 1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;
* The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
* 2 *Watch.* What, will he not to-bed?
* 1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow
* Never to lie and take his natural rest,
* Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.
* 2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
* If Warwick be so near as men report.
* 3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
* That with the king here resteth in his tent?
* 1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
* 3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,
* That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
* While he himself keepeth in the cold field?
* 2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
* 3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship and quietness,
* I like it better than a dangerous honour.
* If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
* 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
* 1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
* 2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
* But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, *and forces.*

'*War.* This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
'Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
'But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1 *Watch.* Who goes there?
2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.
[Warwick, *and the rest, cry all*—Warwick! Warwick! *and set upon the guard; who fly, crying—Arm! Arm!* Warwick, *and the rest, following them.*

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding. Re-enter Warwick, *and the rest, bringing the* King *out in a gown, sitting in a chair;* Gloster *and* Hastings *fly.*

'*Som.* What are they that fly there?
'*War.* Richard, and Hastings: let them go here's the duke.

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K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king!
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
'When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
'Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
* Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
* *K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
* Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
'Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
'Of thee thyself, and all thy 'complices,
'Edward will always bear himself as king:
* Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
* My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind,[1] be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
* And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
'My lord of Somerset, at my request,
'See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
'Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
'When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
'I'll follow you, and tell what answer
'Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.
* *K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
* It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit* King Edw. *led out;* Som. *with him.*
* *Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
* But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, tha 's the first thing that we have to do;
'To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A room in the palace. Enter* Queen Elizabeth *and* Rivers.

'*Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
'*Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
'What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?
Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
'*Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.
'*Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain?
'*Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
'Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
'Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
'And, as I further have to understand,
'Is new committed to the bishop of York,
'Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
'*Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
'Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
'Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
* *Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
* And I the rather wean me from despair,
* For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
* This is it that makes me bridle passion,
* And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
* Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
* And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
* Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
'King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
* *Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
'*Q. Eliz.* I am informed, that he comes towards London,
* To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
* Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down.
'But to prevent the tyrant's violence
'(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
'I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
'To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
'There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
'Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
'If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exe.*

SCENE V.—A Park near Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire. Enter Gloster, Hastings, *Sir* William Stanley, *and others.*

'*Glo.* Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
'Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
'Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
'Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,
'Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
'He hath good usage and great liberty;
'And often, but attended with weak guard,
'Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
'I have advertis'd him by secret means,
'That if about this hour, he make this way,
'Under the colour of his usual game,
'He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
'To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, *and a* Huntsman.

'*Hunt.* This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
'*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—
'Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
'Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?
'*Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
'Your horse stands ready at the park corner.
'*K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?
'*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.
'*Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.
'*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
* *Glo.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.
'*K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
'*Hunt.* Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.
* *Glo.* Come then, away; let's have no more ado.
'*K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exe.*

SCENE VI.—A room in the Tower. Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, *Young* Richmond, Oxford, Montague, Lieutenant *of the Tower, and Attendants.*

* *K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
* Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;
* And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
* My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
* At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
* *Lieut.* Subjects r ay challenge nothing of their sovereign*;

(1) *i. e.* In his mind; as far as his own mind goes.

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* But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
* I then crave pardon of your majesty.
  * *K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
* Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
* For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
* Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
* Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
* At last, by notes of household harmony,
* They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
* But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
* And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
* He was the author, thou the instrument.
* Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
* By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
* And that the people of this blessed land
* May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
' Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
' I here resign my government to thee,
' For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
  * *War.* Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
* And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
* By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
* For few men rightly temper with the stars;[1]
* Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
* For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.[2]
  * *Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
* To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
* Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
* As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
* And therefore I yield thee my free consent.
  * *War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.
  * *K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;
* Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
* That no dissension hinder government:
' I make you both protectors of this land;
' While I myself will lead a private life,
' And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.
  War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
  * *Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
* For on thy fortune I repose myself.
  * *War.* Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
* We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
* To Henry's body, and supply his place;
* I mean, in bearing weight of government,
* While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
* And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
* Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
* And all his lands and goods be confiscate.
  Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.
  * *War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
  * *K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
* Let me entreat (for I command no more,)
* That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
* Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
* For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
* My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
  Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

(1) Few men conform their temper to their destiny.
(2) Present. (3) Afterward Henry VII.

' *K. Hen.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
' Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
  ' *Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
  ' *K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*
' Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
' This pretty lad[3] will prove our country's bliss.
' His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
' His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
' His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
' Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
' Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

  * *War.* What news, my friend?
  * *Mess.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,
* And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
  * *War.* Unsavoury news: But how made he escape?
  * *Mess.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
* And the lord Hastings, who attended[4] him
* In secret ambush on the forest side,
* And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
* For hunting was his daily exercise.
  * *War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.—
* But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
* A salve for any sore that may betide.
  [*Exeunt* King Henry, War. Clar. Lieut. *and attendants.*
  * *Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
* For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
* And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
* As Henry's late presaging prophecy
* Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;
* So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
* What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
* Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
* Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
* Till storms be past of civil enmity.
  * *Oxf.* Ay; for, if Edward repossess the crown,
* 'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.
  * *Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Britany.
* Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Before York. *Enter* King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, *and forces.*

' *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest;
' Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
' And says—that once more I shall interchange
' My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
' Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
' And brought desir'd help from Burgundy:
' What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
' From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
' But that we enter, as into our dukedom?
  ' *Glo.* The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
* For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
* Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.
  * *K. Edw.* Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
* By fair or foul means we must enter in,
* For hither will our friends repair to us.

(4) *i. e.* Waited for him.

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* *Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor *of York, and his brethren.*

'*May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
'And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
'For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
'*K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
'Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.
'*May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
'*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
* As being well content with that alone.
'*Glo.* But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
'He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*
'*Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.
'*May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*
'*Glo.* A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!
* *Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well,
* So 'twere not 'long of him:[1] but, being enter'd,
* I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
* Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

'*K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
'But in the night, or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys: [*Takes the keys.*
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter Montgomery, *and forces, marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
'*K. Edw.* Welcome, sir John! But why come you in arms?
Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
'*K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget
'Our title to the crown; and only claim
'Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
'*Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke,—
'Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. [*A march begun.*
'*K. Edw.* Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we'll debate,
'By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
'*Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few words,
'If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
'I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?
'*Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
* *K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
* Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
* *Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
* *Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

(1) The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed.

* Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
* The bruit[2] thereof will bring you many friends.
* *K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
* And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—
* Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. *Gives him a paper. Flourish.*
Sold. [*Reads.*] *Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland,* &c.
Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight. [*Throws down his gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
'*K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all.
'If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
'Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:
'And, when the morning sun shall raise his car,
'Above the border of this horizon,
'We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
'For, well I wot,[3] that Henry is no soldier.—
* Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee
* To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
* Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
* Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
* And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—London. *A room in the palace.*

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Montague, Exeter, *and* Oxford.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
'And many giddy people flock to him.
* *Oxf.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
'Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
'The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
'Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
'Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
'Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st.—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
* Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
* Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.
K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.
* *Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.
* *K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!
* *Mont.* Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

(2) Noise, report. (3) Know.

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* *Oxf.* And thus [*Kissing* Henry's *hand.*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.
* *K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
* And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry. [*Exe.* War. Clar. Oxf. *and* Mont.
* *K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.
* Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
* Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
* Should not be able to encounter mine.
* *Exe.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.
* *K. Hen.* That's not my fear, my meed[1] hath got me fame.
* I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
* Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
* My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
* My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
* My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
* I have not been desirous of their wealth,
* Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
* Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
* Then why should they love Edward more than me?
* No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
* And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
* The lamb will never cease to follow him.
[*Shout within. A* Lancaster! *A* Lancaster!
Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloster, *and Soldiers.*

' *K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
' And once again proclaim us king of England.—
* You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow.
* Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
* And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
' Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with* King Henry.
' And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
' Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.[2]
* *Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,
* And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
* Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry. *Enter, upon the walls,* Warwick, *the Mayor of Coventry, two* Messengers, *and others.*

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
' 1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?
' 2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter sir John Somerville.

' *War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by the guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
* *Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
' *War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
* *Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
* The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.
* *War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd for friends.
* *Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter King Edward, Gloster, *and forces marching.*

* *K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.
' *Glo.* See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.
War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
* *K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
' Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—
' Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
' And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
' *War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
* *War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
* *Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
* I'll do thee service for so good a gift.[3]
' *War.* 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
' *War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
* *K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
' And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?
' *Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
' The king was slily finger'd from the deck![4]
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.
* *Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
* Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
* *War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
* And with the other fling it at thy face,
* Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
* *K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;
* This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
* Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off,
* Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
' *Wind-changing* Warwick *now can change no more.*

Enter Oxford, *with drum and colours.*

* *War.* O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[Oxford *and his forces enter the city.*
' *Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too.

(1) Merit.
(2) The allusion is to the proverb 'Make hay while the sun shines.'
(3) *i. e.* Enrol myself among thy dependants.
(4) A pack of cards was anciently termed a deck of cards.

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'*K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.
* Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
* Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
'If not, the city being but of small defence,
'We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, *with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*
'*Glo.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
* *K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory;
* My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter Somerset, *with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*
Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, *with drum and colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
* With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
* More than the nature of a brother's love:—
* Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking the red rose out of his cap.*
'Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime[1] the stones together,
'And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
'That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt,[2] unnatural,
'To bend the fatal instruments of war
'Against his brother, and his lawful king?
* Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
* To keep that oath, were more impiety
* Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
* I am so sorry for my trespass made,
* That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
* I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
* With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
* (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
* To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
'Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
'And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
'For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
'*K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
'*Glo.* Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.
War. O passing[3] traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
'*War.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

(1) *i. e.* To cement.
(2) Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—
Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory!
[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A field of battle near Barnet.—*Alarums, and Excursions. Enter* King Edward, *bringing in* Warwick *wounded.*

* *K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
* For Warwick was a bug,[4] that fear'd[5] us all.—
* Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
* That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[*Exit.*
War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
* My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
* And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
* These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
* Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
* To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length;
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford *and* Somerset.

* *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
* We might recover all our loss again!
'The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
'Even now we heard the news: Ah, could'st thou fly!
'*War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
* If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
* And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
* Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
* Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
* That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
* Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
'*Som.* Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
'And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
'And said—Commend me to my valiant brother.
'And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
'Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
'That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
'I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
'O, farewell, Warwick!
War. Sweet rest to his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [*Dies.*
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*Exeunt, bearing off* Warwick's *body*

(3) Eminent, egregious. (4) Bugbear.
(5) Terrified.

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SCENE III.—Another part of the field. Flourish. Enter King Edward *in triumph; with* Clarence, Gloster, *and the rest.*

'*K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
'And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
'But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
'I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
'That will encounter with our glorious sun
'Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
'I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen
'Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
'And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
* *Cla.* A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
* And blow it to the source from whence it came:
* Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
* For every cloud engenders not a storm.
* *Glo.* The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
'And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
'If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
K. Edw. We are advértis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury;
'We having now the best at Barnet field,
'Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
'And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury. *March. Enter* Queen Margaret, *Prince* Edward, Somerset, Oxford, *and Soldiers.*

* *Q. Mar.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
* But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
'What though the mast be now blown over-board,
'The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
'And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
'Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
'Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
* With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
* And give more strength to that which hath too much;
* Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
* Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
* Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
'Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
'And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
'Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?
'Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
'And Somerset another goodly mast?
'The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
'And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
'For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
'We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
* But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
* From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
* As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
* And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
* What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
* And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
* All these the enemies to our poor bark.
* Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
* Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
* Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
* Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
* This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
* In case some one of you would fly from us,
* That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers
* More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
* Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
* 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.
* *Prince.* Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
* Should, if a coward heard her speak these words
* Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
* And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
'I speak not this, as doubting any here:
'For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
'He should have leave to go away betimes;
'Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
'And make him of like spirit to himself.
'If any such be here, as God forbid!
'Let him depart, before we need his help.
'*Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
'O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; Long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!
'*Som.* And he, that will not fight for such a hope
'Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
'If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.
* *Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.
* *Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

'*Mess.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand
'Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
'*Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy,
'To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.
Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.
Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter, at a distance, King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, *and forces.*

'*K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands thorny wood,
'Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
'Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
* I need not add more fuel to your fire,
* For, well I wot,[1] ye blaze to burn them out:
* Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.
Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
'My tears gainsay;[2] for every word I speak,
'Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
'Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,
'Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
'His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
'His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
'And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
'You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
'Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[*Exeunt both armies.*

SCENE V.—Another part of the same. Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat. Then enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, *and forces; with* Queen Margaret, Oxford, *and* Somerset, *prisoners.*

'*K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle[3] straight:

(1) Know. (2) Unsay, deny. (3) A castle in Picardy.

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For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
' Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
' *Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune. [*Exeunt* Oxf. *and* Som. *guarded.*
* *Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,
* To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
* *K. Edw.* Is proclamation made,—that, who finds Edward,
* Shall have a high reward, and be his life?
* *Glo.* It is: and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers with Prince Edward.

* *K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:
* What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
' Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
' For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
* And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
' *Glo.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Æsop[1] fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crookback rather.
' *K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm[2] your tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—
And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
* And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*
* *Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [Glo. *stabs him.*
* *Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury. [Clar. *stabs him.*
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*
' *K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?[3]
' *K. Edw.* What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother:
' I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
' Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
' *Glo.* The Tower, the Tower! [*Exit.*
' *Q. Mar.* O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
' Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
* If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
' He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
' What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
* No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
* And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
' Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
* How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
' You have no children, butchers! if you had,
' The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
' But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
' As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!
K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.
Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;
'Twas sin before,[4] but now 'tis charity.
' What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.
' *K. Edw.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.
Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out forcibly.*
K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?
' *Clar.* To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
' Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
' With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
' And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
' By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—London. *A room in the Tower.* King Henry *is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter* Gloster.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
* And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.
* *Glo.* Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*
* *K. Hen.* So flies the reckless[5] shepherd from the wolf:
* So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
* And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
' *K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
' With trembling wings misdoubteth[6] every bush,
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,

(1) The prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, Æsop.
(2) *i. e.* I will compel you to be as silent as if you were deprived of speech by enchantment.
(3) Dispute, contention.
(4) She alludes to the desertion of Clarence.
(5) Careless.
(6) To misdoubt is to suspect danger, to fear.

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Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught and kill'd.
'*Glo.* Why, what a peevish[1] fool was that of Crete,
'That taught his son the office of a fowl?
'And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
'*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
'The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
'Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
'Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
* Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
'My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.—
* But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
'*Glo.* Think'st thou I am an executioner?
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
'If murdering innocents be executing,
'Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
'And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
'Which now mistrust no parcel[2] of my fear;
'And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
'And many an orphan's water-standing eye,
'Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
'And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
'Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
'The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd[3] her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
'To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
'Thou cam'st—
Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy speech; [*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.
K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*
Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
'O, may such purple tears be always shed
'From those that wish the downfal of our house!—
'If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither, [*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
'And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
'And so I was; which plainly signified—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
'Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
'And this word—love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort[4] a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
'That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
'King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone;
'Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
'I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—The same. A room in the palace. King Edward *is discovered sitting on his throne;* Queen Elizabeth *with the infant prince,* Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, *and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
'With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
'Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.
Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid:
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.
'*Glo.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
'Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master; } *Aside.*
'And cried—all hail!—when as he meant—all harm; }
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.
Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

(1) Childish.
(2) No part of what my fears presage.
(3) To rook, signified to squat down or lodge on any thing.
(4) Select.

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And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

The three parts of King Henry VI. are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being supposititious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakspeare's. Mr. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of our author's style, and single words, of which however I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reason, but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissimilitude of style and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's. These plays, considered without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finished, than those of King John, Richard II. or the tragic scenes of King Henry IV. and V. If we take these plays from Shakspeare, to whom shall they be given? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his Queen, King Edward, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

JOHNSON.

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LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Edward *the Fourth.*
Edward, *prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V.* } *Sons to the king.*
Richard, *duke of York,*
George, *duke of Clarence,* } *Brothers to the king.*
Richard, *duke of Gloster, afterwards King Rich. III.*
A young Son of Clarence.
Henry, *earl of Richmond, afterwards king Henry VII.*
Cardinal Bouchier, *archbishop of Canterbury.*
Thomas Rotheram, *archbishop of York.*
John Morton, *bishop of Ely.*
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk; *Earl of* Surrey, *his son.*
Earl Rivers, *brother to king Edward's queen:*
Marquis of Dorset, *and Lord* Grey, *her sons.*
Earl of Oxford. *Lord* Hastings. *Lord* Stanley. *Lord* Lovel.
Sir Thomas Vaughan. *Sir* Richard Ratcliff.
Sir William Catesby. *Sir* James Tyrrel.
Sir James Blount. *Sir* Walter Herbert.
Sir Robert Brakenbury, *lieutenant of the Tower.*
Christopher Urswick, *a priest. Another priest.*
Lord Mayor of London. *Sheriff of* Wiltshire.

Elizabeth, *queen of king Edward IV.*
Margaret, *widow of king Henry VI.*
Duchess of York, *mother to king Edward IV. Clarence, and Gloster.*
Lady Anne, *widow of Edward, prince of Wales, son to king Henry VI.; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.*
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords and other attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

Scene, *England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A street. Enter* Gloster.

Gloster.

NOW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.[1]
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounted barbed[2] steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity;
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions[3] dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, *guarded, and* Brakenbury.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace?
Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glo. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is—George.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:——
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says—a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys[4] as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

(1) Dances. (2) Armed. (3) Preparations for mischief. (4) Fancies.

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Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.
Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,[1]
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.
Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.
Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man;—We say the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous;
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.
Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.
Brak. What one, my lord?
Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray me?
Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.
Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the queen's abjects,[2] and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,—
Were it, to call king Edward's widow—sister,—
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Mean time, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce; farewell.
[*Exeunt* Clarence, Brakenbury, *and Guard.*
Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

(1) The queen and Shore.
(2) Lowest of subjects.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.
Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,[3]
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home:—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy.
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glo. Now, by saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* Hastings.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes: Edward still lives, and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The same. Another street. Enter the corpse of King Henry *the Sixth, borne in an open coffin,* Gentlemen *bearing halberds, to guard it; and Lady* Anne *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down, your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously[4] lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,

(3) Confined. (4) Funereal.

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That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
That I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.
[*The Bearers takes up the corpse, and advance.*

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.
1 *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
[*The bearers set down the coffin.*
Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not:
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern[1] of thy butcheries:—
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.——
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.
Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.
Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That dist unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say, that I slew them not?
Anne. Why then, they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy soul's throat thou liest; queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!
Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck.
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

(1) Example.

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Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful[1] tear,—
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause: for I did kill king Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;—
[*She again offers at his breast.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me, both are false.
Glo. Then man was never true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glo. Say then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take, is not to give.
[*She puts on the ring.*
Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place:[2]
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart! and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt Lady* Anne, Tressel, *and* Berkley.
Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming. [*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,[3]
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

(1) Pitiful. (2) In Bishopsgate street. (3) A small French coin.

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I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave:
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The same. A room in the palace.
Enter Queen Elizabeth, *Lord* Rivers, *and Lord* Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt, his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter, when he is gone.
Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham *and* Stanley.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!
Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!
Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?
Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.
Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.
Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?
Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn[1] them to his royal presence.
Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, *and* Dorset.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?
Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd[2] complaints.
Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.
Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack[3] became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement, and my friends;
God grant, we never may have need of you!
Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.[4]
Q. Eliz. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord; for——
Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis[5] your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.

(1) Summon. (2) Rude, ignorant.
(3) Low fellow.
(4) A coin rated at 6s. 8d. (5) Think.

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I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen Margaret, *behind.*

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch, in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak, my pains[1] are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize[2] his blood, I spilt mine own.
Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine
Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick;
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed,[3] poor lord, he is mew'd[4] up:
I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon![5] there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd[6] from me:
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

(1) Labours. (2) Make royal.
(3) Reward. (4) Confined.

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.
Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!
Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.
Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!

(5) Corrupt devil. (6) Pillaged.

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Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested——
Glo. Margaret.
Q. Mar. Richard!
Glo. Ha?
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.
Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.
Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,[1]
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.
Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.
Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.
Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:[2]
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.
Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.
Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
Our aiery[3] buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest:—
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*
Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Riv. And so doth mine; I muse,[4] why she's at liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.
Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glo. Yet you have all the vantage[5] of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd[6] up to fatting for his pains;—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!
Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath[7] to us.
Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*

Enter Catesby

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.
Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?
Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your grace.
[*Exeunt all but* Gloster.
Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates?
Are you now going to despatch this thing?
1 *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me: [*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

(1) Alluding to Gloster's form and venom.
(2) He was just created marquis of Dorset.
(3) Nest. (4) Wonder. (5) Advantage.
(6) Put in a sty. (7) Harm.

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For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers! be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears:
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, despatch.
1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.—The same. A room in the Tower. Enter Clarence *and* Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:
So full of dismal terror was the time.
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.
Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,[1]
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?
Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul;
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood: and he shriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.
Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.
Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest! [Clar. *reposes himself on a chair.*
Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?
Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?
1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.
Brak. What, so brief?
2 *Murd.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than tedious:—
Let him see our commission; talk no more.
[*A paper is delivered to* Brakenbury, *who reads it*
Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.
1 *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [*Exit* Brakenbury.
2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?
1 *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.
2 *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.
1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.
2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.
1 *Murd.* What! art thou afraid?
2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.
1 *Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.
2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.
1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.
2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.
1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

(1) Body.

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2 *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall[1] fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard[2] with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly, dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to,——

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest[3] have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel[4] of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you, that he doth it publicly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice,[5] was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed,[6] go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,

(1) Brave. (2) Head.
(3) Inquest, jury. (4) On the part.
(5) Youth. (6) Reward.

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And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, by murd'ring me?—
Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent[1] from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life?—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do, [*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [*Exit with the body.*

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. A room in the palace.

Enter King Edward (*led in sick,*) Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, *and others.*

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work;—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*Embraces* Dorset.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [*To the* Queen.] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours. [*Embracing* Rivers, *&c.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and, lord Grey, of you,—
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:—

(1) Shut up.

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I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury, to scorn his corse.
K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?
Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.
Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried:—
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.
Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.
K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.
Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O,
Poor Clarence!
[*Exeunt* King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset, *and* Grey.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?
Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. Enter the Duchess of York, *with a Son and Daughter of* Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?
Duch. No, boy.
Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast;
And cry—*O Clarence, my unhappy son!*
Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?
Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.
Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.
Daugh. And so will I.
Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable[1] and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Duch. Ay, boy.
Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen Elizabeth *distractedly;* Rivers, *and* Dorset, *following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.
Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?
Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.
Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a noble husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,

(1) Ignorant.

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That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from my arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd,[1] mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I:
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,
That you take with unthankfulness his doing;
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Ratcliff, *and others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star,
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; [*Aside.*
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine,
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censure[2] in this weighty business?
[*Exeunt all but* Buckingham *and* Gloster.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index[3] to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The same. A street. Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; the king's dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Wo to that land, that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage,[4] council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,

(1) Divided. (2) Opinion. (3) Preparatory. (4) Minority.

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No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.
1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;[1]
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father;
Or, by his father there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.
3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason[2] almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm,
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The same. A room in the palace. Enter the archbishop of York, *the young duke of* York, Queen Elizabeth, *and the duchess of* York.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;
And at Northampton they do rest to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duch. 'Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse? why she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous[3] boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger:
What news?
Mess. Such news, my lord,
As grieves me to unfold.
Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news?
Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,
With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.
Q. Eliz. For what offence?
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne:—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:—O, preposterous
And frantic courage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!
Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.
Duch. Stay, I will go with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious lady, go.
[*To the* Queen.
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; And so betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Knows. (2) Converse. (3) Perilous, dangerous.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. A street. The trumpets sound. Enter the prince of Wales, Gloster, Buckingham, *Cardinal* Bouchier, *and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.
Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to the sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!
Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.
Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and his train.*

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!
Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.— [*Exeunt* Mayor, *&c.*
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating lord.
Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.
Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.
Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go, my lord.
Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [*Exe.* Cardinal *and* Hastings.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?
Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?
Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.
Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.
Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long. [*Aside.*
Prince. What say you, uncle?
Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal[1] vice, Iniquity, [*Aside.*
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.
Buck. What, my gracious lord?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.
Glo. Short summers lightly[2] have a forward spring. [*Aside.*

Enter York, Hastings, *and the* Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?
York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late[3] he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I?
Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, then give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

(1) Sensible vice, the buffoon in the old plays.

(2) Commonly. (3) Lately.

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And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk:—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.
Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[*Exeunt* Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal, *and attendants.*
Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incens'd[1] by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;[2]
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest.—
Come hither, gentle Catesby; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided[3] councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both. [*Exit* Catesby.
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.—Before Lord Hastings' *house. Enter a* Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord,— [*Knocking.*
Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?
Mess. One from lord Stanley.
Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?
Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.
Hast. And then,—
Mess. And then he sends you word, he dreamt
To-night the boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If presently, you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour, and myself, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance:[4]
And for his dreams—I wonder, he's so fond[5]
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.

(1) Incited. (2) Intelligent. (3) Separate. (4) Example. (5) Weak.

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Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar[1] will use us kindly.
Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?
Cate. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.
Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*
Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stan. My lord, good morrow; and good morrow, Catesby:—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,[2]
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;
And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot[3] you what, my lord?
To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.
Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow. [*Exeunt* Stan. *and* Catesby.
How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?
Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.
Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.
Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!
Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me. [*Throwing him his purse.*
Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit* Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.
Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving[4] work in hand.
Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?
Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*
Come, will you go?
Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Pomfret. *Before the castle.* *Enter* Ratcliff, *with a guard conducting* Rivers, Grey, *and* Vaughan, *to execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.
Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day, shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.
Vaugh. You live, that shall cry wo for this hereafter.
Rat. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

(1) *i. e.* Gloster, who had a boar for his arms.

(2) Cross. (3) Know. (4) Confession.

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When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Richard :—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!
Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.[1]
Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A room in the Tower.* Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, *the bishop of* Ely, Catesby, Lovel, *and others, sitting at a table: officers of the council attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:
In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward[2] with the noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,—
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I, of his, my lord, than you of mine:—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloster.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.
Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow:
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.
Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them.
Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit* Ely.
Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds that testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.
Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you. [*Exeunt* Gloster *and* Buckingham.
Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
For these strawberries.
Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit[3] or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloster *and* Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?
Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—
Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head:—now, by saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.
[*Exeunt council, with* Gloster *and* Buckingham.
Hast. Wo, wo, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond,[4] might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.
Cate. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.
Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—

(1) Expiated, completed. (2) Intimate. (3) Thought. (4) Weak, foolish.

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Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The same. The Tower walls. Enter Gloster *and* Buckingham, *in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?
Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending[1] deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?
Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* Catesby.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—
Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.
Buck. Hark, hark! a drum.
Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,——
Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel *and* Ratcliff, *with* Hastings' *head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel.
Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless't creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?
May. What! had he so?
Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?
May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.
Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.
May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.
Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.
Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit* Lord Mayor.
Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:-
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.
Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.
Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.
Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.
[*Exit* Buckingham.
Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
Go thou [*to* Cate.] to friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.
[*Exeunt* Lovel *and* Catesby.
Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—A street. Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent[2] was full as long a-doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross

(1) Pretending. (2) Original draft.

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That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—The same. Court of Baynard's castle. Enter Gloster *and* Buckingham, *meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.
Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*
Glo. And did they so?
Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, *God save king Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongueless blocks were they; would they not speak?
Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?
Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend[1] some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.
Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.
Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks. [*Exit* Gloster.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.

Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the castle, Catesby.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?
Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.
Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.
[*Exit.*
Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,[2]
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross[3] his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.
May. Marry, God defend, his grace should say us nay!
Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again;

Re-enter Catesby.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?
Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.
[*Exit* Catesby.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloster, *in a gallery above, between two* Bishops. Catesby *returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!
Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right Christian zeal.
Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.
Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault!
Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign

(1) Pretend. (2) A couch. (3) Fatten.

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The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd[1] in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure,[2] we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain:
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery,[3] your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:
If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;
And, then in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need[4] to help you, if need were;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice[5] and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first he was contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,[6]
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you;
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* Buckingham *and* Citizens.

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Ex.* Cate.
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter Buckingham, *and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.—
[*To the* Bishops.
Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt.*

(1) Thrust into. (2) Recover. (3) Empire. (4) Want ability. (5) Minute. (6) Pity.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before the Tower. Enter on one side, Queen Elizabeth, *duchess of* York, *and marquis of* Dorset; *on the other,* Anne, *duchess of* Gloster, *leading Lady* Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's *young daughter.*

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!
Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister? Whither away?
Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.
Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter Brakenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?
Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?
Brak. I mean, the lord protector.
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on thy peril.
Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[*Exit* Brakenbury.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster.
[*To the duchess of* Gloster.
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.
Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.
Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!
Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam:—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice[1] hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous!
Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—
O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal,[2] that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear[3] me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.
Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou,* quoth I, *accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.
Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu: I pity thy complaining.
Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.
Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!
Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!
Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!— [*To* Dorset.
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!— [*To* Anne.
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [*To* Q. Elizabeth.
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.[4]
Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.—A room of state in the palace. Flourish of trumpets. Richard, *as king upon his throne;* Buckingham, Catesby, *a* Page, *and others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,——

(1) A serpent supposed to originate from a cock's egg.

(2) The crown. (3) Burn. (4) Sorrow.

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Buck. My gracious sovereign.
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!
K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,[1]
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—
Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince!—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Ex.* Buck.
Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip. [*Aside.*
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools, [*Descends from his throne.*
And unrespective[2] boys: none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes;—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy,——
Page. My lord.
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit[3] of death?
Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.
K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him hither, boy.— [*Exit* Page.
The deep-revolving, witty[4] Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter Stanley.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?
Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.
K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,[5]
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.— [*Exit* Catesby.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, *with* Tyrrel.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?
Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.
K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.
K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal[6] upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;
Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear: [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear the news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well, look to it.
Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just request?
K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish[7] boy.
A king!—perhaps——
Buck. My lord,——
K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time,
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name, I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord,——
K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

(1) Touchstone. (2) Inconsiderate.
(3) Secret act. (4) Cunning.
(5) It is of the utmost consequence to my designs.
(6) Act. (7) Foolish.

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Buck. I am thus bold
To put your grace in mind of what you promis'd me.
K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke
Of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why, let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack,[1] thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.
K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein. [*Exeunt* King Richard, *and train.*
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock,[2] while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The same. *Enter* Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless[3] butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,—*
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, *almost chang'd my mind;*
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!
K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?
Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.
K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?
Tyr. I did, my lord.
K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?
Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.
K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.
Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up close;
His daughter meanly match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night
Now, for I know the Bretagne[4] Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. My lord,—
K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?
Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton[5] is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham, and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The same. Before the Palace. *Enter* Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction[6] am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter Queen Elizabeth *and the Duchess of* York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!
Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.
Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my wo-wearied tongue is still and mute,—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.
Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.
Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,
Wo's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!
Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!

(1) An image like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.
(2) His castle in Wales. (3) Merciless.
(4) The country in which Richmond had taken refuge.
(5) Bishop of Ely. (6) Introduction.

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Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*
Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,[1]
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
[*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow[2] with others' moan!
Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot,[3] because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!
Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.
Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index[4] of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish[5] flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—
These English woes shall make me smile in France
Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living wo;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.
Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!
Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit* Q. Mar.
Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?
Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.
Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*Drum, within.*
I hear his drum,—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard, *and his train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?
Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.
Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd[6] that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?
Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?
Duch. Where is kind Hastings?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?

(1) Seniority. (2) Companion.
(3) Thrown in to boot.

(4) Indexes were anciently placed at the beginning of books.
(5) Flaring. (6) Owned.

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K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,[1]
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O, let me speak.
K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood,[2] thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy[3] and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?
K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.
Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.
K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So.
Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse,
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit.*
Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her. [*Going.*
K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.
Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.
Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoided[4] is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still[5] use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?
K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.
Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?
K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.[6]
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise[7] to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul, I love thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.
Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen: Who else should be?
Q. Eliz. What, thou?

(1) Disposition. (2) Cross. (3) Touchy, fretful. (4) Unavoidable. (5) Constant. (6) A crown. (7) Bequeath.

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K. Rich. Even so: What think you of it, madam?
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Eliz. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York, then, haply,[1] will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but have thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter, go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.
Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?
K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.
K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.
Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.[2]
K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?
K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. As long as Heaven, and nature lengthens it.
Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter,[3] and my crown,—
Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. Rich. I swear.
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost its holy honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now by the world,—
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death,—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself,—
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misus'd.
K. Rich. Why then, by God,—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,

(1) Perhaps.
(2) In the Levitical law, chap. xviii. 14.
(3) The ensigns of the order of the Garter.

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The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?
K. Rich. By the time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come: for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish[1] found in great designs.
Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.
Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?
K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.
Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.
K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery,[2] they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.
Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.
K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell. [*Kissing her. Exit* Q. Eliz.
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman!
How now? what news?

Enter Ratcliff; Catesby *following.*

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk:—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

(1) Foolish. (2) The phœnix's nest.

Cate. Here, my good lord.
K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.
Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.
K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain, [*To* Catesby.
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?
Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby;—Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cate. I go. [*Exit.*
Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?
K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?
Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter Stanley.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.——Stanley, what news with you?
Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
R. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?
Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, as you guess?
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive, but we?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?
Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou would'st be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not trust you, sir.
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be, false.

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K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley; look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you. [*Exit* Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors[1]
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He strikes him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.
3 *Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
3 *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.
K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news; That the earl of Richmond
Is, with a mighty power,[2] landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.
K. Rich. Away, towards Salisbury; while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me. [*Exe.*

SCENE V.—A room in Lord Stanley's *house.*
Enter Stanley *and Sir* Christopher Urswick.[3]

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—
That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd[4] up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.
Stan. What men of name resort to him?
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth:
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;
Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Gives papers to Sir* Christopher.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. *An open place. Enter the* Sheriff, *and Guard, with* Buckingham, *led to execution.*

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?
Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.[5]
That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
When he, quoth she, *shall split thy heart with sorrow,*
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt* Buckingham, *&c.*

SCENE II.—Plain near Tamworth. *Enter, with drum and colours,* Richmond, Oxford, *Sir* James Blunt, *Sir* Walter Herbert, *and others, with forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,

(1) Associates. (2) Force.
(3) Chaplain to the countess of Richmond.
(4) A sty in which hogs are set apart for fattening.
(5) Injurious practices.

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Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.
Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.
Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Bosworth Field. Enter King Richard, *and forces; the Duke of* Norfolk, *Earl of* Surrey, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,——
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;
[*Soldiers begin to set up the king's tent.*
But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction:—
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, *Sir* William Brandon, Oxford, *and other Lords. Some of the soldiers pitch* Richmond's *tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford,—you sir, William Brandon,—
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:
The earl of Pembroke keeps[2] his regiment;—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.
Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, *and* Catesby.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?
Cate. It's supper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?—
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Ratcliff,——
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:[3]—
[*To* Catesby.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves[4] be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,——
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut[5] time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
K. Rich. I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.
K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.
[King Richard *retires into his tent. Exeunt* Ratcliff *and* Catesby.

Richmond's *tent opens, and discovers him and his officers, &c. Enter* Stanley.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Stan. I, by attorney,[6] bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,

(1) Appoint. (2) Remains with.
(3) A watch-light. (4) Wood of the lances.
(5) Twilight. (6) Deputation.

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And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may (that which I would, I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise[1] me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt Lords, &c. with* Stanley.
O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

The Ghost *of* Prince Edward, *son to* Henry *the Sixth, rises between the two tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To* King Richard.
Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost *of* King Henry *the Sixth rises.*

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To* King Richard.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die;
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
[*To* Richmond.
Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish!

The Ghost *of* Clarence *rises.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To* King Richard.
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
[*To* Richmond.
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts *of* Rivers, Grey, *and* Vaughan, *rise.*

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[*To* King Richard.
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.
[*To* King Richard.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—
[*To* King Richard.

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom
[*To* Richmond.
Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost *of* Hastings *rises.*

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[*To* King Richard.
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
[*To* Richmond.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts *of the two young* Princes *rise.*

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost *of* Queen Anne *rises.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow, in the battle, think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
[*To* Richmond.
Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost *of* Buckingham *rises.*

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown;
[*To* King Richard.
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:
[*To* Richmond.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The* Ghosts *vanish.* King Richard *starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream;
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason Why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.

(1) Weigh.

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Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent: and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord,——
K. Rich. Who's there?
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!
What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.
K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.
[*Exeunt* King Richard *and* Ratcliff.

Richmond *wakes.* *Enter* Oxford *and others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.
Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.— [*He advances to the troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair,[1] where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward[2] you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit[3] it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords;
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory!
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, *attendants, and forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.
K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?
Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
K. Rich. He was i'the right; and so, indeed, it is. [*Clock strikes.*
Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?
Rat. Not I, my lord.
K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd[4] the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff,——
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.
K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my horse;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?
Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.
[*Giving a scroll.*
K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,* [Reads.
For Dickon[5] *thy master is bought and sold*

(1) Throne. (2) Guard. (3) Requite. (4) Made it splendid. (5) The ancient familiarization of Richard.

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A thing devised by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let's to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.——
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort[1] of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over-shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves![2]

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.
Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Another part of the field. Alarum: Excursions. Enter Norfolk, *and forces; to him* Catesby.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

(1) Company.
(2) Fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exe.*

Alarums. Enter King Richard *and* Richmond; *and exeunt fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then enter* Richmond, Stanley, *bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all:—
But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living?
Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?
Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose with the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not,—Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself,
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division.—
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so,)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen.
[*Exeunt.*

This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable. JOHNSON.

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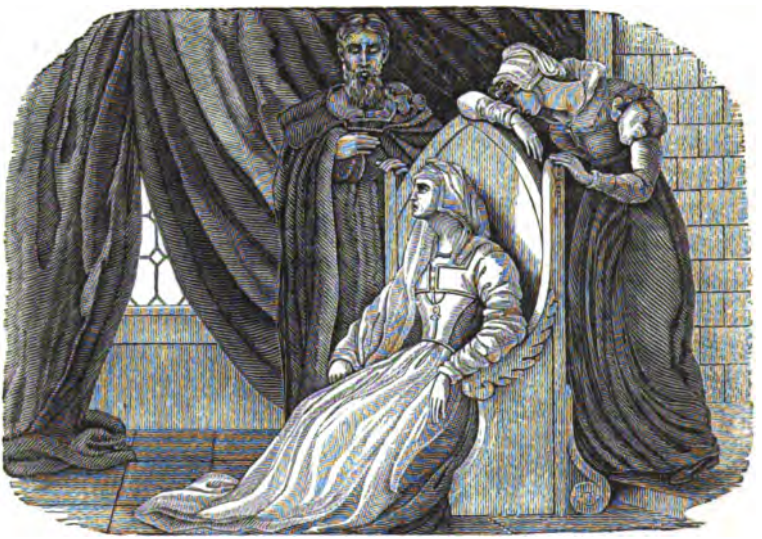

KING HENRY VIII. *Act IV.— Scene* 2.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. *Act V.— Scene* 3.

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KING HENRY VIII.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Eighth.*
Cardinal Wolsey. *Cardinal* Campeius.
Capucius, *ambassador from the emperor Charles V.*
Cranmer, *archbishop of Canterbury.*
Duke of Norfolk. *Duke of* Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk. *Earl of* Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, *bishop of Winchester.*
Bishop of Lincoln. Lord Abergavenny. *Lord* Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford. *Sir* Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny. *Sir* Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
Cromwell, *servant to* Wolsey.
Griffith, *gentleman-usher to queen* Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, *physician to the king.*
Garter, king at arms.
Surveyor to the duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, *and a Serjeant at arms.*
Door-keeper of the council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. *A Crier.*

Queen Katharine, *wife to king Henry, afterwards divorced.*
Anne Bullen, *her maid of honour; afterwards queen.*
An old lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, *woman to queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; Women attending upon the queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Scene, *chiefly in* London *and* Westminster; *once, at* Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and wo,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded[1] with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring
(To make that only true we now intend,[2])
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

(1) Laced. (2) Pretend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An antechamber in the Palace. Enter the Duke of* Norfolk, *at one door; at the other, the Duke of* Buckingham, *and the Lord* Abergavenny.

Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,[3]
Met in the vale of Arde.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
All clinquant,[4] all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English: and, to-morrow, they

(3) Henry VIII. and Francis I. king of France.
(4) Glittering, shining.

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Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in-censure.[1] When these suns
(For so they phrase them,) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis[2] was believ'd.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes,[3] that promises no element[4]
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce[5] vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech[6] can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o'the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propp'd by ancestry (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o'the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file[7]
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,[8]
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd: and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.[9]

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey (*the purse borne before him,*) *certain of the guard, and two* Secretaries *with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on* Buckingham, *and* Buckingham *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where's his examination?

1 *Secr.* Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 *Secr.* Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exe.* Wolsey, *and train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur[10] is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant

(1) In opinion, which was most noble.
(2) Sir Bevis, an old romance.
(3) Certainly. (4) Practice. (5) Proud.
(6) Lump of fat. (7) List.

(8) Sets down in his letter without consulting the council.
(9) Conducted.
(10) Wolsey was the son of a butcher.

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He bores[1] me with some trick He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not, treasonous.
Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests[2] the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i'the rinsing.
Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o'the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.
Buck. No, not a syllable,
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon; *a* Serjeant at Arms *before him, and two or three of the guards.*

Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it.
Serj. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.
Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.[3]
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of Heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king [*To* Abergavenny.
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o'the Chartreux.
Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd[4] already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The council-chamber. Cornets. Enter King Henry, *Cardinal* Wolsey, *the Lords of the Council, Sir* Thomas Lovell, *Officers, and Assistants. The King enters, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his state.[5] *The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.*

(1) Stabs. (2) Excites. (3) Unfair stratagem. (4) Measured. (5) Chair.

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A noise within, crying Room for the Queen. *Enter the* Queen, *ushered by the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk: *she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.
K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.
Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master
(Whose honour Heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.
K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file[1]
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.
K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no farther gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake[2]
That virtue must go through. We must not stint[3]
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope[4] malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once[5] weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd;[6] what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.
K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o'the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.
Wol. A word with you.
[*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.
K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out[7] of himself.
Yet see
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well-dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,

(1) I am only one among the other counsellors.
(2) Thicket of thorns. (3) Retard.
(4) Encounter. (5) Sometime. (6) Approved.
(7) Beyond.

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Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry[1] it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose,[2] within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; *That oft*, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o'the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous for him,
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time:—Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his.——But on; What hence?

Surv. *If*, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which, if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee; What say'st?

Surv. After—*the duke his father*,—with *the knife*,—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A room in the palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *and Lord* Sands.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit[3] or two of the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,

(1) Conduct, manage.
(2) Now Merchant-Taylor's School.
(3) Grimace.

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A springhalt reign'd among them.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out Christendom. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.[2]
Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto (as fights, and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*,[3] wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be wo indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad, they're going;
(For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?
Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;[4]
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else: which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night, to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The presence chamber in York-place. Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, *a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door,* Anne Bullen, *and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter Sir* Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy,[5] has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, *and Sir* Thomas Lovell.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. 'Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between* Anne Bullen *and another lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad; in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.
[*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, *attended, and takes his state.*[6]

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,

(1) A disease incident to horses.
(2) A palace at Paris. (3) With authority.
(4) The speaker is at Bridewell, and the cardinal's house was at Whitehall.
(5) Company. (6) Chair.

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Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your grace is noble;—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.
Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.[1]
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—
Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpets within: chambers*[2] *discharged.*
Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of you.
[*Exit a Servant.*
Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—
[*Exit* Chamberlain, *attended. All arise, and tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, *and twelve others, as maskers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen Torch-bearers; ushered by the* Lord Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the* Cardinal, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.
[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses* Anne Bullen.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*
Wol. My lord,——
Cham. Your grace?
Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord.
[Cham. *goes to the company, and returns.*
Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.[3]
Wol. Let me see then.—
[*Comes from his state.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.
K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal:
[*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, my lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.[4]
Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?
Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.
K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I'the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure[5]
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A street. Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?
2 *Gent.* O,—God save you!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.
1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
2 *Gent.* Were you there?
1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

(1) Choose my game. (2) Small cannon. (3) The chief place. (4) Mischievously. (5) Dance.

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2 *Gent.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?
1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.
2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.
2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.
1 *Gent.* So are a number more.
2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To him brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life: but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar,—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
2 *Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.
1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not.
He never was so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2 *Gent.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
2 *Gent.* That trick of state,
Was a deep envious one.
1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.
2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and o'my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy;—
1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham *from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side; with him,* Sir Thomas Lovell, *Sir* Nicholas Vaux, *Sir* William Sands, *and common people.*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those, that sought it, I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look, they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them:
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o'God's name.
Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make[1] my grave.—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!
Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.
Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it
And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most

(1) Close.

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A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour,
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me! [*Exeunt* Buckingham *and train.*

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of wo: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith[1] to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark: But is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—An ante-chamber in the palace.
Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a letter.*

Cham. *My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king: which stopped our mouths, sir.*

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my good
Lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suff. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suff. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suff. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch[2] he please.

Suff. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: Besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

(1) Great fidelity.

(2) High or low.

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Norfolk *opens a folding-door. The* King *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suff. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who is there? ha?
Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K. Hen. You are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

Enter Wolsey *and* Campeius.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[*To* Campeius.
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. [*To* Wolsey.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
K. Hen. We are busy; go.
[*To* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.
Nor. This priest has no pride in him?
Suff. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though,[1] for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.
Suff. I another. *Aside.*
[*Exeunt* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.
Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.
K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms, I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble: to your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.
K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?
Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* Wolsey.

Re-enter Wolsey, *with* Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
[*Aside.*
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.
[*They converse apart.*
Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man[2] still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit* Gardiner.
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.—An ante-chamber in the Queen's *apartments. Enter* Anne Bullen, *and an old* Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her: and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt![3] it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel,[4] fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady!

(1) So sick as he is proud.
(2) Out of the king's presence.
(3) A sentence of ejection.
(4) Quarreller

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She's a stranger now again.[1]
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.[2]
Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth,[3] are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril[4] conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd[5] would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.
Anne. Now I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all, is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,[6]
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well; [*Aside.*
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.
Anne. My honour'd lord. [*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—Have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Hall in Black-Friars. *Trumpets, sennet,*[7] *and cornets. Enter two* Vergers, *with short silver wands; next them, two* Scribes, *in the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of* Canterbury *alone; after him, the Bishops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, *and* Saint Asaph; *next them, with some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars;*[8] *after them, side by side, the two Cardinals,* Wolsey *and* Campeius; *two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the* King *and* Queen, *and their trains. The* King *takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The* Queen *takes place at some*

(1) No longer an Englishwoman. (2) Possession. (3) Truth. (4) Kid-skin. (5) Crook'd. (6) Opinion. (7) Flourish on cornets. (8) Ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals.

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distance from the King. *The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd:
You may then spare that time.
Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry, king of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry, king of England, &c.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine, queen of England, come into court.
Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[*The* Queen *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the* King, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!
Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,[1]
That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.
Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.
Wol. Your pleasure, madam?
Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay[2] my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know,
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which be[illegible]
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speakin[illegible]
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and h[illegible]
ble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seemi[illegible]
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is crammd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favou[illegible]
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mo[illegible]
Where powers are your retainers: and your w[illegible]
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,

(1) Useless. (2) Deny. (3) Appearance.

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To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.
[*She court'sies to the* King, *and offers to depart.*
Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.
K. Hen. Call her again.
Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.
Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.
Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.
[*Exe.* Queen, Grif. *and her other attendants.*
K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,[1])
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.
Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once[2] and fully satisfied,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?
K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd; oft
The passages made[3] toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't:—
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I'the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If not conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
Be gladded in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling[4] in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd,—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln, you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,[5]
When I first mov'd you.
Lin. Very well, my liege.
K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.
Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.
K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd[6] o'the world.
Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*
K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return![7] with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exe. in manner as they entered.*

(1) Speak out thy merits.
(2) Immediately satisfied.
(3) Closed or fastened.
(4) Floating without guidance.
(5) Waste, or wear away.
(6) Without compare.
(7) An apostrophe to the absent bishop.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—Palace at Bridewell. *A room in the* Queen's *apartment. The* Queen, *and some of her Women, at work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?
Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.[1]
Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.
Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit* Gent.] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs[2] are righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter Wolsey *and* Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would by all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o'my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.
Wol. Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—
Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed
(And service to his majesty and you,)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.
Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make you suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.
Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out[3] my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.
Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving and most gracious; 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues =
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?

(1) Presence-chamber. (2) Professions. (3) Outweigh.

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The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for Heaven's sake take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Wo upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?[1]
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her Women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession, is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd[2] myself unmannerly:
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Ante-chamber to the King's *apartment. Enter the Duke of* Norfolk, *the Duke of* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force[3] them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suff. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suff. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suff. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o'the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o'the divorce: For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

(1) Served him with superstitious attention.
(2) Behaved.
(3) Enforce.

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Suff. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. 'Would he had!
Suff. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace[1] the conjunction!
Suff. My amen to't!
Nor. All men's.
Suff. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young,[2] and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.[3]
Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suff. No, no;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o'the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried, ha! at this.
Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suff. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suff. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suff. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

Enter Wolsey *and* Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.
Wol. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit* Cromwell.
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him.
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He's discontented.
Suff. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i'the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
A heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Suff. I would, 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, *reading a Schedule;*[4] *and* Lovell.

Suff. The king, the king.
K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i'the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait;[5] then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning,
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot[6] you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.
Nor. It's Heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.
K. Hen. If he did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.
[*He takes his seat, and whispers* Lovell, *who goes to* Wolsey.
Wol. Heaven forgive me
Ever God bless your highness!
K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which

(1) Follow. (2) New. (3) Made memorable. (4) An inventory. (5) Steps. (6) Know

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You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
K. Hen. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!
K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. What should this mean?
Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*
K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i'the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.
Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul: though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth the rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.
K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.
[*Exit* King, *frowning upon Cardinal* Wolsey: *the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*
Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet,
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house,[1] my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suff. Who dare cross them?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;

(1) Esher, in Surrey.

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Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts; how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate[1] a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel
My sword i'the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded[2] by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.[3]
Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir:
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you.
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Suff. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.
Suff. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere[4] undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suff. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine[5] within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,[6]—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.
Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but* Wolsey.
Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and how has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—
Enter Cromwell, *amazedly.*
Why, how now, Cromwell?
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?

(1) Equal. (2) Ridden.
(3) A cardinal's hat is scarlet, and the method of daring larks is by small mirrors on scarlet cloth.
(4) Absolute. (5) As the Pope's legate.
(6) A writ incurring a penalty.

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Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears[1] wept on 'em!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news, indeed.
Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use[2] now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee.
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt*

(1) The chancellor is the guardian of orphans.

(2) Interest.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A street in Westminster. Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *Gent.* You are well met once again.
2 *Gent.* And so are you.
1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?
2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time offered sorrow;
This, general joy.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.
1 *Gent.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl-marshal; you may read the rest.
2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?
1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,

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And the late marriage[1] made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.
2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!—
[*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets; then enter

1. *Two judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [Music.
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head, a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain ladies or countesses, with plain circlets of gold, without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—
Who's that, that bears the sceptre?
1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.
2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman: And that should be
The duke of Suffolk.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same; high-steward.
2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?
1 *Gent.* Yes.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!
[*Looking on the* Queen.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.
1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And, sometimes, falling ones.
1 *Gent.* No more of that.
[*Exit procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

(1) The marriage lately considered as valid.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 *Gent.* Among the croud i'the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2 *Gent.* You saw
The ceremony?
3 *Gent.* That I did.
1 *Gent.* How was it?
3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.
2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.
3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.
2 *Gent.* But, pray, what follow'd?
3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly,
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.
1 *Gent.* Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.
3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?
3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.
2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o'the jewel-house,

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And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.
3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.[1]—Kimbolton. *Enter* Katharine, *dowager, sick; led between* Griffith *and* Patience.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.
Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,[2]
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas! poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads,[3] he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,[4] ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I'the presence[5]
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to[6] much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one[7] of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.
Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.
The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverent courtesies; then the two that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;

(1) This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet; tender and pathetic, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices; without the help of romantic circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery. JOHNSON.

(2) Haply. (3) By short stages.
(4) Pride. (5) Of the king.
(6) Formed for. (7) Ipswich.

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And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?
Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt* Grif. *and* Mess.

Re-enter Griffith, *with* Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to* Katharine.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Cap. Most willing, madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model[1] of our chaste loves, his young daughter:[2]—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well:) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be[3] a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men:—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;
If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.
Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!
Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.—— [*Exeunt, leading* Katharine

(1) Image. (2) Afterwards Queen Mary.
(3) Even if he should be.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A gallery in the palace. Enter Gardiner *bishop of Winchester; a* Page *with a torch before him, met by Sir* Thomas Lovell.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero[4]
With the duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him, too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch[5] of your late business: Affairs, that walk
(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

(4) A game at cards. (5) Hint.

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Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says,
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary: further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
One syllable against him?
Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd[1] the lords o'the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken[2] with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented.[3] He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.
Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant. [*Exeunt* Gardiner *and* Page.

As Lovell *is going out, enter the* King, *and the Duke of* Suffolk.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news!
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
K. Hen. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. Hen. Charles, good night.— [*Exit* Suffolk.

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?
Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us. [*Exit* Denny.
Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Denny, *with* Cranmer.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery. [Lovell *seems to stay.*
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!— [*Exeunt* Lovell *and* Denny.
Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.
K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,[4]
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.
Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.
K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance, further.
Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh[5] not,

(1) Set on. (2) Told their minds. (3) Summoned. (4) One of the council. (5) Value.

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Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i'the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies
Are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever[1]
The justice and the truth o'the question carries
The due o'the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween[2] you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.
Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.— [*Exit* Cranmer.
He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back; What mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter Lovell.

Lov. Sir.
K. Hen. Give her a hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [*Exit* King.
Lady. A hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Always. (2) Think.

SCENE II.—Lobby before the council-chamber.

Enter Cranmer; *Servants, Door-keepers, &c. attending.*

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* Butts.
Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter at a window above, the King *and* Butts.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.
K. Hen. Body o'me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among them,
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.— [*Exeunt.*

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *the Duke of* Suffolk, *Earl of* Surrey, *Lord* Chamberlain, Gardiner, *and* Cromwell. *The* Chancellor *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of* Canterbury. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* Cromwell *at the lower end, as secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.

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D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[Cranmer *approaches the council-table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.
Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart,[1] my lords,)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray Heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.
Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.
Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,

(1) 'In singleness of heart.' Acts ii. 46.

But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. 'Would you were half so honest;
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.—
Let some o'the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i'the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Cham. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain,
How much more is his life in value with him.
'Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter King, *frowning on them; takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen

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That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender!

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, [*To* Cranmer.] sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons;[1] you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquis Dorset; Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.—The Palace Yard. Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter *and his* Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do you take the court for Paris garden?[2] ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.[3]

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,)
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May day morning; which will never be
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,[4] to mow them down before me: but, if I spared any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o'my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer[5] fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor[6] once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *Clubs!* when might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw

(1) It was an ancient custom for sponsors to present spoons to their god-children.
(2) The bear-garden on the Bank-side.
(3) Roaring.

(4) Guy of Warwick, nor Colbrand the Danish giant.
(5) Pink'd cap. (6) The brazier.

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mine honour in, and let them win the work: The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *limbo patrum*,[1] and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles,[2] that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows,
There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,[3] when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound:
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail; I'll pick[4] you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Palace.[5] *Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter,* Cranmer, *Duke of* Suffolk, *two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls, for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of* Norfolk, *godmother, bearing the Child, richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness of* Dorset, *the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King, *and Train.*

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop;
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—
[*The* King *kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant (Heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness,)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[Nor[6] shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden;

(1) Place of confinement.
(2) A dessert of whipping.
(3) Black leather vessels to hold beer.
(4) Pitch. (5) At Greenwich.

(6) This and the following seventeen lines were probably written by B. Jonson, after the accession of king James.

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I have receiv'd much honour by your presence;
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'TIS ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*that's witty!*
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd them: If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

The play of Henry the Eighth is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendor of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows, and virtuous distress, of Katharine, have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

JOHNSON.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Priam, *King of Troy.*
Hector, Troilus, Paris, Deiphobus, Helenus, } *his sons.*
Æneas, Antenor, } *Trojan commanders.*
Calchas, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.*
Pandarus, *uncle to Cressida.*
Margarelon, *a bastard son of Priam.*

Agamemnon, *the Grecian general.*
Menelaus, *his brother.*
Achilles, Ajax, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Patroclus, } *Grecian commanders.*

Thersites, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*
Alexander, *servant to Cressida.*
Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.

Helen, *wife to Menelaus.*
Andromache, *wife to Hector.*
Cassandra, *daughter to Priam; a prophetess.*
Cressida, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene, *Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.*

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous,[1] their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage:[2] Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr[3] up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt[4] and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now, good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

(1) Proud, disdainful. (2) Freight. (3) Shut.
(4) Avaunt, what went before.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. *Before* Priam's *palace. Enter* Troilus *armed, and* Pandarus.

Troilus.

CALL here my varlet,[5] I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer[6] ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder[7] than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay,

(5) A servant to a knight. (6) Habit.
(7) Weaker.

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you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench[1] at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!——When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive[2] in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughmen! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit* Pandarus. *An Alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts,[3]
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'Tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.—The same. A street. Enter Cressida *and* Alexander.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,[4]
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions;[5] he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed[6] into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair:[7] He hath the joints of every thing: but every thing so

(1) Shrink. (2) Split. (3) Suits. (4) By himself. (5) Characters. (6) Mingled. (7) Grain.

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out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down: the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,——

Cres. So he is.

Pan.——'Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;——

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris, hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compassed[1] window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?[2]

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.[3]

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white. That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter!* quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris my husband? The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris

(1) Bow. (2) Thief. (3) A proverbial saying.

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so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.[1]

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere[2] a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Antenor *passes over.*

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o'the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?[3]

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector *passes over.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet: look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Paris *passes over.*

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Helenus *passes over.*

Pan. That's Helenus;—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus *passes over.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem! brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm[4] more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a Grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date[5] in the pie,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward[6] you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit* Boy.] I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit* Pandarus.

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:

(1) Went beyond bounds. (2) As if 'twere.
(3) A term in the game at cards called Noddy.
(4) Helmet.

(5) Dates were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind.
(6) Guard.

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But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Ex.*

SCENE III.—The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's *tent. Trumpets. Enter* Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, *and others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the confúx of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant[1] from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith[2] every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd[3] and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,[4]
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis,[5] and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,[6]
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And, flies fled under shade, Why, then, the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,— [*To* Agamemnon.
And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,— [*To* Nestor.
I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect[7]
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule[8] hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,[9]
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture,[10] course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans[11] check, to good and bad: But when the planets,
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate[12]
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture; O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods[13] in cities,
Peaceful commérce from dividable[14] shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere[15] oppugnancy: The bounded waters

(1) Twisted and rambling.
(2) Since. (3) Joined by affinity.
(4) The throne. (5) The daughter of Neptune.
(6) The gad-fly that stings cattle.
(7) Expectation.
(8) Rights of authority. (9) Masked.
(10) Constancy. (11) Without.
(12) Force up by the roots.
(13) Corporations, companies. (14) Divided.
(15) Absolute.

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Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right: or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power[1] is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants[2] us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless[3] deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing, and the scaffoldage,[4]—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested[5] seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,[6]
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—*Excellent!—'tis Agamemnon just.—*
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough, Patroclus;—*
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter Æneas.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

(1) Army, force.
(2) In modern language, *takes us off.*
(3) Supreme. (4) The galleries of the theatre.
(5) Beyond the truth. (6) Unadapted.

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Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.
Agam. Speak frankly[1] as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.
Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.
Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace[2] put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Ulyss. Amen.
Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.
[*Exeunt all but* Ulysses *and* Nestor.
Ulyss. Nestor,——
Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is't?
Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,[3]
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.
Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Yes,
It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling[4]
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks[5]
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.
Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.
Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?
Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion[6] crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw

(1) Freely. (2) An armour for the arm.
(3) Difficulty. (4) Size, measure.
(5) Small points compared with the volumes.
(6) Estimation or character.

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The sort[1] to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion[2] still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre[3] the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Grecian camp. Enter Ajax *and* Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,——

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy sore?

Ajax. Dog,——

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles: and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldest strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun[4] thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

(1) Lot. (2) Character. (3) Provoke.
(4) Pound.
(5) Ass, a cant term for a foolish fellow.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego[5] may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass, thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use[6] to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?
How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater*[7] is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax——

[Ajax *offers to strike him*, Achilles *interposes.*

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.[8]

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose

(6) Continue.
(7) The membrane that protects the brain.
(8) Voluntarily.

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wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach[1] bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:
That Hector, by the first hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Troy. *A room in* Priam's *palace.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, *and* Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,[2]
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect[3]
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench[4] from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,[5]
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt,[6] whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

(1) Bitch, hound. (2) Tenths.
(3) Caution. (4) Shrink, or fly off.
(5) Basket. (6) Priam's sister, Hesione.

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Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.
Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!
Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, *raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hect. Peace, sister, peace.
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears;
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a wo:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*
Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?
Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste[1] the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious.[2] For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!
Par. Else might the world convince[3] of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation[4] is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.
Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.
Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.
Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well:
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,[5]—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of[6] partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend[7] to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.
Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.
Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting[8] challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
I was advértis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation[9] in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' *tent. Enter* Thersites.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpen-

(1) Corrupt, change to a worse state.
(2) To set it off. (3) Convict.
(4) Defence. (5) Commented.
(6) Through.
(7) Incline to, as a question of honour.
(8) Blustering. (9) Envy.

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time craft of thy *caduceus*;[1] if ye take not that little little less than little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen.—What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood[2] be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars.[3] Amen.—Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, *and* Ajax.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody;—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous[4] factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo*[5] on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.
He shent[6] our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments,[7] visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord. [*Takes* Agamemnon *aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.[8]

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion's sake,
An after-dinner's breath.[9]

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself
Here tend[10] the savage strangeness[11] he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite[12] in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes,[13] his ebbs, his flows, as if

(1) The wand of Mercury, which is wreathed with serpents.
(2) Passions, natural propensities
(3) Leprous persons.
(4) Envious. (5) Tetter, scab.
(6) Rebuked, rated.
(7) Appendage of rank or dignity.
(8) Subject. (9) Exercise.
(10) Attend. (11) Shyness
(12) Subscribe, obey. (13) Fits of lunacy

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The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance[1] give
Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.
Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.
[*Exit.*
Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.
[*Exit* Ulysses.
Ajax. What is he more than another?
Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.
Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?
Agam. No question.
Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?
Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.
Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.
Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.
Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.
Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange? [*Aside.*

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.
Agam. What's his excuse?
Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.
Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?
Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery.*
Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.
Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;[2]
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer,[3] when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.[3]
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*
Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*
Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause! [*Aside.*
Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash[4] him
Over the face.
Agam. O, no, you shall not go.
Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze[5] his pride:
Let me go to him.
Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow,——
Nest. How he describes
Himself! [*Aside.*
Ajax. Can he not be sociable?
Ulyss. The raven
Chides blackness. [*Aside.*
Ajax. I will let his humours blood.
Agam. He'll be physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*
Ajax. An all men
Were o' my mind,—
Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*
Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?
Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*
Ulyss. He'd have ten shares. [*Aside.*
Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple:—
Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force[6] him with praises:
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*
Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To* Agamemnon.
Nest. O noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous,[7] as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter[8] thus with us!
I would, he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now——
Ulyss. If he were proud?
Dio. Or covetous of praise?
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

(1) Approbation. (2) Fat.

(3) The sign in the zodiac into which the sun enters June 21. 'And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze.' THOMSON.

(4) Strike. (5) Comb or curry.
(6) Stuff. (7) Envious. (8) Trifle.

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Bull-bearing Milo his addition[1] yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn,[2] a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A room in* Priam's *palace. Enter* Pandarus *and a* Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean.

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [*Music within.*

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person: with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,——

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.[3]

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter Paris *and* Helen, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.[4]

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide;[5] come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

(1) Titles. (2) Stream, rivulet. (3) Boils.

(4) Parts of a song.
(5) Wide of your mark.

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Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe;
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse.

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Give us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.—The same. Pandarus' *orchard.*

Enter Pandarus *and a* Servant, *meeting.*

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit* Servant.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter Pandarus *and* Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'the fills.[1]—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.[2] How now? a kiss in fee-farm? build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel,[3] for all the ducks i'the river go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's —*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*— Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* Pan.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins; they never see truly.

(1) Shafts of a carriage.

(2) The allusion is to bowling; what is now called the jack was formerly termed the mistress.

(3) The tercel is the male and the falcon the female hawk.

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Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition[1] shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you: they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,——

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye[2] her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted[3] with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,[4]
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up[5] the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all inconstant men be Troiluses, all false

(1) Titles. (2) Ever.
(3) Met with and equalled.
(4) Comparison. (5) Conclude it.

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women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, Amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar, to provide this geer! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Grecian camp. Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, *and* Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; séquest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore,)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest[1] in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exe.* Dio. *and* Cal.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus, *before their tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely[2] by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better. [*Exeunt* Agamemnon *and* Nestor.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit* Men.

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit* Ajax.

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them, as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,[3]
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:

(1) An instrument for tuning harps, &c.

(2) Shyly.

(3) Excellently endowed.

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Who, in his circumstance,[1] expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this:
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—Why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars: neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a trusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,[2]
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More land than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete man
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions[3] 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.[4]

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to
All the commérce that you have had with Troy.
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover[5] speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

(1) Detail of argument.
(2) New-fashioned toys.
(3) The descent of the deities to combat on either side.
(4) Polyxena. (5) Friend.

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Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates, like a hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,——

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent!——

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings[1] on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable[2] creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.
[*Exeunt* Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

(1) Lute-strings made of catgut. (2) Intelligent.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A street. Enter, at one side,* Æneas *and Servant, with a torch; at the other,* Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, *and others, with torches.*

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand.
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question[3] of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'Twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

(3) Conversation.

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Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?
Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure,)
With such a bell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.
Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. Court before the house of Pandarus. *Enter* Troilus *and* Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.
Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cres. Good morrow then.
Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.
Cres. Are you a-weary of me?
Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald[1] crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath been too brief.
Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.
Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry;—
You men will never tarry.——
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.
Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?
Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,——
Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?
Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do,[2] and then you flout me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?
Cres. Come, come; beshrew[3] your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia![4]—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*
Cres. Did I not tell you?—'Would he were knock'd o'the head!—
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Tro. Ha, ha!
Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt* Troilus *and* Cressida.
Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.
Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?
Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?
Pan. Here! what should he do here?
Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much, to speak with me.
Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:
What should he do here?
Æne. Who!—nay, then:—
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither;
Go.

As Pandarus *is going out, enter* Troilus.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?
Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash:[5] There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.
Tro. Is it so concluded?
Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.
Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.
[*Exeunt* Troilus *and* Æneas.
Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad.
A plague upon Antenor: I would, they had broke's neck!

(1) Lewd, noisy.
(2) *To do* is here used in a wanton sense.
(3) Ill betide.
(4) An Italian word for poor fool. (5) Hasty.

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Enter Cressida.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor?

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch[1] of consanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The same. Before Pandarus' *house. Enter* Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The same. A room in Pandarus' *house. Enter* Pandarus *and* Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart!*—as the goodly saying is,——

——— *o heart, o heavy heart,*
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd[2] kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken[3] tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root!
[*Exit* Pandarus.

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,——

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem[4] is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee,
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation[5] in thy heart:
But *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent[6] protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,

(1) Sense or feeling of relationship. (2) Sealed. (3) Interrupted. (4) Surmise. (5) Spot. (6) Following.

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To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.
Cres. O heavens!—be true again?
Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;[1]
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afeard.
Cres. O heavens! you love me not.
Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt,[2] nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cres. Do you think I will?
Tro. No.
But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,——
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.
Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port,[3] lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess[4] thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.
Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.
Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.
Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust:[5] And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.
Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt* Troilus, Cressida, *and* Diomed
[*Trumpet heard.*
Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.
Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.
Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.
Dei. Let us make ready straight.
Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie,
On his fair worth and single chivalry.

SCENE V.—The Grecian camp. Lists set out.
Enter Ajax *armed;* Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, *and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment[6] fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*
Ulyss. No trumpet answers.
Achil. 'Tis but early days.
Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, *with* Cressida.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?
Dio. Even she.
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine.
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave

(1) Highly accomplished. (2) A dance.
(3) Gate. (4) Inform.
(5) Pleasure, will. (6) Preparation.

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Cres. In kissing do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o'the head.
Cres. No, I'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg then.
Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.
[Diomed *leads out* Cressida.
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive[1] of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*
All. The Trojans' trumpet.
Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, *armed*; Æneas, Troilus, *and other* Trojans, *with Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.
Agam. Which way would Hector have it?
Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.
Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?
Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.
Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.
Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

(1) Motion. (2) Breathing, exercise. (3) Stops.
(4) No boaster. (5) Unsuitable to his character.
(6) Yields, gives way.

Re-enter Diomed.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath:[2] the combatants being kin,
Half stints[3] their strife before their strokes begin.
[Ajax *and* Hector *enter the lists.*
Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.
Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?
Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless[4] in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair[5] thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes[6]
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate[7] him to me.
[*Alarum.* Hector *and* Ajax *fight.*
Agam. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory[8] emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter[9] cheek, and this sinister[10]
Bounds-in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition[11] earned in thy death.
Hect. Not Neoptolemus[12] so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he,*) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

(7) Explain his character. (8) Bloody.
(9) Right. (10) Left.
(11) Title. (12) Achilles.

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Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld[1] I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks,
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious[2] Agamemnon.
Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you. [*To* Troilus.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Men. The noble Menelaus.
Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded[3] oath;
Your *quondam*[4] wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon; I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;[5]
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,[6]
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee:
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hect. I would they could.

(1) Seldom. (2) Imperial.
(3) Singular, not common. (4) Heretofore.
(5) Fallen. (6) Laomedon. (7) Observed.

Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.
Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted[7] joint by joint.
Hect. Is this Achilles?
Achil. I am Achilles.
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I could buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him; whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!
Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate[8] in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied[9] Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach;[10] the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting[11] wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.
Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;

(8) Forename. (9) Stithy is a smith's shop.
(10) Inclination. (11) Petty.

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To-night, all friends.
Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive[1] we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the taborines,[2] let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all but* Troilus *and* Ulysses.
Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?
Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.
Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?
Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' *tent. Enter* Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, fragment?
Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.
Patr. Who keeps the tent now?
Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.
Patr. Well said, Adversity![3] and what need these tricks?
Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.
Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?
Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!
Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?
Ther. Do I curse thee?
Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.
Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive[4] silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!
Patr. Out, gall!
Ther. Finch-egg!
Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.——
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent:
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* Achil. *and* Patr.
Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails;[5] but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;[6] a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced[7] with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew,[8] a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar,[9] so I were not Menelaus.—Hey day!. spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, *and* Diomed, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught:[10] Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night,
And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.
Agam. Good night. [*Exe.* Agam. *and* Men.
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes

(1) Feast. (2) Small drums. (3) Contrariety. (4) Coarse, unwrought. (5) Harlots. (6) Menelaus. (7) Stuffed. (8) Polecat. (9) A diseased beggar. (10) Privy.

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To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.
[*Aside to* Troilus.
Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.
Hect. And so good night.
[*Exit* Diomed; Ulyss. *and* Tro. *following.*
Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt* Achilles, Hector, Ajax, *and* Nestor.
Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious,[1] there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The same. Before Calchas' *tent. Enter* Diomedes.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.
Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?
Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?
Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus *and* Ulysses, *at a distance; after them* Thersites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressid come forth to him!
Dio. How now, my charge?
Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*
Tro. Yea, so familiar.
Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff;[2] she's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cres. Remember? yes.
Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List!
Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery!
Dio. Nay, then,—
Cres. I'll tell you what:
Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—
Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan?
Cres. Diomed,——
Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.[3]
Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences,
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potatoe finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, my lord
I will not be myself, nor have cognition[4]
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,——
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Who was't?
Cres. No matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?
Cres. 'Tis no matter

(1) Portentous, ominous. (2) Key. (3) Shuffle (4) Knowledge.

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Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,[1]
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—
[*Exit* Diomedes.
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.
[*Exit* Cressida.
Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we then?
Tro. To make a recordation[2] to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith[3] yet there is a credence[4] in my heart,
An esperance[5] so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest[6] of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation[7] hath no taste of madness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
Tro. Let it not be believ'd for[8] womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics[9]—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.
Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well,
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy[10]
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque[11] compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd[12] in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.
Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.[13]
Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.
Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.
Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!
Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.
Tro. Accept distracted thanks.
[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulysses.
Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before* Priam's *palace.* *Enter* Hector *and* Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently tempe'd,

(1) The stars. (2) Remembrance. (3) Since.
(4) Belief. (5) Hope. (6) Testimony.
(7) Denial. (8) For the sake of. (9) Cynics.
(10) Love. (11) Helmet.
(12) Compressed. (13) Concupiscence.

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To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
Cas. O, it is true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish[1] vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted liver in the sacrifice.
And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.
Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious dear[3] than life.—

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit* Cassandra.
Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff[2] thy harness, youth,
I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
Hect. How now? how now?
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful[4] work, rein them from ruth.[5]
Hect. Fie, savage, fie!
Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, *with* Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now, if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is afield;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. But thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit* Andromache.
Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,
Makes all these bodements.
Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!
Tro. Away!—Away!
Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Ex.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.
Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt severally* Priam *and* Hector. *Alarums*
Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As Troilus *is going out, enter, from the other side,* Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
Tro. What now?
Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.
Tro. Let me read.
Pan. A whoreson ptisic, a whoreson rascally ptisic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl: and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?
Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*
The effect doth operate another way.—

(1) Foolish. (2) Valuable. (3) Put off. (4) Rueful, woful. (5) Mercy.

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Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exe. severally.*

SCENE IV.—Between Troy *and the* Grecian *camp. Alarums: Excursions. Enter* Thersites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremaster villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O'the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter Diomedes, Troilus *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for, should'st thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.
Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!
Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve! [*Exeunt* Troilus *and* Diomedes, *fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?
Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.
Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*
Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—The same. Enter Diomedes *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,[1]
Upon the pashed[2] corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls[3]
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes,
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller,[4] show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Another part of the field. Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What would'st thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!
Dio. Ha! art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.[5]
Tro. Come both, you cogging[6] Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother.

(1) Lance. (2) Bruised, crushed.
(3) Shoal of fish. (4) Killer.
(5) Not be a looker-on. (6) Lying.

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Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry[1] him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck[2] not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush[3] it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—The same. Enter Achilles, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute[4] your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exe.*

SCENE VIII.—The same. Enter Menelaus *and* Paris, *fighting: then* Thersites.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!
[*Exeunt* Paris *and* Menelaus.

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.
Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.
Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Another part of the field. Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter Achilles *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the veil and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.
Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage,[5] Greek.
Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. [Hector *falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler[6] like, the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly[7] would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*Sheaths his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—The same. Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, *and others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums.
[*Within.*] Achilles!
Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!
Dio. The bruit[8] is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was as good a man as he.
Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE XI.—Another part of the field. Enter Æneas *and* Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector?—the gods forbid!
Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye[9] be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight[10] upon our Phrygian plains,

(1) Prevail over. (2) Care. (3) Burst.
(4) Employ. (5) Take not this advantage.
(6) An arbitrator at athletic games.
(7) Fattening. (8) Noise, rumour.
(9) Ever. (10) Pitched fixed.

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Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-siz'd coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward wo.
[*Exeunt Æneas and* Trojans.

As Troilus *is going out, enter from the other side,* Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy[1] and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye[2] with thy name!
[*Exit* Troilus.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.[3]
As many as be here of panders' hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.
[*Exit.*

(1) Ignominy. (2) Ever.
(3) Canvass hangings for rooms, painted with emblems and mottoes.

This play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comic characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer: they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners, than nature; but they are cópiously filled, and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer. JOHNSON.

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TIMON OF ATHENS. *Act V. — Scene 1.*

Vol. II. – p. 175.

CORIOLANUS. *Act IV. — Scene 5.*

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Timon, *a noble Athenian.*
Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, } *lords, and flatterers of Timon.*
Ventidius, *one of Timon's false friends.*
Apemantus, *a churlish philosopher.*
Alcibiades, *an Athenian general.*
Flavius, *steward to Timon.*
Flaminius, Lucilius, Servilius, } *Timon's servants.*
Caphis, Philotus, Titus, Lucius, Hortensius, } *servants to Timon's creditors.*
Two servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore; two of Timon's creditors.
Cupid, *and Maskers. Three Strangers.*
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

Phrynia, Timandra, } *mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

Scene, *Athens; and the Woods adjoining.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A hall in* Timon's *house.*
Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and others, at several doors.*

Poet.

GOOD day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you are well.
Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!
Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd,[1] as it were,
To an untirable and continuate[2] goodness:
He passes.[3]
Jew. I have a jewel here.
Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate: But, for that—
Poet. *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,*
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.
Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i'the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?
Pain. A picture, sir.—And when comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment,[4] sir.
Let's see your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?
Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife[5]
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!
Poet. The senators of Athens:—Happy men!
Pain. Look, more!
Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly,[6] but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,

(1) Inured by constant practice.
(2) For continual.
(3) *i. e.* Exceeds, goes beyond common bounds.
(4) As soon as my book has been presented to Timon.
(5) *i. e.* The contest of art with nature.
(6) My design does not stop at any particular character.

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Leaving no track behind.
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I'll unbolt[1] to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer,[2]
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.
Pain. I saw them speak together.
Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states:[3] amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.
Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.
Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows but of late
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings[4] in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink[5] the free air.
Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?
Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late-belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes[6] have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, *attended; the* Servant *of* Ventidius *talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?
Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

(1) Open, explain.
(2) One who shows by reflection the looks of his patron.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.
Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [*Ex.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.
Tim. I have so: what of him?
Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.
Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift:
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well; what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.
Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.
Tim. [*To* Lucilius.] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.
Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter.
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping
Which is not ow'd to you!
[*Exeunt* Lucilius *and old* Athenian.
Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!
Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

(3) To advance their conditions of life.
(4) Whisperings of officious servility.
(5) Inhale. (6) *i. e.* Inferior spectators.

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Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out.[1] I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.
Pain. The gods preserve you!
Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.
Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?
Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew[2] me quite.
Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.
Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.
Mer. He'll spare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.
Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.
Apem. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.
Apem. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, Apemantus.
Apem. Thou knowest, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.
Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.
Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.
Tim. Whither art going?
Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.
Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.
Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?
Apem. The best, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?
Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
Pain. You are a dog.
Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?
Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
Apem. No; I eat not lords.
Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.
Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.
Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

(1) Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be.
(2) To unclew a man, is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing,[3] which will not cost a man a doit.
Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?
Poet. How now, philosopher?
Apem. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.
Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.
Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?
Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?
Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.
Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter Alcibiades, *with his company.*

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*
Apem. So, so; there!—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.[4]
Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.
Tim. Right welcome, sir:
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but* Apemantus.

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?
Apem. Time to be honest.
1 *Lord.* That time serves still.
Apem. The more accursed thou, that still omit'st it.
2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.
Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.
2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

(3) Alluding to the proverb: Plain dealing is a jewel, but they who use it beggars.
(4) Man is degenerated; his strain or lineage is worn down into a monkey.

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2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed,[1] but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.[2]

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. A room of state in Timon's *house. Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in;* Flavius *and others attending; then enter* Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, *and other* Athenian *Senators, with* Ventidius, *and attendants. Then comes, dropping after all,* Apemantus, *discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on* Timon.

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No,
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:
They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,[3]
But yond' man's ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no power: pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should
Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.[4]
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I
Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness[5] on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart;[6] and let the health go round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!
A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,[7]
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.
[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby

(1) Meed her means desert.

(2) *i. e.* All the customary returns made in discharge of obligations.

(3) Anger is a short madness.

(4) The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit, by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill; and the wonder is, that the animal, on which they are feeding, cheers them to the chase.

(5) Armour. (6) With sincerity. (7) Foolish.

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we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.[1]

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable[2] title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you.—We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much![3] [*Tucket sounded.*

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cupid. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome. [*Exit* Cupid.

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, *with a masque of* Ladies *as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hey-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords *rise from table, with much adoring of* Timon; *and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women; a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.
[*Exeunt* Cupid, *and* Ladies.

Tim. Flavius,——

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in his humour; [*Aside.*
Else I should tell him,—Well,—I'faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd[4] then, an he could.
'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.[5]
[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word
To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must
Entreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance this jewel;
Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let us be provided
To show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, the lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

(1) *i. e.* Arrived at the perfection of happiness.
(2) Endearing.
(3) Much, was formerly an expression of contemptuous admiration.

(4) Shakspeare plays on the word crossed: alluding to the piece of silver money called a cross.
(5) For his nobleness of soul.

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Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.
Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*
Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.
2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.
3 *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!
Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.
3 *Lord.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.
Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.
All Lords. None so welcome.
Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal[1] kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.
Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.
1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,——
Tim. And so
Am I to you.
2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,——
Tim. All to you.[2]—Lights, more lights.
1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!
Tim. Ready for his friends.
[*Exeunt* Alcibiades, Lords, *&c.*
Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks,[3] and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.
Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I'd be good to thee.
Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the faster.
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper[4] shortly:
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

(1) *i. e.* Could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution, like that with which I could deal out cards.
(2) *i. e.* All happiness to you.
(3) Offering salutations.

Tim. Nay,
An you begin to rail on society once,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*
Apem. So;—
Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock
Thy heaven[5] from thee. O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. A room in a Senator's house. Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses: No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd[6]
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. I go, sir?—Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.
Caph. I will, sir.
Sen. Go.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. A hall in Timon's house. Enter Flavius, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind

(4) *i. e.* Be ruined by his securities entered into.
(5) By his heaven he means good advice; the only thing by which he could be saved.
(6) Stopped.

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Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter Caphis, *and the* Servants *of* Isidore *and* Varro.

Caph. Good even,[1] Varro: What,
You come for money?
Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?
Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, *and Lords, &c.*

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,[2]
My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord.
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,——
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,——
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past,——
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath:——
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* Alcibiades *and* Lords.
I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you [*To* Flavius.
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?
Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do so, my friends:
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit* Timon.
Flav. I pray, draw near. [*Exit* Flavius.

Enter Apemantus *and a* Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.
Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.
Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!
Var. Serv. How dost, fool?
Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?
Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.
Apem. No; 'tis to thyself,—Come away. [*To the* Fool.
Isid. Serv. [*To* Var. Serv.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.
Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.
Caph. Where's the fool now?
Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!
All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?
Apem. Asses.
All Serv. Why?
Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.
Fool. How do you, gentlemen?
All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?
Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.
Apem. Good! gramercy

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.
Page. [*To the* Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?
Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.
Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.
Apem. Canst not read?
Page. No.
Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.
Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit* Page.
Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.
Fool. Will you leave me there?
Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers.
All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!
Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.
Fool. Are you three usurers' men?
All Serv. Ay, fool.
Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?
Var. Serv. I could render one.
Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.
Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?
Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.
Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.
Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much

(1) Good even was the usual salutation from noon.

(2) *i. e.* To hunting; in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before.

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foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt* Apemantus *and* Fool.

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt* Serv.

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O, my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much,[1] I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now (too late!) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O, my good lord, the world is but a word;[2]
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices[3] have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,[4]
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter-showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument[5] of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,[6]
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, *and other* Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,——

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord Lucius,—
To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? humph! [*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, sir, [*To another* Serv.] to the senators
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold
(For that I knew it the most general way,)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall,[7] want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending[8] other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,[9]
With certain half-caps,[10] and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—

(1) He does not mean, so great a sum, but a certain sum.

(2) *i. e.* As the world itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath.

(3) The apartments allotted to culinary offices, &c.

(4) A pipe with a turning stopple running to waste.

(5) If I would (says Timon,) by borrowing, try of what men's hearts are composed, what they have in them, &c.

(6) Dignified, made respectable.

(7) *i. e.* At an ebb.

(8) Intending, had anciently the same meaning as attending.

(9) Broken hints, abrupt remarks.

(10) A half-cap is a cap slightly moved, not put off

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I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius,—[*To a* Ser.] 'Pr'ythee [*To* Flav.] be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously[1] I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*To* Serv.] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents; Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had,—[*To* Flav.] give it these fellows,
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought is bounty's foe;
Being free[2] itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. A room in Lucullus's *house.* Flaminius *waiting. Enter a* Servant *to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively[3] welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit* Servant.] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty[4] is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, *with wine.*

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise
Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason: and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the* Servant, *who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;
And we alive, that liv'd?[5] Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit* Lucullus.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion![6] This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour![7] [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The same. A public place. Enter Lucius, *with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know[8] him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done[9] and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have

(1) For ingenuously.
(2) Liberal, not parsimonious.
(3) For respectfully.
(4) Honesty here means liberality.
(5) *i. e.* And we who were alive then, alive now.
(6) Suffering; 'By his bloody cross and passion. Liturgy.
(7) *i. e.* His life.
(8) Acknowledge.
(9) Consumed.

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swea. to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—
[*To* Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent——

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous,[1]
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't: the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius,—
[*Exit* Servilius.
True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.
[*Exit* Lucius.

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon hath been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,[2]
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

(1) 'If he did not want it for a good use.'

(2) This means, to put his wealth down in account as a donation.

SCENE III.—The same. A room in Sempronius's *house. Enter* Sempronius, *and a* Servant *of* Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph!
'Bove all others?
He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. O my lord,
They have all been touch'd,[3] and found base metal; for
They have all denied him!

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? humph!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had such a courage[4] to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.[5]
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The same. A hall in Timon's *house. Enter two Servants of* Varro, *and the Servant of* Lucius, *meeting* Titus, Hortensius, *and other Servants to* Timon's *creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius!
What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine

(3) Tried. (4) Ardour, eager desire.

(5) *i. e.* Keep within doors for fear of duns.

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Is money.
Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. And sir
Philotus too!
Phi. Good day at once.
Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?
Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luc. Serv. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's;[1] but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,
'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. I am weary of this charge,[2] the gods can witness:
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: What's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.
1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit* Flaminius.

Enter Flavius *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,——
Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but wrong,
To stir me up; let me pass quietly:
Believ't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.
Flav. If 'twill not,
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.
[*Exit.*
1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?
2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.
Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should much
Derive from it: for, take it on my soul,
My lord leans wond'rously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.
Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.
Ser. Good gods!
Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.
Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

Enter Timon, *in a rage;* Flaminius *following.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?
Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.
Tit. My lord, here is my bill.
Luc. Serv. Here's mine.
Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.
Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.
Phi. All our bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em:[3] cleave me to the girdle.
Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,——
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?—
1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——
2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*
Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:
Creditors!—devils.
Flav. My dear lord,——
Tim. What, if it should be so?

(1) *i. e.* Like him in blaze and splendour.
(2) Commission, employment.

(3) Timon quibbles. They present their written bills; he catches at the word, and alludes to bills or battle-axes.

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Flav. My lord,——
Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The same. The Senate-House. The senate sitting. Enter Alcibiades, *attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.
Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!
1 *Sen.* Now, captain?
Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,[1]
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him which buys out his fault,)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion[2]
He did behave[3] his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.
1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,[4]
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?
Alcib. My lord,——
1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.
Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threat'nings? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad?[5] why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' ass, more captain than the lion; the felon,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;[6]
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.[7]
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.
Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
1 *Sen.* What's that?
Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?
2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a sworn rioter: h'as a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.
1 *Sen.* He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.
1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies: urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.
Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.
2 *Sen.* How?
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.
3 *Sen.* What?
Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,[8]
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.
1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.
Alcib. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.
1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,[9]
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt* Sen.

(1) *i. e.* Putting this action of his, which was predetermined by fate, out of the question.
(2) *i. e.* Passion so subdued, that no spectator could note its operation.
(3) Manage, govern.
(4) You undertake a paradox too hard.
(5) What have we to do in the field.
(6) For aggravation.
(7) 'Homicide in our own defence, by a merciful interpretation of the law, is considered justifiable.'
(8) For dishonoured.
(9) *i. e.* Not to put ourselves in any tumor of rage.

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Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts;—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts,[1]
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—A magnificent room in Timon's *house. Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers* Lords, *at several doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring,[2] when we encountered: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon, *and attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,——

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?
[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.[3]—Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord.* All covered dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season, can yield it.

1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does: but time will—and so—

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag[4] of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.
[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*
Some speak. What does his lordship mean?
Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing water in their faces.*
Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,[5]
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks![6]
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou:—
[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

(1) We should now say—to lay out for hearts; *i. e.* the affections of the people.

(2) To tire on a thing meant, to be idly employed on it.

(3) *i. e.* Your good memory.

(4) The lowest. (5) Flies of a season.

(6) Jacks of the clock; like those at St. Dunstan' church, in Fleet-street.

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Re-enter the Lords, *with other* Lords *and* Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords?
2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?
3 *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?
4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.
3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?
4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?
2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.
4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.
1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.
2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.
3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.
4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the walls of Athens. *Enter* Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths[1]
Convert o'the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,[2]
And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty[3]
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou détestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns![4]
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, ye good gods all,)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

(1) Common sewers.
(2) *i. e* Contrarieties, whose nature it is to waste or destroy each other.
(3) For libertinism. (4) Accumulated curses.

*SCENE II.—*Athens. *A room in* Timon's *house.* *Enter* Flavius, *with two or three* Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.
Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Exeunt* Servants.
O, the fierce[5] wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,[6]
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The woods. *Enter* Timon.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb[7]
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;

(5) Hasty, precipitate.
(6) Propensity, disposition.
(7) *i. e.* The moon's, this sublunary world.

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The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by[1] contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; for every grize of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang[2] mankind!—Earth, yield me roots! [*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist.[3] Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd[4] widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again.[5] Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a drum?—Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter Alcibiades, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;* Phrynia *and* Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there? Speak.
Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phr. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.
Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou'rt a man!
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.[6]
Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—
Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,——
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all i'thy conquest; and
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That,
By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.
Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

(1) *But by* is here used for *without.*
(2) Seize, gripe.
(3) No insincere or inconstant supplicant. Gold will not serve me instead of roots.
(4) Sorrowful.

(5) *i. e.* Gold restores her to all the sweetness and freshness of youth.
(6) Alluding to the cure of the *lues venerea*, then in practice.

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Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant[1] sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard,[2] whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse:[3] Swear against objects;[4]
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions:[5] Be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turn-coats: Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold;—What then?—
Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets[6] shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave[7] you all!

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* Alcibiades, Phrynia, *and* Timandra.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,[8]
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,[9]
With all the abhorred births below crisp[10] heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes,[11] and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.[12]
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,

(1) Cutting.
(2) An allusion to the tale of Œdipus.
(3) Without pity.
(4) *i. e.* Against objects of charity and compassion.
(5) Vocations. (6) Subtilties. (7) Entomb.
(8) Boundless surface.
(9) The serpent called the blind-worm.
(10) Bent.
(11) *i. e.* Their diseased perfumed mistresses.
(12) *i. e.* Shame not these woods by finding fault

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Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.
Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.
Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find——
Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.
Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.
Apem. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.
Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.
Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:[1]
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath,[2] that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath,[3] proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'st have plunged thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect,[4] but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.
Apem. Art thou proud yet?
Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.
Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.
Tim. I, that I am one now;
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*
Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*
Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.
Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.
Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.
Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.
Apem. Here is no use for gold.
Tim. The best, and truest:
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.
Apem. Where li'st o'nights, Timon?
Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o'days, Apemantus?
Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.
Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!
Apem. Where would'st thou send it?
Tim. To sauce thy dishes.
Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity;[5] in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.
Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.
Apem. Dost hate a medlar?
Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.
Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?
Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?
Apem. Myself.
Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.
Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?
Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?
Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.
Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?
Apem. Ay, Timon.
Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee: and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee,

(1) *i. e.* Arrives sooner at the completion of its wishes.
(2) By his voice, sentence. (3) From infancy.
(4) The cold admonitions of cautious prudence.
(5) For too much finical delicacy.

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and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion;[1] and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap[2] of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee! [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[Apemantus *retreats backward, as going.*
I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch[3] of heart!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—
[*Exit* Apemantus.
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves.

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited[4] professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture[5] stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away;
Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
I give you, and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen. [Timon *retires to his cave.*

3 *Thief.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

(1) Remoteness, the being placed at a distance from the lion.
(2) The top, the principal.
(3) For touchstone. (4) For legal.
(5) Compost, manure.

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2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt* Thieves.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour[1] has
Desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely[2] does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd[3] to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

Timon *comes forward from his cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of youre.

Tim. Then
I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man
About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,
To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men;[4]
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

(1) An alteration of honour is an alteration of an honourable state to a state of disgrace.
(2) How happily. (3) Recommended.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. Before Timon's *cave.*
Enter Poet *and* Painter; Timon *behind, unseen.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying[5] is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will and testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

(4) Away from human habitation.
(5) The doing of that we said we would do.

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Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.
Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.
Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.
Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Fit I do meet them. [*Advancing.*
Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!
Pain. Our late noble master.
Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?
Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.
Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.
Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.
Tim. Ay, you are honest men.
Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.
Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.
Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.
Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth: you are honest men.
Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.
Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit[1]
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best!
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.
Pain. So, so, my lord.
Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction, [*To the* Poet.
Why thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.
Tim. You'll take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my lord.
Tim. Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.
Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.[2]
Pain. I know none such, my lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,[3]
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:—
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be, [*To the* Painter.
Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside [*To the* Poet.
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out*

SCENE II.—The same. *Enter* Flavius, *and two* Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.
1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.
2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.
Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'rizing to the root o'the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!
1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.
2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.
Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,[4]

(1) A portrait was so called.
(2) A complete, a finished villain.
(3) In a jakes.
(4) With one united voice of affection.

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Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.
2 *Sen.* They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body,—Which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render[1],
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.
Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.
1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours,) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd[2] with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.
2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.
1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle[3] in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,[4]
As thieves to keepers.
Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.
Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness
Of health,[5] and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!
1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.
Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit[6] doth put it.
1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.
Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—
1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass through them.
2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.
Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.
2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.
Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,[7]
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.
Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.
Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth[8]
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end;
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Exit* Timon.
1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.
2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear[9] peril.
1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The walls of Athens. *Enter two* Senators, *and a* Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?
Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.
2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.
Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i'the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators *from* Timon.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers
3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The woods. Timon's *cave, and a tomb-stone seen. Enter a* Soldier, *seeking* Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.

(1) Confession. (2) Licensed, uncontrolled.
(3) A clasp knife.
(4) *i. e.* The gods who are the authors of the prosperity of mankind.
(5) He means—the disease of life begins to promise me a period.
(6) Report, rumour.
(7) Methodically, from highest to lowest.
(8) Swollen froth. (9) Dreadful.

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Dead, sure; and this his grave.—
What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
I'll take with wax.
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Before the walls of Athens. *Trumpets sound. Enter* Alcibiades, *and forces.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators *on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms,[1] and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,[2]
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more:* now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;[3]
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools, should fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square,[4] to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove;
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion; all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;[5]
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and,—to atone[6] your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your public laws,
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators *descend, and open the gates. Enter a* Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea:
And on his grave-stone, this insculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:*
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked caitiff's left!
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow,[7] and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint[8] war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.[9]
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

The play of Timon is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded.

JOHNSON.

(1) Arms across. (2) Mature.
(3) *i. e.* By promising him a competent subsistence.

(4) Not regular, not equitable.
(5) Unattacked gates. (6) Reconcile.
(7) *i. e.* Our tears. (8) Stop. (9) Physician.

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CORIOLANUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman.*
Titus Lartius, } *generals against the Volscians.*
Cominius, }
Menenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*
Sicinius Velutus, } *tribunes of the people.*
Junius Brutus, }
Young Marcius, *son to Coriolanus.*
A Roman Herald.
Tullus Aufidius, *general of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian guards.

Volumnia, *mother to Coriolanus.*
Virgilia, *wife to Coriolanus.*
Valeria, *friend to Virgilia.*
Gentlewoman attending Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

Scene, *partly in Rome; and partly in the territories of the Volscians and Antiates.*

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Rome. *A street. Enter a company of mutinous* Citizens, *with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 *Citizen.*

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens: the patricians, good:[1] What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:[2] for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

1 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander

(1) Rich. (2) Thin as rakes.

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The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't[1] a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace[2] with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I'the midst o'the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where[3] the other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly[4]
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they——

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o'the body,——

Men. Well, what then?

1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o'the brain;
And, through the cranks[5] and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark me,—

1 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1 *Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touch ng the weal o'the common; you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You the great toe of this assembly?—

1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o'the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.[6] Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter Caius Marcius.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,

(1) Spread it. (2) Hardship. (3) Whereas. (4) Exactly. (5) Windings. (6) Bane

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Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,[1]
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry[2]
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick[3] my lance.
Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What say the other troop?
Mar. They are dissolved: Hang em!
They said, they were a hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;—
That hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation.[4]
Men. What is granted them?
Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city;
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.[5]
Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here: What's the matter?
Mes. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, *and other* Senators; Junius Brutus, *and* Sicinius Velutus.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volces are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together.
Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true bred!
1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy your priority.[6]
Com. Noble Lartius!
1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone.
[*To the* Citizens
Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:[7]—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts[8] well forth: pray follow.
[*Exeunt* Senators, Com. Mar. Tit. *and* Menen. Citizens *steal away.*
Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,——
Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird[9] the gods.
Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.
Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well graced,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business!
Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits[10] rob Cominius.
Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Corioli. *The senate-house. Enter* Tullus Aufidius, *and certain* Senators.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention?[11] 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
They have press'd a power, but it is not known

(1) Pity, compassion. (2) Heap of dead.
(3) Pitch. (4) Faction.
(5) For insurgents to debate upon.
(6) Right worthy of precedence. (7) Granaries.
(8) Shows itself. (9) Sneer.
(10) Demerits and merits had anciently the same meaning.
(11) Pre-occupation.

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Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius *your old enemy,*
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, *a most valiant Roman,*
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in[1] many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more.
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewell.

2 *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. *An apartment in* Marcius' *house. Enter* Volumnia, *and* Virgilia: *They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way;[2] when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gent.

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, *with* Valeria *and her Usher.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,——

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot,[4] in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O'my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O'my troth, I look'd upon him o'Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked[5] it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack,[6] madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors?

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

(1) To subdue. (2) Attracted attention. (3) Withdraw. (4) Of work. (5) Tore. (6) Boy.

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Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.
Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.
Vir. Indeed, madam?
Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief[1] wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.
Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.
Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.
Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o'door, and go along with us.
Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.
Val. Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli. *Enter, with drum and colours,* Marcius, Titus Lartius, *Officers and Soldiers. To them a* Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.
Lart. My horse to yours, no.
Mar. 'Tis done.
Lart. Agreed.
Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?
Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good horse is mine.
Mar. I'll buy him of you.
Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.
Mar. How far off lie the armies?
Mess. Within this mile and half.
Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded[2] friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, *and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums [*Alarums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off; [*Other alarums.*
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.
Mar. O, they are at it!
Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volces *enter, and pass over the stage.*

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans *and* Volces, *fighting. The* Romans *are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter* Marcius.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volces *and* Romans *re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The* Volces *retire into Corioli, and* Marcius *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*
1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.
2 *Sol.* Nor I.
3 *Sol.* See, they
Have shut him in. [*Alarum continues.*
All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless
1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.
Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible,[3] outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows,[4] stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.
Lart. 'Tis Marcius:
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V.—Within the town. A street. Enter certain Romans, *with spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This I will carry to Rome.
2 *Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

(1) Short. (2) In the field of battle.
(3) Having sensation, feeling.
(4) When it is bent.

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Enter Marcius, *and* Titus Lartius, *with a trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm !! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—
And bark, what noise the general makes!—To him:—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Ex.* Mar.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [*Exe.*

SCENE VI.—Near the camp of Cominius. *Enter* Cominius *and forces, retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought, we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound[2] an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue,
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords of the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands in the vaward[3] are the Antiates,[4]
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present;[5] but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*Waving his hand.*] to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you but is

(1) A Roman coin. (2) Expend.
(3) Front. (4) Soldiers of Antium.
(5) Present time.

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Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.
Com. March on, my fellows;
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—The gates of Corioli. Titus Lartius, *having set a guard upon* Corioli, *going with a drum and trumpet toward* Cominius *and* Caius Marcius, *enters with a* Lieutenant, *a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports[1] be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries[2] to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—A field of battle between the Roman *and the* Volscian *camps. Alarum. Enter* Marcius *and* Aufidius.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first budger[3] die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip[4] of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.—
[*They fight, and certain* Volces *come to the aid of* Aufidius.
Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.[5]
[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by* Marcius.

SCENE IX.—The Roman *camp. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side,* Cominius, *and* Romans; *at the other side,* Marcius, *with his arm in a scarf, and other* Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd,[6] hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier!—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus Lartius, *with his power,*[7] *from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld——
Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter[8] to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.
Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'Twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.
Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.
Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.
Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.
A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius! Marcius! *cast up their caps and lances:* Cominius *and* Lartius *stand bare.*
Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I'the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing: When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile[9] wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.
Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper[10] harm,) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,

(1) Gates. (2) Companies of a hundred men.
(3) Stirrer. (4) Boast, crack.
(5) In sending such help.
(6) Thrown into grateful trepidation.
(7) Forces. (8) Privilege.
(9) Weak, feeble. (10) Own.

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With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!
[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*
All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!
Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest[1] your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.
Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best,[2] with whom we may articulate,[3]
For their own good, and ours.
Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?
Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.
Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—The camp of the Volces. *A flourish. Cornets. Enter* Tullus Aufidius, *bloody, with two or three* Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
1 *Sol.* 'Twill be delivered back on good condition.
Auf. Condition?—
I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I'the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where[4]
I thought to crush him in an equal force
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch[5] at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.
1 *Sol.* He's the devil.
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard,[6] even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.
1 *Sol.* Will not you go?
Auf. I am attended[7] at the cypress grove:
I pray you
('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.
1 *Sol.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Add more by doing his best.
(2) Chief men. (3) Enter into articles.
(4) Whereas. (5) Poke, push.
(6) My brother posted to protect him.
(7) Waited for. (8) Back.
(9) Water of the Tyber.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public place. Enter* Menenius, Sicinius, *and* Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.
Bru. Good, or bad?
Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.
Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.
Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?
Sic. The lamb.
Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.
Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that bae like a bear.
Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.
Both Trib. Well, sir.
Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?
Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.
Sic. Especially, in pride.
Bru. And topping all others in boasting.
Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o'the right hand file? Do you?
Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?
Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?
Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.
Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasure; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?
Bru. We do it not alone, sir.
Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes[8] of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!
Bru. What then, sir?
Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.
Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.
Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber[9] in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than

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with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals[1]-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm,[2] follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson[3] conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs;[4] you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Bru. *and* Sic. *retire to the back of the scene.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Valeria, *&c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed[5] of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home; he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A shout, and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A sennet.[6] *Trumpets sound. Enter* Cominius *and* Titus Lartius; *between them,* Coriolanus, *crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a* Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus:
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
[*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,——

Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?

(1) States. (2) Whole man.
(3) Blind. (4) Obeisance.
(5) Fully informed. (6) Flourish on cornets.

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But O, thy wife.———

Cor. My gracious[1] silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon. [*To* Valeria.

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;
And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome:
A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours: [*To his wife and mother.*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture[2] lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin[3] pins
Her richest lockram[4] 'bout her reechy[5] neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd,
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld[6]-shown flamens[7]
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station:[8] our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded[9] cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napless[10] vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest[11] the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand[12]
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. The Capitol. Enter two Officers, *to lay cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them,

(1) Graceful. (2) Fit.
(3) Maid. (4) Best linen.
(5) Soiled with sweat and smoke. (6) Seldom
(7) Priests. (8) Common standing-place.
(9) Adorn'd. (10) Thread-bare.
(11) Inform. (12) Provender.

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and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite.[1] Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,[2] without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Cominius, *the Consul,* Menenius, Coriolanus, *many other* Senators, Sicinius, *and* Brutus. *The* Senators *take their places; the* Tribunes *take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Then we do stretch it out. Masters o'the people,
We do request your kindest ears: and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off,[3]
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
[Coriolanus *rises, and offers to go away.*

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,
When the alarum were struck,[4] than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit* Coriolanus.

Men. Masters o'the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver:[5] if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight.
When with his Amazonian chin[6] he drove
The bristled[7] lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i'the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,[8]
He prov'd best man i'the field, and for his meed[9]
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd[10] all swords o'the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion[11]
Was timed[12] with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet; now, all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,[13]
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

(1) Adversary. (2) Took off caps.
(3) Nothing to the purpose.
(4) Summons to battle. (5) Possessor.
(6) Without a beard. (7) Bearded.
(8) Smooth-faced enough to act a woman's part.
(9) Reward. (10) Won. (11) Stroke.
(12) Followed. (13) Wearied.

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Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'the world: he covets less
Than misery[1] itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.
Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.
1 *Sen.* Call for Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.
Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.
Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.
Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only:—
Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Then exeunt* Senators.
Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sic. May they perceive his intent! He that will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.
Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The same. The Forum. Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.
2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.
3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.
1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.
3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o'the compass.
2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?
3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.
2 *Cit.* Why that way?
3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.
2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.
3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus *and* Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.
All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*
Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done it?
Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:——Look, sir;——my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.
Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.
Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.
Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.
1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.
Cor. Mine own desert.
2 *Cit.* Your own desert?
Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.
1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?
Cor. No, sir:
'Twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.
1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

(1) Avarice.

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Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'the consulship?
1 *Cit.* The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.
Cor. Kindly?
Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?
2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.
Cor. A match, sir:—
There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—
I have your alms; adieu.
1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.
2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.
[*Exeunt two* Citizens.

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.
3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.
Cor. Your enigma?
3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.
Cor. You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.
4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.
3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.
Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.
Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!
[*Exeunt.*
Cor. Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire, which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.[1]—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high offices and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.
5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.
6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!
All. Amen, Amen.——
God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt* Citizens.
Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, *with* Brutus, *and* Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.
Cor. Is this done?
Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.
Cor. Where? at the senate-house?
Sic. There, Coriolanus.
Cor. May I then change these garments?
Sic. You may, sir.
Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.
Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?
Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* Cor. *and* Menen.
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?
1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.
Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.
2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.
3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.
1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.
2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
Cit. No; no man saw 'em.
[*Several speak.*
3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom,*
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:——Was not this mockery?
Sic. Why, either, you were ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?
Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I'the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o'the state,
If he should still malignantly remain

(1) Over-look.

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Fast foe to the plebeii,[1] your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.
Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?
Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?
3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.
2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.
Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.
Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce[2] his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,[3]
Which gibingly, ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.
Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.
Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.
Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o'the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.
Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling[4] his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:[5]
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.
Cit. We will so: almost all [*Several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage[6] of his anger.
Sic. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the stream o'the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded[7] onward. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Plebeians, common people.
(2) Object. (3) Carriage.
(4) Weighing. (5) Incitation.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. A street. Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard[8] he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.
[*To* Lartius.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues of the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank[9] them in authority,

(6) Advantage. (7) Driven.
(8) With a guard. (9) Plume, deck.

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Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
1 *Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them since?
Bru. How? I inform them?
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow-tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring[1]
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely[2]
I'the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—
Men. Not now, not now.
1 *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many,[3] let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
1 *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels[4]
Which we disdain should tetter[5] us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o'the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows?[6] mark you
His absolute *shall?*
Com. 'Twas from the canon.[7]
Cor. *Shall!*
O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless[8] senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o'the monsters, wants not spiri
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.
Com. Well—on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o'the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,——
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power,)
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread[9] the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i'the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation

(1) Shuffling. (2) Treacherously.
(3) Populace. (4) Lepers.
(5) Scab. (6) Small fish. (7) According to law
(8) Careless. (9) Pass through.

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Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*
We are the greater poll,[2] *and in true fear*
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt[3] the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump[4] a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.
Bru. He has said enough.
Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i'the dust.
Bru. Manifest treason.
Sic. This a consul? no.
Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.
Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit* Brutus.] in whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Hence, old goat!
Sen. & Pat. We'll surety him.
Com. Aged sir, hands off
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.
Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter Brutus, *with the* Ædiles, *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.
Cit. Down with him, down with him!
[*Several speak.*
2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all bustle about* Coriolanus.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.
Cit. Let's near our tribune:—Peace. Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Cit. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruins.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian,[5] and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him.
Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædi. Peace, peace.
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No; I'll die here.
[*Drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help, Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!
Cit. Down with him, down with him!
[*In this mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the People, are all beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone away,
All will be naught else.
2 *Sen.* Get you gone.
Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

(1) Motive, no doubt, was Shakspeare's word.
(2) Number. (3) Fear. (4) Risk.

(5) From whence criminals were thrown, and dashed to pieces.

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Men. Shall it be put to that?
1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans (as they are not,
Though calv'd i'the porch o'the Capitol,)—
Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag[1] return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* Cor. Com. *and others.*
1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work!
2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter Brutus *and* Sicinius, *with the Rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.
1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Cit. He shall, sure on't.[2]
[*Several speak together.*
Men. Sir,—
Sic. Peace.
Men. Do not cry, havoc,[3] where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul?—what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He a consul?
Cit. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn to you no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved[4] children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.
Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country;
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o'the world.
Sic. This is clean kam[5]
Bru. Merely[6] awry: when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is it not then respected
For what before it was?
Bru. We'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness,[7] will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were so,—
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:—
Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i'the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted[8] language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll bring him to you:—

(1) The lowest of the populace; tag, rag, and bobtail.
(2) Be sure on't. (3) The signal for slaughter.
(4) Deserving. (5) Quite awry. (6) Absolutely.
(7) Inconsiderate haste. (8) Finely sifted.

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Let me desire your company. [*To the* Senators.]
He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A room in Coriolanus's *house.*
Enter Coriolanus, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse,[1] my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance[2] stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;
[*To* Volumnia.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.
Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, *and* Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return, and mend it.
1 *Sen.* There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
Vol. Pray be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.
Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well,
What then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.
Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force[3] you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in[4] a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts[5]
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
That humble, as the ripest mulberry,
Now will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.
Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been i'the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
Vol. He must, and will:—
Pr'ythee now, say, you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?[6]
Must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,

(1) Wonder. (2) Rank. (3) Urge.
(4) Subdue. (5) Common clowns.
(6) Unshaven head.

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This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part,
Thou hast not done before.
Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent[1] in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe[2] thy pride thyself.
Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'the way of flattery, further.
Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*
Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go;
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The same. The Forum. Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy[3] to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
Ædi. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Ædi. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favoured him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
Ædi. I have; 'tis ready, here.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Ædi. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I'the right and strength o'the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine;* if death, cry *death;*
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i'the truth o'the cause.
Ædi. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Ædi. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to giv't them.
Bru. Go about it.— [*Exit* Ædile.
Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave[4] by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
1 Sen. Amen, amen!
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, *with* Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Ædi. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i'the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.
Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy[5] you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

(1) Dwell. (2) Own. (3) Object his hatred. (4) Will bear being called a knave. (5) Injure.

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Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say then. 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd[1] office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor?
Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.
Cor. The fires i'the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor?—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd[2] as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Cit. To the rock with him; to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace.
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,——
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know
I pray you,——
Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good-morrow.
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied[3] against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not[4] in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; In the name o'the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I'the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.
Cit. It shall be so,
It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
And so it shall be.
Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;——
Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.
Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show from[5] Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate,[6] her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that——
Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

(1) Of long standing. (2) Grasped.
(3) Showed hatred. (4) Not only.
(5) For. (6) Value.

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.
Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.
Cor. You common cry[7] of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek[8] o'the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making not reservation of yourselves
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abated[9] captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.
[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators, *and* Patricians.
Ædi. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!
[*The People shout, and throw up their caps*
Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.
Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. Before a gate of the city. Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, *and several young* Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the beast[10]
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—
Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,

(7) Pack. (8) Vapour. (9) Subdued.
(10) The government of the people.

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Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women
'Tis fond[1] to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly (though I go alone
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous[2] baits and practice.

Vol. My first[3] son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture[4] to each chance
That starts i'the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch,[5] when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. A street near the gate. Enter Sicinius, Brutus, *and an* Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit* Ædile.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o'the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone? [*To* Brutus.

Vir. You shall stay too: [*To* Sicin.] I would, I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this, fool.—
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship[6]
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?
He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noblest knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't. [*Exeunt* Tribunes.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A highway between Rome and Antium. Enter a Roman *and a* Volce, *meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, and you know me; your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour[7] is well appeared by your tongue What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the

(1) Foolish. (2) Insidious. (3) Noblest. (4) Exposure. (5) True metal. (6) Mean cunning. (7) Countenance.

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Volscian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,[1] and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Antium. *Before* Aufidius's *house.*

Enter Coriolanus, *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell.
[*Exit* Citizen.
O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit,[2] break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A hall in* Aufidius's *house. Music within. Enter a* Servant.

Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here?
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.
Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well: but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.[3]

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?[4] Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. *The first meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o'the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!
And batten[5] on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

(1) In pay. (2) A small coin.
(3) Having derived that name from Corioli.
(4) Fellows. (5) Feed.

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Cor. I'the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I'the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter Aufidius *and the second* Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling.*
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants *retire.*

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,[1]
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world
I would have 'voided thee: But in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak[2] in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims[3]
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under[4] fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O, Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
'*Tis true;* I'd not believe them more than thee,
All-noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash a hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip[5]
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath: but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,[6]
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out[7]
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dream't of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy;[8] and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome;
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome! [*Exeunt* Cor. *and* Auf.

1 Serv. [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so: looking as it were,—— 'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest man i'the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot[9] one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

(1) Memorial. (2) Resentment. (3) Injuries. (4) Infernal.

(5) Embrace. (6) Arm. (7) Full. (8) Years of age. (9) Know.

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1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.[1]

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o'the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle[2] the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.[3]

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood,[4] they will out of their burrows, like coneys after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day, presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel[5] of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent.[6] Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled,[7] deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; Because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A public place. Enter* Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i'the present peace
And quietness o'the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd,
But with his friends; the commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exe.* Citizens.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i'the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,——

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.[8]

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædi. Worthy tribunes
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers

(1) Meat cut across to be broiled.
(2) Pull. (3) Cut clear.
(4) Vigour. (5) Part. (6) Rumour.
(7) Softened. (8) Suffrage.

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Are entered in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.
Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world:
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood[1] for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?
Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason[2] with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns[3] their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!
Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely!
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,[4]
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;——
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.[5]
Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,——
Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation,[6] and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt;[7] and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, '*Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.
Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.
Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.
1 *Cit.* For mine own part
When I said, Banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

(1) Stood up in its defence. (2) Talk.
(3) Changes. (4) Unite.

(5) A small round hole: an augre is a carpenter's tool.
(6) Mechanics. (7) Revolt with pleasure.

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2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did, we did for the best: and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry![1]—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exe.* Com. *and* Men.

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i'the wrong, when we banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—A camp; at a small distance from Rome. *Enter* Aufidius, *and his* Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir
(I mean for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his;
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey[2] to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque[3] to the cushion,[4] but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but, one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,[5]
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

(1) Pack, alluding to a pack of hounds.
(2) An eagle that preys on fish.
(3) Helmet. (4) The chair of civil authority.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public place. Enter* Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, *and others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd[6]
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i'the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd[7] for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory![8]

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle

(5) Not all in their full extent.
(6) Condescended unwillingly.
(7) Harassed by exactions. (8) Memorial.

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Sic. I pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it.
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*
Com. He'll never hear him.
Sic. Not?
Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise;* dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.—An advanced post of the Volscian *camp before* Rome. *The* Guard *at their stations. Enter to them,* Menenius.

1 *G.* Stay: Whence are you?
2 *G.* Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
1 *G.* From whence?
Men. From Rome.
1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.
2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.
Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots[1] to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.
1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.
Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover:[2] I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified[3] my friends
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity[4]
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle[5] ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing:[6] Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.
1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.
Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.
2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.
Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.
1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?
Men. I am as thy general is.
1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant[7] as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; Therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.
Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.
2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.
Men. I mean, thy general.
1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back, —that's the utmost of your having:—back.
Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,——

Enter Coriolanus *and* Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?
Men. Now, you companion,[8] I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack[9] guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i'the state of hanging, or some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.
Cor. Away!
Men. How! away?

(1) Prizes. (2) Friend. (3) Proved to. (4) Truth. (5) Deceitful. (6) Lie. (7) Dotard. (8) Fellow. (9) Jack in office.

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Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
[*Gives a letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st——
Auf. You keep a constant temper.
[*Exeunt* Coriolanus *and* Aufidius.
1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?
2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.
1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent[2] for keeping your greatness back?
2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?
Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*
1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.
2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The tent of Coriolanus. *Enter* Coriolanus, Aufidius, *and others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly[3]
I have borne this business.
Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.
Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge,
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.——Ha! what shout is this?
[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter in mourning habits, Virgilia, Volumnia, *leading young* Marcius, Valeria, *and attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling[4] to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.
Vir. My lord and husband!
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.
Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans.*—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen[5] of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee i'the earth;
[*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up bless'd
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,[6]
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll

(1) Because. (2) Reprimanded. (3) Openly.
(4) A young goose.
(5) Juno. (6) Gust, storm.

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Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And state of bodies, would bewray[1] what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine:[2] if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away, till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*
Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, *This mercy we have show'd;* the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains[3] of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i'the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; an end:
This is the last;—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.
Cor. O mother, mother!
[*Holding* Volumnia *by the hands, silent.*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?
Auf. I was mov'd withal.
Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!
Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*
[*The Ladies make signs to* Coriolanus.
Cor. Ay, by and by;
[*To* Volumnia, Virgilia, *&c.*
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *A public place. Enter* Menenius *and* Sicinius.

Men. See you yond' coign[4] o'the Capitol: yond' corner-stone?
Sic. Why, what of that?
Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay[5] upon execution.

(1) Betray. (2) Conclude. (3) The refinements. (4) Angle. (5) Stay but for it.

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Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state,[1] as a thing made[2] for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house;
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd;
The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you;

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Shouting and music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going*

Enter the Ladies, *accompanied by* Senators, Patricians, *and* People. *They pass over the stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal[3] him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Antium. *A public place. Enter* Tullus Aufidius, *with Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city-ports[4] by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators *of* Aufidius's *faction.*

Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,——

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp[5] to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance,[6] as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd

(1) Chair of state. (2) To resemble.
(3) Recall. (4) Gates. (5) Helped.
(6) Thought me rewarded with good looks

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For no less spoil, than glory,——
Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum,[1] which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.
3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the city.*

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge;[2] making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, *with drums and colours; a crowd of* Citizens *with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,[3]
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
Cor. Traitor!—How now?
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?—
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt,[4] your city Rome,
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.
Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—
Cor. Ha!
Auf. No more.[5]
Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that must bear
My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.
1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your voices in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!
Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
Con. Let him die for't.

[*Several speak at once.*

Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my father.—
2 *Lord.* Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o'the earth.[6] His last offence to us
Shall have judicious[7] hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
Auf. Insolent villain!
Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[Aufidius *and the* Conspirators *draw, and kill* Coriolanus, *who falls, and* Aufidius *stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.
1 *Lord.* O Tullus,—
2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.
3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.
Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.
1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

(1) Tears.
(2) Rewarding us with our own expenses.
(3) People of Antium. (4) Drops of tears.
(5) No more than a boy of tears.
(6) His fame overspreads the world. (7) Judicial.

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2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.
Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:
Help, three of the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.[1]—
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of* Coriolanus.
A dead march sounded.

(1) Memorial.

The tragedy of Coriolanus is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune, fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

JOHNSON.

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JULIUS CÆSAR. *Act V. — Scene 5.*

Vol. II. — p. 229.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. *Act V. — Scene 2.*

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Julius Cæsar.
Octavius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *triumvirs, after the death of Julius Cæsar.*
Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena; *senators.*
Marcus Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, Cinna, } *conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*
Flavius *and* Marullus, *tribunes.*
Artemidorus, *a sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.
Cinna, *a poet.* *Another Poet.*
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, *young* Cato, *and* Volumnius; *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius; *servants to Brutus.*
Pindarus, *servant to Cassius.*

Calphurnia, *wife to Cæsar.*
Portia, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Scene, *during a great part of the play, at* Rome: *afterwards at* Sardis; *and near* Philippi.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A street.* *Enter* Flavius, Marullus, *and a rabble of Citizens.*

Flavius.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soals.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;[1]
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exe.* Cit
See, whe'r[2] their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.[3]

(1) Rank. (2) Whether. (3) Honorary ornaments; tokens of respect.

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— *Mar.* May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. A public place. Enter, in procession, with music, Cæsar; Antony, *for the course:* Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, *and* Casca, *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.[1]—Antonius.
Ant. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.
[*Music.*
Sooth. Cæsar.
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press,[2] that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.
[*Sennet.*[3] *Exeunt all but* Bru. *and* Cas.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be grief'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,[4]
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale[5] with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i'the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty[6] day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside

(1) A ceremony observed at the feast of *Lupercalia.*
(2) Crowd. (3) Flourish of instruments.
(4) The nature of your feelings.
(5) Allure. (6) Windy.

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And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink*, Titinius,
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper[1] should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*
Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus[2] once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.
Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;[3]
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew[4] upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but this much show of fire from Brutus.

(1) Temperament, constitution.
(2) *Lucius Junius* Brutus. (3) Guess.

Re-enter Cæsar, *and his train.*

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning
Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.
Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret[5] and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.
Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæs. Antonius.
Ant. Cæsar.
Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.
[*Exeunt* Cæsar *and his train.* Casca *stays behind.*
Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?
Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.
Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?
Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.
Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.
Bru. What was the second noise for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?
Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than the other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.
Cas. Who offered him the crown?
Casca. Why, Antony.
Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.
Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath

(4) Ruminate.
(5) A ferret has red eyes.

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to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true[1] man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,[2] if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both. [*Exit* Casca.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home with me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world. [*Exit* Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd:[3] Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard;[4] but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour[5] me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Ex.*

SCENE III.—The same. A street. Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, *with his sword drawn, and* Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?[6]
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight,)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me: And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean[7] from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* Cic.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

(1) Honest. (2) A mechanic.
(3) Disposed to
(4) Has an unfavourable opinion of me.
(5) Cajole. (6) Did you attend Cæsar home.
(7) Entirely.

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Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:[1]
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;[2]
Why old men fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious[3] grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?
Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes[4] and limbs like to their ancestors;
But wo the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.
Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.[5]
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with wheat straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold[6] my hand:
Be factious[7] for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.
Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is favour'd,[8] like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.
Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;[9]
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.
Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——
Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* Cinna.
Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already: and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.
Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Bolt.
(2) Why they deviate from quality and nature.
(3) Portentous. (4) Muscles.
(5) Deer. (6) Here's my hand.
(7) Active. (8) Resembles.
(9) Air of walking.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. Brutus's *orchard. Enter* Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when?[1] Awake, I say: What, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse[2] from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,[3]
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees[4]
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind,[5] grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to-bed.
Bru. Get you to-bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
Luc. I know not, sir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake.——
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome, &c. Thus, must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated then
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.
[*Knocks within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; Somebody knocks. [*Exit* Lucius.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma,[6] or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.[7]
Bru. Let them enter.
[*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mark thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,[8]
Not Erebus[9] itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, *and* Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good-morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour: awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

(1) An exclamation of impatience.
(2) Pity, tenderness.
(3) Experience. (4) Low steps. (5) Nature.
(6) Visionary. (7) Countenance.
(8) Walk in thy true form. (9) Hell.

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Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face[1] of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery.[2] But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter?[3] and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,[4]
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.
Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O let us have him: for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,[5]
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O, name him not; let us not break[6] with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cas. Then leave him out.
Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?
Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.
Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy[7] afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I do fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace, count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r[8] Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:[9]
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,[10]
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give this humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:[11]
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on[12] our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but* Brutus.
Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:

(1) Perhaps Shakspeare wrote *faith*. (2) Lot.
(3) Prevaricate. (4) Cautious. (5) Character.
(6) Let us not break the matter to him.
(7) Malice. (8) Whether.
(9) Omens at sacrifices. (10) Prognosticators
(11) By his house. (12) Show our designs.

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Thou hast no figures,[1] nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,[2]
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank[3] morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy[4] and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs[5]
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery[6] of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* Portia.

Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius.

Lucius, who is that, knocks?
Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. A room in Cæsar's *palace. Thunder and lightning. Enter* Cæsar, *in his night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! they murder Cæsar! Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?

(1) Shapes created by imagination.
(2) Temper. (3) Damp. (4) Moisture.
(5) The residence of harlots.
(6) All that is charactered on.

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You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,[1]
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled[2] in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal[3] about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.
Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?
Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No; Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say, he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics,[4] and cognizance.[5]
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar: for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.[6]
Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, *and* Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o'nights,
Is notwithstanding up:——
Good-morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day.
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further

(1) Never paid a regard to prodigies or omens.
(2) Encountered. (3) Cry with pain.
(4) As to a saint, for relics.
(5) As to a prince, for honours.
(6) Subordinate.

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Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns[1] to think upon! [*Exe.*

SCENE III.—The same. A street near the Capitol. Enter Artemidorus, *reading a paper.*

Art. Cæsar, *beware of* Brutus; *take heed of* Cassius; *come not near* Casca; *have an eye to* Cinna; *trust not* Trebonius; *mark well* Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus *loves thee not; thou hast wronged* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against* Cæsar. *If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,*[2] Artemidorus.
Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.[3]
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The same. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus. *Enter* Portia *and* Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth,[4] madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, knowest thou any harm's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. The Capitol; the senate sitting. A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them Artemidorus, *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, *and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

Pop. I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well. [*Advances to* Cæsar.
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes:
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt* Antony *and* Trebonius. Cæsar *and the Senators take their seats.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd:[5] press near, and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [*Kneeling*

(1) Grieves. (2) Friend. (3) Envy. (4) Really. (5) Ready.

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Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Aesiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;[1]
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,[2]
Unshak'd of motion:[3] and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
Cin. O Cæsar,——
Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. Great Cæsar,——
Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless[4] kneel?
Casca. Speak, hands, for me.
[Casca *stabs* Cæsar *in the neck.* Cæsar *catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other conspirators, and at last by* Marcus Brutus.
Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*[5]—Then, fall, Cæsar.
[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*
Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!
Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to a Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where's Antony?
Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!
Cas. Stoop then, and wash.[6] How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?
Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Serv. I'll fetch him presently.
[*Exit* Servant.
Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.
Cas. I wish, we may; but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.
Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—

(1) Intelligent. (2) Continues to hold it.
(3) Solicitation. (4) Unsuccessfully. (5) And thou, Brutus?
(6) In Cæsar's blood.

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I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;[1]
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
You know not what you do; Do not consent,
[*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but* Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide[2] of times.
Wo to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc*,[3] and let slip[4] the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming

(1) Grown too high for the public safety.
(2) Course. (3) The signal for giving no quarter.
(4) To let slip a dog at a deer, &c. was the technical phrase of Shakspeare's time.

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And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!—— [*Seeing the body.*
Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching: for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with* Cæsar's *body.*

SCENE II.—The same. The Forum. Enter Brutus *and* Cassius, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.
1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.
2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.
[*Exit* Cassius, *with some of the* Citizens. Brutus *goes into the rostrum.*
3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!
Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers![1] hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him; There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.
Cit. None, Brutus, none.
[*Several speaking at once.*
Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy: nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

(1) Friends.

Enter Antony *and others, with* Cæsar's *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.
Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!
1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.
3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.
4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.
1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.
Bru. My countrymen,——
2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.
1 *Cit.* Peace; ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.
4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?
3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.
4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,——
Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

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You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor[1] to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins[2] in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony:
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,[3]
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.[4]
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint[5] of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge; about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs[6] they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

(1) The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar.

(2) Handkerchiefs.

(3) Statua for statue, is common among the old writers.

(4) Was successful.

(5) Impression.

(6) Grievances.

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The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Cit. We'll mutiny.
1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.
3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.[1]
2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.
3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
Cit. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?
1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.
3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.
4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt* Citizens, *with the body.*
Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The same. A street. Enter Cinna, *the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my phantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?
2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?
3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?
4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.
1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.
4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.
3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly, Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.
Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.
1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
2 *Cit.* That matter is answer'd directly.
4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius':—away; go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. A room in Antony's *house.* Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent.
Oct. Prick[2] him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn[3] him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold;
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will,
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;

(1) Greek coin. (2) Set, mark. (3) Condemn.

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His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property.[1] And now, Octavius,
Listen great things—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answer'd.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd[2] about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Before Brutus's *tent, in the camp near* Sardis. *Drum. Enter* Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, *and Soldiers:* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand here.
Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?
Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[Pindarus *gives a letter to* Brutus.
Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolved.
Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*
Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius *and Soldiers.*

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

(1) As a thing at our disposal.
(2) Surrounded, baited. (3) Grievances.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them——
Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs[3] softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Within the tent of Brutus. Lucius *and* Titinius, *at some distance from it. Enter* Brutus *and* Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted of.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice[4] offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay[5] the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in;[6] I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.[7]
Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say, you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

(4) Trifling. (5) Bait, bark at.
(6) Limit my authority.
(7) Terms, fit to confer the offices at my disposal.

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Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cas. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats:
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas,[1] than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd[2] my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!—
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[*Noise within.*
Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Luc. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
Companion,[3] hence.
Cas. Away, away; begone.
[*Exit* Poet.

Enter Lucilius *and* Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us [*Exe.* Lucilius *and* Titinius.
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

(1) Coin. (2) Split. (3) Fellow.

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Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, *with wine and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter Titinius, *with* Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,[1]
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.——
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,[2]
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much[3] of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd,
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit* Lucius.] Farewell, good Messala;—
Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt* Cas. Tit. *and* Mes.

Re-enter Lucius, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter Varro *and* Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[Servants *lie down.*
Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.
Bru. It does, my boy.
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

(1) Force. (2) At some time. (3) Theory.

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Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace[1] upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost *of* Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well;
Then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
[Ghost *vanishes.*
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! sirs, awake!—
Claudius!
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake.
Luc. My lord!
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.
Var. My lord.
Clau. My lord.
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay: Saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The plains of Philippi. *Enter* Octavius, Antony, *and their army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn[2] us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage,
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.
[*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, *and their army;* Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,

(1) Sceptre. (2) Summon.

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Join'd with a masker and a reveller.
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony: away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl[1] we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt* Octavius, Antony, *and their army.*
Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho!
Lucilius; hark, a word with you.
Luc. My lord.
[Brutus *and* Lucilius *converse apart.*
Cas. Messala,—
Mes. What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former[2] ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted[3] us.
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

(1) Throw. (2) Foremost. (3) Accompanied.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. The field of battle. Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills[4]
Unto the legions on the other side:
[*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The same. Another part of the field. Alarum. Enter Cassius *and* Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again: that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Exit* Pindarus.
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there I shall end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. Titinius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en;—and, hark! [*Shout.*
They shout for joy.
Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward, that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner:
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath:

(4) Directions for the officers.

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Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Ex.*

Re-enter Titinius *with* Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Ex.* Mes.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Dies.*

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, *with* Brutus, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Another part of the field. Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
[*Charges the enemy.*

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* Cato *is overpowered, and falls.*

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another part of the field. Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
[*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*

(1) Whether.

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Dar. I do such a deed?
Cli. O, Dardanius!
Dar. O, Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* Fly, fly, fly.
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.
[*Exeunt* Clitus, Dardanius, *and* Volumnius.
I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

(1) Receive into my service. (2) Recommend.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, *and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain[1] them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer[2] me to you.
Oct. Do so, Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt*

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilement of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays: his adherence to the real story, and to the Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.

JOHNSON.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. Antony, Octavius Cæsar, M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *triumvirs.*
Sextus Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus, Ventidius, Eros, Scarus, Dercetas, Demetrius, Philo, } *friends of Antony.*
Mæcenas, Agrippa, Dolabella, Proculeius, Thyreus, Gallus, } *friends of Cæsar.*
Menas, Menecrates, Varrius, } *friends of Pompey.*

Taurus, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*
Canidius, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*
Silius, *an officer in Ventidius's army.*
Euphronius, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar*
Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, *and* Dionedes; *attendants on Cleopatra.*
A Soothsayer. A Clown.

Cleopatra, *queen of Egypt.*
Octavia, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*
Charmian, Iras, } *attendants on Cleopatra.*

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene, *dispersed; in several parts of the Roman empire.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A room in* Cleopatra's *palace. Enter* Demetrius *and* Philo.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's,
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges[1] all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, *with their trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.
Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll set a bourn[2] how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates[3] me:—The sum.—
Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this; Take in*[4] *that kingdom, and enfranchise that; Perform't, or else we damn thee.*
Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process?[5] Cæsar's, I would say?—
Both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,[6]
We stand up peerless.
Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.
Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound[7] the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.
Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,

(1) Renounces. (2) Bound or limit. (3) Offends. (4) Subdue, conquer. (5) Summons. (6) Know. (7) Consume.

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To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt* Ant. *and* Cleo. *with their train.*
Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar,[1] who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. Another room. Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and a* Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands!
Alex. Soothsayer.
Sooth. Your will?
Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?
Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.
Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char. He means, in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!
Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.
Char. Hush!
Sooth. You shall be more beloving, than beloved.
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.
Alex. Nay, hear him.
Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.
Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.
Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.
Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.
Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names:[2] Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?
Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.
Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.
Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.
Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.
Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.
Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.
Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.
Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.
Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.
Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.
Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.
Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.
Sooth. I have said.
Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?
Iras. Not in my husband's nose.
Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis,[3] hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!
Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!
Char. Amen.
Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.
Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.
Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?
Eno. No, lady.
Cleo. Was he not here?
Char. No, madam.
Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—
Eno. Madam.
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?
Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter Antony, *with a* Messenger *and* Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.
[*Exeunt* Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras, Charmian, Soothsayer, *and Attendants.*
Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.
Ant. Against my brother Lucius?
Mess. Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well,
What worst?
Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller
Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Mess. Labienus
(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force
Extended[4] Asia from Euphrates;

(1) Fame. (2) Shall be bastards. (3) An Egyptian goddess. (4) Seized.

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His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst——
Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—
Mess. O, my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds[1] lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing.[2] Fare thee well a while.
Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*
Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.
1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such a one?
2 *Att.* He stays[3] upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?
2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*
Ant. Forbear me.—
[*Exit* Messenger.
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?
Ant. I must with haste from hence.
Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.
Ant. I must be gone.
Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.
Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.
Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.
Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!
Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.
Ant. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Sir?
Ant. Fulvia is dead.

(1) In some editions *minds.*
(2) Tilling, ploughing; prepares us to produce ood seed.

Eno. Fulvia?
Ant. Dead.
Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.
Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.
Eno. And the business you have broached here, cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.
Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience[4] to the queen,
And get her love[5] to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o'the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's[6] hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you;[7]—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.
[*Exit* Alex.
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What should I do, I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.
Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.
Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.
Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—
Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall.

(3) Waits. (4) Expedition.
(5) Leave. (6) Horse's.
(7) Look as if I did not send you.

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It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—
Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
Ant. The gods best know,—
Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!
Ant. Most sweet queen,—
Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent;[1] none our parts so poor,
But was a race[2] of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.
Ant. How now, lady!
Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st know,
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port[3] of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe[4] my going,
Is Fulvia's death.
Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?[5]
Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd:[6] at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.
Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime,[7] I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.
Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.
Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.
Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt:[8] Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now, by my sword,—
Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.[9]
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion[10] is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.
Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An apartment in* Cæsar's *house. Enter* Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor:[11] From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.
Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd;[12] what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.
Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not

(1) The arch of our eye-brows.
(2) Smack or flavour. (3) Gate.
(4) Render my going not dangerous.
(5) Can Fulvia be dead?
(6) The commotion she occasioned.
(7) Mud of the river Nile.
(8) To me, the queen of Egypt.
(9) Heat. (10) Oblivious memory.
(11) Associate or partner.
(12) Procured by his own fault.

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Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness[1]. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him[2] for't: but, to confound[3] such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.
Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents[4] repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.
Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.[5] This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.
Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear[6] and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood[7] to think on't, and flush[8] youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen: for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.
Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassals.[9] When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale[10] of horses, and the gilded puddle[11]
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

(1) Levity. (2) Visit him. (3) Consume.
(4) Discontented. (5) Endeared by being missed.
(6) Plough. (7) Turn pale. (8) Ruddy.
(9) Feastings: in the old copy it is *vaissailes*, i. e. vassals.

Lep. It is pity of him.
Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i'the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.
Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.
Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.[12] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A room in the palace.* *Enter* Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.[13]
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him
Too much.
Cleo. O, treason!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!
Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd,[14] thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet[15] of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

(10) Urine. (11) Stagnant, slimy water.
(12) My bounden duty. (13) A sleepy potion.
(14) Unmanned. (15) A helmet.

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Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm Roman to great Egypt sends*
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
Say thou, *shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,
And soberly did mount a termagant[1] steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o'the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both;
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days;
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exe.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. *A room in* Pompey's *house. Enter* Pompey, Menecrates, *and* Menas.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: But all charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd[2] lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till[3] a Lethed dulness.—How now, Varrius?

Enter Varrius.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.
Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd[4] his helm[5]
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.
Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.
Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square[6] between themselves;
For they have entertain'd cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. *A room in the house of* Lepidus. *Enter* Enobarbus *and* Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.

(1) Furious. (2) Declined, faded.
(3) To. (4) Done on; *i. e.* put on.
(5) Helmet. (6) Quarrel.

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Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony *and* Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mæcenas, *and* Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose[1] well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know,
Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness[2] grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.
Cæs. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir!
Cæs. Nay,
Then—
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i'the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise[3] on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.[4]
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in this act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,[5]
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.
Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.
Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted[6] mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o'the world is yours; which with a snaffle[7]
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!
Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils,[8] Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.
Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive[9] out of audience.
Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question[10] wipe him.
Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, Cæsar.
Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—
Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.
Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Mæc. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs[11] between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone[12] you.
Lep. Worthily spoke, Mæcenas.
Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.
Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.
Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.
Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.
Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.
Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions[13]
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch,[14] from edge to edge
O'the world I would pursue it.
Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar —

(1) Agree. (2) Let not ill humour be added.
(3) Use bad arts or stratagems.
(4) Subject of conversation.
(5) Reporters. (6) Opposed.
(7) Bridle. (8) Commotions
(9) Messenger. (10) Conversation.
(11) Grievances. (12) Reconcile.
(13) Dispositions. (14) Firm.

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Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.
Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men:
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!
Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily, amen!
Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
Ant. And where lies he?
Cæs. About the mount Misenum.
Ant. What's his strength
By land?
Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had spoke together: Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
Flourish. Exeunt Cæs. Ant. *and* Lep.
Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir.
Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—
Agr. Good Enobarbus!
Mæc. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You staid well by it in Egypt.
Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
Mæc. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there: Is this true?
Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.
Mæc. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.[1]
Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.
Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.
Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.[2]
Agr. O, rare for Antony!
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame[3] the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.
Agr. Rare Egyptian!
Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.
Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.
Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Mæc. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

(1) Suits with her merits.
(2) Added to the warmth they were intended to diminish.
(3) Readily perform.

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Her infinite variety: Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she's riggish.[1]
Mæc. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery[2] to him.
Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The same. A room in Cæsar's *house. Enter* Cæsar, Antony, Octavia *between them; Attendants, and a* Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—
Octa. Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt* Cæsar *and* Octavia.
Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see't in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.
Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?
Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar is not; but near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.
Ant. Speak this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.
Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:
[*Exit* Soothsayer.
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails[3] ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd,[4] at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter Ventidius.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The same. A street. Enter Lepidus, Mæcenas, *and* Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mæc. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount[5]
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Mæc. Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A room in the palace. Enter* Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody[6] food
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when goodwill is show'd, though it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires[7] and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Mess. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss: a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
Mess. First, madam, he's well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; We use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Mess. Good madam, hear me.

(1) Wanton. (2) Allotment.
(3) The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks.
(4) Inclosed. (5) Mount Misenum.
(6) Melancholy. (7) Head-dress.

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Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour[1]
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.[2]
Mess. Will't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.
Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence;[3] fie upon *but yet:*
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friend with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn i'the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee! [*Strikes him down.*
Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you?—hence, [*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head; [*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
Mess. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot[4] thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a dagger.*
Mess. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*
Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

(1) So sour a countenance.
(2) A man in his senses. (3) Preceding.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
A host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
Mess. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.
Mess. He is married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mess. Should I lie, madam?
Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd,[5] and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?
Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his faults should make a knave of thee,
That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit* Messenger.
Char. Good your highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now.
Lead me from hence.
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature[6] of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.— [*Exit* Alexas.
Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
T'other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas [*To* Mardian.
Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum. *Enter* Pompey *and* Menas, *at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another,* Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mæcenas, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which if thou hast considered, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall[7] youth
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,

(4) Recompense. (5) Whelmed under water
(6) Beauty. (7) Brave.

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Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,[1]
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can'st not fear[2] us, Pompey, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,[3]) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe[4] undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts[5] harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now:—How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt* Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*Aside.*]—You and I have known,[6] sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me: though it cannot be denied what I have done by land

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this way laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together,

(1) Haunted. (2) Affright.
(3) Present subject. (4) Target, shield.
(5) Scores, marks. (6) Been acquainted.

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will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of holy, cold, and still conversation.[1]

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—On board Pompey's *galley, lying near* Misenum. *Music. Enter two or three* Servants, *with a banquet.*[2]

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o'their plants[3] are ill-rooted already, the least wind i'the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more;* reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan[4] I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mæcenas, Enobarbus, Menas, *with other captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*To* Cæsar.] They take the flow o'the Nile
By certain scales i'the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean,[5] if dearth,
Or foizon,[6] follow: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud, by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises[7] are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To* Menas *aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and,
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales,[8] or sky inclips,[9]
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,[10]
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterward's well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside.*
I'll never follow thy pall'd[11] fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off* Lepidus.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

(1) Behaviour. (2) Dessert. (3) Feet.
(4) Pike. (5) Middle. (6) Plenty.
(7) Pyramids.

(8) Encompasses. (9) Embraces.
(10) Confederates. (11) Cloyed.

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Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,[1] ho!
Here is to Cæsar.
Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o'the time.
Cæs. Possess[2] it, I'll make answer: but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.
Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To* Antony.
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?
Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.
Ant. Come, let us all take hands.
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
The holding[3] every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.
[*Music plays.* Enobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne[4]
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antic'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.
Pom. I'll try you o'the shore.
Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.
Pom. O, Antony,
You have my father's house,—But what? we are friends:
Come, down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not.—
[*Exeunt* Pom. Cæs. Ant. *and Attendants.*
Menas, I'll not on shore.
Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sound out.
[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*
Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.
Men. Ho!—noble captain!
Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A plain in Syria. *Enter* Ventidius, *as after conquest, with* Silius, *and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of* Pacorus *borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,[5]
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i'the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.
Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
That without which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?
Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o'the field.
Sil. Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. *An ante-chamber in* Cæsar's *house. Enter* Agrippa, *and* Enobarbus, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.
Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!
Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird![6]
Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no further.
Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love

(1) Kettle-drums.
(2) Understand.
(3) Burden, chorus.
(4) Red eyes.
(5) Pacorus was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia.
(6) The phœnix.

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To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.
Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards,[1] and he their beetle.
So,— [*Trumpets.*
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.
Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band[2]
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue,[3] which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.
Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious,[4] the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.
Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements[5] be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Octa. My noble brother!—
Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.
Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—
Cæs. What,
Octavia?
Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to* Agrippa.
Agr. He has a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound,[6] he wail'd:
Believe it, till I weep too.
Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses* Octavia.
Ant. Farewell.
[*Trumpets sound.* *Exeunt.*

(1) Wings. (2) Bond. (3) Octavia.
(4) Scrupulous. (5) Of air and water.

SCENE III.—Alexandria. *A room in the palace.* *Enter* Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station[7] are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.
Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long, or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead is as low
As she would wish it.
Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit* Messenger.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd[8] him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. O, nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,

(6) Destroy. (7) Standing. (8) Pulled, lugged.

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And serving you so long!
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:—
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Athens. *A room in* Antony's *house.* *Enter* Antony *and* Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,[1]—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not[2]
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented[3] them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.[4]
Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach[5] not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
And the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.
Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain[6] your brother; Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.
Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder[7] up the rift.[8]
Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same.* *Another room in the same.* *Enter* Enobarbus *and* Eros, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros?
Eros. There's strange news come, sir.
Eno. What, man?
Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.
Eno. This is old; What is the success?[9]
Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him[10] in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality;[11] would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal,[12] seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

(1) Similar tendency. (2) Could not help.
(3) Published. (4) Indistinct, through his teeth.
(5) Resent. (6) Disgrace. (7) Cement, close.
(8) Opening.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?
Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.
Eno. Our great navy's rigged.
Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A room in* Cæsar's *house.* *Enter* Cæsar, Agrippa, *and* Mæcenas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I'the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself, in chairs of gold,
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.
Mæc. This in the public eye?
Cæs. I'the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings.
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.
Agr. Who, queasy[13] with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.
Agr. Whom does he accuse?
Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated[14] him
His part o'the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
Mæc. He'll never yield to that.
Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

(9) What follows. (10) *i. e.* Lepidus.
(11) Equal rank. (12) Accusation.
(13) Sick, disgusted (14) Assigned.

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Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast away!
Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostent[1] of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct[2] 'tween his lust and him.
Oct. Do not say so, my lord.
Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?
Oct. My lord, in Athens.
Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o'the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of sceptres.
Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!
Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.
Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment[3] to a trull,[4]
That noises it[5] against us.
Oct. Is it so, sir?
Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!
[*Exeunt.*

(1) Show, token. (2) Obstruction.
(3) Government. (4) Harlot. (5) Threatens.
(6) Forbid. (7) Absolutely.

SCENE VII.—Antony's *camp, near the promontory of* Actium. *Enter* Cleopatra *and* Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke[6] my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.
Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. Is't not? Denounce against us, why should not we
Be there in person?
Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely[7] lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.
Cleo. What is't you say?
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.
Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i'the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.
Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony *and* Canidius.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in[8] Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea! What else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For[9] he dares us to't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.
Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers,[10] reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress;[11] in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare;[12] yours, heavy.[13] No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd foot-men; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.
Ant. I'll fight at sea.
Cleo. I have sixty sails,[14] Cæsar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;

(8) Take, subdue. (9) Because.
(10) Mule-drivers. (11) Pressed in haste.
(12) Ready. (13) Incumbered. (14) Ships.

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And, with the rest full mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?
Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be.[1]—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis![2]—How now, worthy soldier?
Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well, away.
[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, *and* Enobarbus.
Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i'the right.
Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.
Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries[3] beyond belief.
Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power[4] went out in such distractions,[5] as
Beguil'd all spies.
Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls for Canidius.
Can. With news the time's with labour; and throes[6] forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—A plain near Actium. *Enter* Cæsar, Taurus, *Officers, and others.*

Cæs. Taurus,—
Tau. My lord.
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump.[7] [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o'the hill,
In eye[8] of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Canidius, *marching with his land army one way over the stage; and* Taurus, *the lieutenant of* Cæsar, *the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad,[9] the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle[10] of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd[11] pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag[12] of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i'the midst o'the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,[13]—
The brize[14] upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.
Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not
Endure a further view.
Scar. She once being loof'd,[15]
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.
Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed. [*Aside.*
Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.
Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.
Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. *A room in the palace. Enter* Antony, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither,
I am so lated[16] in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
All. Fly! not we.
Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,

(1) Strange that his forces should be there.
(2) Cleopatra. (3) Goes.
(4) Forces. (5) Detachments, separate bodies.
(6) Agonizes. (7) Hazard. (8) Sight.
(9) Name of Cleopatra's ship.

(10) Corner. (11) Spotted.
(12) Lewd, common strumpet. (13) Better.
(14) The gad-fly, that stings cattle.
(15) Brought close to the wind.
(16) Belated, benighted.

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Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; 'pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter Eros, *and* Cleopatra, *led by* Charmian *and* Iras.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do? Why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam,—
Iras. Madam; O good empress!—
Eros. Sir, sir,—
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He,[1] at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,[2] and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.
Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualified[3] with very shame.
Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declined, and death will seize her; but[4]
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind,
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. O pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates[5]
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—Cæsar's *camp, in* Egypt. *Enter* Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, *and others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?
Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:[6]
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.[7]
Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.
Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle[8] of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,[9]
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Eup. Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit* Euphronius.
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
[*To* Thyreus.
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyr. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;[10]
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Ex.*

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A room in the palace. Enter* Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will

(1) Cæsar. (2) Fought by his officers.
(3) Divested of his faculties. (4) Unless.
(5) Values.
(6) *Euphronius*, schoolmaster to Antony's children.
(7) As is the dew to the sea.
(8) Diadem, the crown. (9) Paramour.
(10) Conforms himself to this breach of his fortune.

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Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question:[1] 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, *with* Euphronius.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen
Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i'the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons[2] apart,
And answer me declin'd,[3] sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt* Antony *and* Euphronius.

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel[4] of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.[5] [*Aside.*
The loyalty well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i'the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply,[6] are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that's, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit* Enobarbus.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation[7]
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying[8] breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace[9] to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,[10]
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest[11] man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho*
Like boys unto a muss,[12] kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet. Take hence this Jack,[13] and whip him.

Enc. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here (What's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,

(1) The only cause of the dispute.
(2) Circumstances of splendor.
(3) In age and power.
(4) Are of a piece with them. (5) Quarrel.
(6) Perhaps.

(7) Supposed to be an error for *deputation*, i. e. by proxy.
(8) Obeyed. (9) Grant me the favour.
(10) Conquering. (11) Most complete and perfect.
(12) Scramble. (13) A term of contempt.

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Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—
[*Exeunt Attend. with* Thyreus.
You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?[1]
Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel[2] our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. O, is it come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously[3] pick'd out:—For I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare[4] about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, *with* Thyreus.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?
1 *Att.* He did ask favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit[5] me: Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit* Thyreus.
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene[6] moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!
Cleo. I must stay his time.
Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines,[7] so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion[8] smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying[9] of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,[10] threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.
Cleo. That's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice[11] and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy[12] night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.
Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
Ant. We'll yet do well.
Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.
Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.
[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, *and* Attend.
Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge;[13] and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

(1) Servants. (2) Close up. (3) Wantonly.
(4) Ready, handy. (5) Requite. (6) Earthly.
(7) Dissolves. (8) Her son by Julius Cæsar.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's *camp at* Alexandria. *Enter* Cæsar, *reading a letter;* Agrippa, Mæcenas, *and others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

(9) Melting. (10) Float. (11) Trifling.
(12) Feasting. (13) Ostrich

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Mæc. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot[1] of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.
Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A room in the palace. Enter* Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*
Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou: you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots [*Aside.*
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.
Serv. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he mean?
Eno. To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply,[2] you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield[3] you for't!
Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd; for shame,
Transform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho![4]
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense:
I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the palace. Enter two* Soldiers, *to their guard.*

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?
2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
Good night to you.
1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,
Have careful watch.
3 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.
[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*
4 *Sold.* Here we: [*They take their posts.*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
[*Music of hautboys under the stage.*
4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?
1 *Sold.* List, list!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Music i'the air.
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.
4 *Sold.* It signs[5] well,
Does't not?
3 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean.
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
[*They advance to another post.*
2 *Sold.* How now, masters?
Sold. How now?
How now? do you hear this?
[*Several speaking together.*
1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how't will give off.
Sold. [*Several speaking.*] Content: 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A room in the palace. Enter* Antony, *and* Cleopatra; Charmian, *and others, attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros, *with armour.*

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too
What's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

(1) Take advantage. (2) Perhaps. (3) Reward. (4) Stop. (5) Bodes.

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The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well:
We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly,[1] sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't[2] for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight[3] at this, than thou: Despatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, *armed.*

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.
1 *Offi.* A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,[4]
And at the port expect you.
[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*

Enter other Officers, *and* Soldiers.

2 *Offi.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt* Antony, Eros, Officers, *and* Sold.
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?
Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Antony's *camp near* Alexandria.
Trumpets sound. Enter Antony *and* Eros; *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Sold. Who?
One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men:—Eros, despatch. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Cæsar's *camp before* Alexandria.
Flourish. Enter Cæsar *with* Agrippa, Enobarbus, *and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* Agrippa.
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt* Cæsar *and his train.*
Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier *of* Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.
Eno. I give it you.
Sold. Mock me not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best that you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit* Soldier.
Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows[5] my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Field of battle between the camps.*
Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa, *and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*
Alarum. Enter Antony *and* Scarus, *wounded.*
Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet

(1) Shortly. (2) Put it off. (3) Handy. (4) Riveted dress, armour. (5) Swells.

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Room for six scotches[1] more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Under the walls of Alexandria. *Alarum. Enter* Antony, *marching;* Scarus, *and forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty[2]-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip[3] your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand; [*To* Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra, *attended.*

To this great fairy[4] I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o'the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness[5] to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do something mingle with our brown; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.
Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.
Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:[6]
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;[7]
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Cuts. (2) Brave. (3) Embrace.
(4) Beauty united with power, was the popular characteristic of fairies.
(5) Armour of proof.
(6) As becomes the brave warriors that own them.

SCENE IX.—Cæsar's camp. Sentinels *on their post. Enter* Enobarbus.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i'the morn.
2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to us.
Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
3 *Sold.* What man is this?
2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list to him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—
1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!
3 *Sold.* Peace;
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge[8] upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*
2 *Sold.* Let's speak
To him.
1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.
3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.
1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleeping.
2 *Sold.* Go we to him.
3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.
2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?
1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught[9] him.
Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off.*
Demurely[10] wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
3 *Sold.* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X.—Between the two camps. Enter Antony *and* Scarus, *with forces, marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would, they'd fight i'the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.[11] [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, *and his forces, marching.*

Cæs. But[12] being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

(7) Small drums.
(8) Discharge, as a sponge when squeezed discharges the moisture it had imbibed.
(9) Reached. (10) Solemnly.
(11) Discover their numbers, and see their motions. (12) Without.

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Re-enter Antony *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*
Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell; look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight. Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore![1] 'tis thou
Hath sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, begone. [*Exit* Scarus.
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt; this grave charm,[2]—
Whose eye beck'd[3] forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet,[4] my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,[5]
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!
Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?
Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts;[6] and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit* Cleo.] 'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides,[7] thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas[8] on the horns o'the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

(1) Cleopatra first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as Antony supposes, to Augustus.
(2) Deadly piece of witchcraft.
(3) Was the motion for. (4) Finish.
(5) A cheating game, at present named *pricking at the belt.*
(6) For the smallest piece of money, to clowns.

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A room in the palace. Enter* Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon[9] for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.[10]
Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive[11] not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.—*The same. Another room. Enter* Antony *and* Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack[12] dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave,[13] Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves. O, thy vile lady!

Enter Mardian

She has robb'd me of my sword.
Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.
Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Eros, unarm; the long day's task is done

(7) Hercules.
(8) The boy that brought the poisoned shirt to Hercules.
(9) Ajax Telamon for the shield of Achilles.
(10) Foaming at the mouth. (11) Split.
(12) The fleeting clouds. (13) Servant.

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And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.– Off, pluck off;—
[*Exit* Mardian.
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,[1]
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—
[*Exit* Eros.
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then,[2] and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.
Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?
Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd[3] arms, bending down
His corrigible[4] neck, his face subdued
To penetrative[5] shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?[6]
Eros. I would not see't.
Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
Eros. O, sir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship[7] of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*
Eros. My sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

(1) *i. e.* The thing that contains thee.
(2) Sealing completes a contract.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then:—[*Falls on his sword.*
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*
Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter Dercetas *and* Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and wo!
Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.
1 *Guard.* Not I.
2 *Guard.* Nor I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt* Guard.
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* Dercetas.
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd[8] with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.
Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.
1 *Guard.* We are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
All. Most heavy day!

(3) Folded. (4) Corrected. (5) Penetrating
(6) Followed. (7) Dignity. (8) Settled.

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Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.
[*Exeunt, bearing* Antony.

SCENE XIII.—The same. A monument. Enter above, Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter Diomedes.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, *borne by the Guard.*

Cleo. O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o'the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Iras;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace:
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but wo 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impórtune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—
Cleo. I dare not, dear
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd[2] with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion,[3] shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.
Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw* Antony *up.*
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken[4] with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. A heavy sight!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false house-wife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.
Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o'the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [*Dies.*
Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a stye?—O, see, my women,
The crown o'the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*
Char. O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady,—
Iras. Madam,—
Char. O madam, madam, madam!
Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras.
Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.[5]—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take heart:—
[*To the guard below.*
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off* Antony's *body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's camp before Alexandria.
Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenas, Gallus, Proculeius, *and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate,[6] tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.[7]

(1) Without light. (2) Ornamented.
(3) Sedate determination.
(4) Revive. (5) Task-work.
(6) Frustrated. (7) He trifles with us.

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Dol. Cæsar, I shall.
[*Exit* Dolabella.

Enter Dercetas, *with the sword of* Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæs. What is't thou say'st?
Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.
Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Mæc. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.
Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.
Mæc. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his[1] thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?
Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.
Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.
Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*
Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.
Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* Pro.
Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit* Gallus.
Agr. Mæc. Dolabella!
Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A room in the monument. Enter* Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,[2]
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, Proculeius, Gallus, *and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i'the face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.
Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd:

(1) Its. (2) Servant.

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[*Here* Proculeius, *and two of the guard, ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and having descended, come behind* Cleopatra *Some of the guard unbar and open the gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To* Proculeius *and the guard.* [*Exit* Gal.

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd[1] at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry[2]
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[*To* Cleopatra.

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt* Proculeius, *and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail[3] and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates[4] dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;
I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mæcenas, Seleucus, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam. [Cleo. *kneels.*

Cæs. Arise,
You shall not kneel:——
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o'the world,
I cannot project[5] mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

(1) Bound, confined. (2) Rabble. (3) Crush. (4) Silver money. (5) Shape or form.

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Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam.
Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather seel[1] my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.
Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely[2] base!
Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.
Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That, thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel[3] the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern[4] friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia,[5] and Octavia,[6] to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence; [*To* Seleucus.
Or I shall show the cinders[7] of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.
Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit* Seleucus.
Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-thought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits[8] in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.
Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i'the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so adieu.
Cleo. My master, and my lord!
Cæs. Not so: Adieu.
[*Exeunt* Cæsar, *and his train.*
Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whispers* Charmian.
Iras. Finish, good lady: the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.
Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit* Char.
Cleo. Dolabella?
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit* Dol.] Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors[9]
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o'tune: the quick[10] comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy[11] my greatness
I'the posture of a whore.
Iras. O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay, that is certain.
Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter Charmian.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare,[12] I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*Ex.* Iras. *A noise within*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

(1) Sew up. (2) Uncommonly. (3) Add to.
(4) Common. (5) Cæsar's wife.
(6) Cæsar's sister. (7) Fire.
(8) Merits or demerits.

(9) Beadles. (10) Lively.
(11) Female characters were played by boys.
(12) Job of work.

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Cleo Let him come in. How poor an instrument [*Exit* Guard.
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting[1] moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, *with a* Clown *bringing a basket.*

Guard. This is the man.
Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit* Guard.
Hast thou the pretty worm[2] of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?
Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.
Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?
Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt, —Truly, she makes a very good report o'the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.
Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.
Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.
Cleo. Farewell. [Clown *sets down the basket.*
Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.[3]
Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.
Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.
Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.
Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.
Cleo. Will it eat me?
Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.
Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.
Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Iras, *with a robe, crown, &c.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare,[4] good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come;
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian:—Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them.* Iras *falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

(1) Inconstant. (2) Serpent.
(3) Act according to his nature.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!
Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal wretch,
[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied![5]
Char. O eastern star!
Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
Char. O, break! O, break!
Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Falls on a bed, and dies.*
Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, *rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?
Char. Speak softly, wake her not.
1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—
Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies the asp.*
O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.
1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.
2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.
1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?
2 *Guard.* All dead.
Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
[*Within.*] A way there, way for Cæsar!

Enter Cæsar, *and Attendants.*

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.
Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their death?
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was last with them?
1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his basket.
Cæs. Poison'd then.
1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem

(4) Make haste.
(5) Unpolitic, to leave me to myself.

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On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.[1]
Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.
1. *Guard.* This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions[2] infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip[3] in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,

(1) Graceful appearance.
(2) Tried experiments. (3) Enfold.

In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt*

This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission, from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition.

JOHNSON.

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CYMBELINE. *Act II. — Scene 2.*

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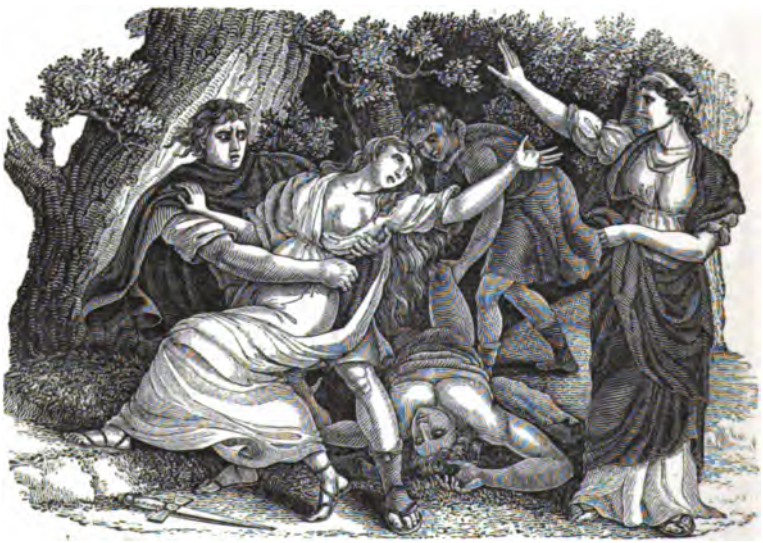

TITUS ANDRONICUS. *Act II. — Scene 3.*

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CYMBELINE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Cymbeline, *king of Britain.*
Cloten, *son to the queen by a former husband.*
Leonatus Posthumus, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*
Belarius, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*
Guiderius, Arviragus, } *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*
Philario, *friend to Posthumus,* Iachimo, *friend to Philario,* } *Italians.*
A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.
Caius Lucius, *general of the Roman forces.*
A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.
Pisanio, *servant to Posthumus.*
Cornelius, *a physician.*
Two Gentlemen.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen*
Helen, *woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Appa ritions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene, *sometimes in* Britain; *sometimes in* Italy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. *The garden behind* Cymbeline's *palace. Enter Two* Gentlemen.

1 *Gentleman.*

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods[1]
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.
2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?
1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.
2 *Gent.* None but the king?
1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
2 *Gent.* And why so?
1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: And he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.
2 *Gent.* You speak him far.[2]
1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.[3]
2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?
1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius,[4] whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o'the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father
(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that feated[5] them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.
2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?
1 *Gent.* His only child
He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I'the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen: and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.
2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?
1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

(1) Inclination, natural disposition.
(2) *i. e.* You praise him extensively.
(3) My praise, however extensive, is within his merit.
(4) The father of Cymbeline.
(5) Formed their manners.

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2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!
1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.
2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.
1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. Enter the Queen, Posthumus, *and* Imogen.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
[*Exit* Queen.
Imo. O,
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.
Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him
[*Aside.*
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*
Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!
Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up[1] my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense[2] can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline *and Lords.*

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught[3] the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth: thou heapest
A year's age on me!
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare[4]
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience.
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That might'st have had the sole[5] son of my queen!
Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.[6]
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What!—art thou mad!
Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were
A neat-herd's[7] daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done
[*To the* Queen
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.[8]
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,

(1) Close up. (2) Sensation. (3) Fill.
(4) A more exquisite feeling. (5) Only.
(6) A kite. (7) Cattle-keeper's.
(8) Consideration.

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Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?
Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?
Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.
Pis. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.
Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A public place. Enter Cloten, *and two* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.
Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have I hurt him?
2 *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*
1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcase, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.
2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went o'the backside the town. [*Aside.*
Clo. The villain would not stand me.
2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*
1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.
2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside.*
Clo. I would, they had not come between us.
2 *Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*
Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!
2 *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*Aside.*
1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together:[1] She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.[2]
2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*

(1) Her beauty and sense are not equal.
(2) To understand the force of this idea, it should be remembered that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism, underneath it.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!
2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*
Clo. You'll go with us?
1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.
Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.
2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A room in Cymbeline's *palace. Enter* Imogen *and* Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shore's o'the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?
Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*
Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.
Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?
Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.
Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings: crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.[3]
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons,[4] for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.
Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.
Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exe.*

SCENE V.—Rome. *An apartment in* Philario's *house. Enter* Philario, Iachimo, *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain

(3) Opportunity.
(4) Meet me with reciprocal prayer.

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he was then of a crescent note;[1] expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished,[2] than now he is, with that which makes[3] him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend[4] him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone[5] my countryman and you; It had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance[6] of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded[7] one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours o' Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.[8]

Iach. As fair, and as good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince[9] the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused[10] in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation[11] of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring

(1) Increasing in fame. (2) Accomplished. (3) Forms him. (4) Praise. (5) Reconcile. (6) Importunity, instigation. (7) Destroyed.

(8) Lover,—I speak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty whom I enjoy.

(9) Overcome. (10) Deceived. (11) Proof

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from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation,[1] for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exe.* Posthumus *and* Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Britain. *A room in* Cymbeline's *palace. Enter* Queen, Ladies, *and* Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.—— [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions?[2] I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none human,)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—
[*To* Pisanio.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think, she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.
[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench;[3] and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,[4]
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans:
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
[*The* Queen *drops a box:* Pisanio *takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit* Pis.]—A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold

(1) Recommendation. (2) Experiments. (3) *i. e.* Grow cool. (4) To change his abode.

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The hand fast to her lord. I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers[1] for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter Pisanio, *and Ladies.*

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet: Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* Queen *and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Ex.*

SCENE VII.—Another room in the same. Enter Imogen.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd:—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which season's comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio *and* Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.
[*Presents a letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
[*Aside.*
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.
Imo. [Reads.]—*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindness I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*
LEONATUS.
So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i'the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows[2] the other: Nor i'the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i'the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyed will
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.
Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, sir, desire [*To* Pisanio.
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.[3]
Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit* Pisanio.
Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?
Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from 's free lungs, cries, *O!*
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?
Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I'the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to 'venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me

(1) Ambassadors. (2) Making mouths. (3) Shy and foolish.

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What both you spur and stop.[1]
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then,)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,[2]
Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys,[3] hir'd with that self-exhibition[4]
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.
Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.
Imo. What ho, Pisanio!
Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—
Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan[5] you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.
Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i'the court for yours.
Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.
Imo. Pray, what is't?
Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
(The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,[6]
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?
Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.
Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.
Imo. O, no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.
Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?
Iach. O, I must, madam;
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.
Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Court before Cymbeline's *palace.*
Enter Cloten, *and two* Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when

(1) What you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold.
(2) Sovereign command. (3) Wantons.
(4) Allowance, pension.
(5) To fan, is to winnow. (6) A stranger.

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I kissed the jack upon an up-cast,[1] to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion[2] that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus? a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't!

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate,[3] my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt* Cloten *and first* Lord.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*

(1) He is describing his fate at bowls; the jack is the small bowl at which the others are aimed.
(2) Fellow. (3) *i. e.* Degrade yourself.

SCENE II.—A bed-chamber; in one part of it a trunk. Imogen *reading in her bed; a* Lady *attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam:

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o'the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit* Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps.* Iachimo, *from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes,[4] ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o'the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.[5]—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures:—There the window:—Such
The adornment of her bed;—The arras,[6] figures,
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'the story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her bracelet*

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that dawning
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three,—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

(4) It was anciently the custom to strew chambers with rushes.
(5) *i. e.* The white skin laced with blue veins.
(6) Tapestry.

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SCENE III.—An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's *apartment. Enter* Cloten *and* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o'mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd[1] flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better:[2] if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt* Musicians.

Enter Cymbeline *and* Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season:[3] make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, embassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.
[*Exeunt* Cym. Queen, Lords, *and* Mess.

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
[*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;

(1) Cups. (2) Will pay you more for it. (3) With solicitations not only proper, but well-timed.

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That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal:[1] and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity
(To accuse myself,) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;[2]
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o'the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding[3] for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter Pisanio.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprited[4] with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit* Pis.

Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An apartment in* Philario's *house.* *Enter* Posthumus *and* Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain here.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe
(Statist[5] though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers,[6] they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring: and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but

(1) So verbose, so full of talk.
(2) In knots of their own tying.
(3) A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery.
(4) Haunted.
(5) Statesman.
(6) To those who try them.

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By both your wills.
Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bed-chamber
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——
Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.[1]
Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then if you can,
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.
Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.
Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too; [*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance: love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure, false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?
Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—They induc'd to steal it?
And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance[2] of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of——
Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!
Iach. I'll be sworn,——
Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.
Iach. I will deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something—— [*Exit.*
Phi. Quite beside
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—The same. Another room in the same. Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd

(1) Torches in the hands of Cupids.

(2) The badge; the token.

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The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency[1] so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. *A room of state in* Cymbeline's *palace. Enter* Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, *and* Lords, *at one door; and at another,* Caius Lucius, *and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Live's in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag,
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame:* with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglet[2] fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'the world,) against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance;[3] I am perfect,[4]
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which not to read, would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another room in the same. Enter* Pisanio.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!

(1) Modesty. (2) Strumpet. (3) Extremity of defiance. (4) Well informed.

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O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous-tongu'd, as handed,) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in[1] some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: the letter*
[Reading.
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary[2] for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.
Imo. How now, Pisanio?
Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physic love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news,
gods! [*Reads.*

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven. What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord: who
long'st,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me: yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick,[3]
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get
hence:
Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?
Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.
Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i'the clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say,
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding-suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's[4] housewife.
Pis. Madam, you're best consider.
Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Wales. *A mountainous country, with a cave. Enter* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This
gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows
you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet[5] through,
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.
Gui. Hail, heaven!
Arv. Hail, heaven!
Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con-
sider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told
you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded[6] beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.[7]
Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor
unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'the nest; nor know
not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.[8]
Arv. What should we speak of,

(1) To *take in* a town, is to conquer it.
(2) Confederate.
(3) Crowd one word on another, as fast as possible.
(4) A freeholder's.
(5) Strut, walk proudly. (6) Scaly-winged.
(7) *i. e.* Compared with ours.
(8) To overpass his bound.

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When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I'the name of fame, and honour; which dies i'the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords: and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft,)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o'the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt* Gui. *and* Arv.
How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly
I'the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Ex.*

(1) For behaviour.

SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven. *Enter* Pisanio *and* Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a haviour[1] of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress,* Pisanio, *hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou,* Pisanio, *must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at* Milford-Haven: *she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? That's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay[2] of Italy,

(2) *Putta*, in Italian, signifies both a jay and a whore.

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Whose mother was her painting,[1] hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens[2] my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;
Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures[3] of the loyal Leonatus,
All turned to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of wo.
And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st[4] on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing:
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I'the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest; Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The embassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan;[5] and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

(1) Likeness. (2) Cowards. (3) The writings. (4) Feedest or preyest on. (5) The sun.

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Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy[1] (which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me,[2] rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I'm soldier to,[3] and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell:
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!
Imo. Amen: I thank thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A room in Cymbeline's *palace.*
Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, *and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.
Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner; Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt* Lucius, *and Lords.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.
Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Attend. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.
Queen. Go, look after.— [*Exit* Cloten
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthúmus: Gone she is,
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?
Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.
Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day!
[*Exit* Queen.
Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman;[4] from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

(1) *i. e.* Wherein you are *accomplished.*
(2) As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.
(3) Equal to.
(4) Than any *lady*, than all *ladies*, than all *womankind.*

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Enter Pisanio.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.
Pis. O, good my lord!
Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.
Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.
Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?
Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!
Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge,
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*
Clo. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. [*Aside.*
Clo. Humph!
Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*
Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pis. Sir, as I think.
Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldest neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.
Pis. Well, my good lord.
Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?
Pis. Sir, I will.
Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?
Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.
Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.
Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?
Pis. Ay, my noble lord.
Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?
Pis. She can scarce be there yet.
Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou shalt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*
Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—Before the cave of Belarius. *Enter* Imogen, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o'the false ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,[1] and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:[2]
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!
Gui. I am throughly weary
Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite

(1) Best hunter. (2) Agreement.

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Gui. 'There is cold meat i'the cave; we'll browze on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.
Bel. Stay; come not in: [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.
Gui. What's the matter, sir?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.
Gui. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.
Bel. What is your name?
Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in[1] this offence.
Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds,
By this rude place we live in. Well encountered!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.
Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.
Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. [*Aside.*
Bel. He wrings at some distress.
Gui. 'Would, I could free't!
Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing[2] multitudes,)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.
Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Gui. Pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.
Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Rome. *Enter two* Senators *and* Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!
Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
2 *Sen.* Ay.
Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.
Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The forest, near the cave. Enter Cloten.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for[3] 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions[4] yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Before the cave. Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen.

Bel. You are not well: [*To* Imogen.] remain here in the cave;

(1) In, for into. (2) Unsteady. (3) *i. e.* Because. (4) In single combat

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We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, stay here: [*To* Imogen.
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not;—yet am I not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you leave me;
Stick to your journal[1] course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.
Bel. O noble strain! [*Aside.*
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.
Arv. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wish ye sport.
Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.
Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious[2] seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.
Gui. I could not stir him:
He said, he was gentle,[3] but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And so shalt be ever.
[*Exit* Imogen.
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs[4] together.
Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.
Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o'the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.
Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exe.* Bel. *and* Arv.
Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave, without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.
Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afear'd?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads;
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Belarius *and* Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

(1) Keep your daily course.
(2) Imperial. (3) Well-born.
(4) Spurs are the roots of trees.

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Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour[1]
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, *with* Cloten's *head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Bet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I am perfect,[2] what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,[3]
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.
Bel. We are all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For[4] we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?
Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation;[5] ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.[6]
Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck.[7] [*Exit.*
Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain[8] his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*
Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweat head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*
Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,[9]
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter Arviragus, *bearing* Imogen *as dead in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare[10]
Might easiliest harbour in!—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made but I,

(1) Countenance.
(2) I am well-informed what.
(3) Conquer, subdue. (4) For, because.
(5) Change, alteration.
(6) Did make my walk tedious.
(7) Care. (8) Regain, restore. (9) Trifles.
(10) A slow-sailing, unwieldy vessel.

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Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?
Arv. Stark,[1] as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Gui. Where?
Arv. O'the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues[2] from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.
Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock[3] would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground[4] thy corse.
Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.
Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?
Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.
Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.
Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.
Arv. We'll speak it then.
Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid[5] for that: Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.
Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit* Belarius.
Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.
Arv. 'Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

(1) Stiff. (2) Shoes plated with iron.
(3) The red-breast.
(4) Probably a corrupt reading, for, *wither round* thy corse.
(5) Punished.

Arv. So,—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o'the sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o'the great,*
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*
Arv. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*
Gui. *Fear not slander, censure[6] rash;*
Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
Consign[7] to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet consummation have;*
And renowned be thy grave![8]

Re-enter Belarius, *with the body of* Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces:—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strew.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again;
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[*Exeunt* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.
Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins![9]—can it be six miles yet?
I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt[10] of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthúmus!
I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial[11] face.—
Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,

(6) Judgment. (7) Seal the same contract.
(8) See W. Collins's song at the end of the Play.
(9) This diminutive adjuration is derived from *God's my pity.*
(10) An arrow. (11) A face like Jove's.

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All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous[1] devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this wo here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant![2]
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us; O, my lord, my lord!

Enter Lucius, *a* Captain *and other Officers, and a* Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the cónfiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o'the wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?
Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,)
Success to the Roman host.
Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.
Cap. He is alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident,[3] cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.
Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.
Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
[*Aside.*
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele.
Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.
Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes[4] can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.
Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes;
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A room in Cymbeline's *palace.*
Enter Cymbeline, Lords, *and* Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.
Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.
1 Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.
Cym. The time's troublesome

(1) Lawless, licentious.
(2) *i. e.* 'Tis a ready, opposite conclusion.
(3) The west.
(4) Her fingers.

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We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[*To* Pisanio.
Does yet depend.
1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.
Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!
I am amaz'd with matter.[1]
1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront[2] no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put those powers[3] in motion,
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw:
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*
Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note[4] o'the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Before the cave. Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts[5]
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render[6]
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,[7]
To know from whence we are.
Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.
Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.
Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!
Arv. So say I; Amen.
Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exe.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A field between the British *and* Roman *camps. Enter* Posthumus, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying[8] but a little?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on[9] this: so had you saw'd
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,

(1) Confounded by a variety of business.
(2) Encounter. (3) Forces.
(4) Notice. (5) Revolters.
(6) An account. (7) Noticing us.
(8) Deviating from the right way.
(9) Incite, instigate.

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Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o'the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o'the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The same. Enter at one side, Lucius, Iachimo, *and the Roman army; at the other side, the British army;* Leonatus Posthumus *following it, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish,* Iachimo *and* Posthumus: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* Iachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl,[1]
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.
[*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons *fly;* Cymbeline *is taken: then enter, to his rescue,* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter Posthumus, *and seconds the* Britons: *They rescue* Cymbeline, *and exeunt. Then, enter* Lucius, Iachimo, *and* Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another part of the field. Enter Posthumus *and a* British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd[2]
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.
Lord. Where was this lane?
Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings (lads more like to run
The country base,[3] than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, *Stand, stand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began
A stop i'the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages,) became
The life o'the need; having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
O'erborne i'the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughterman of twenty:
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs[4] o'the field.
Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.
Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.
Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.
Lord. Farewell, you are angry. [*Exit.*
Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i'the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own wo charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words, or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i'the war.—Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is,

(1) Clown. (2) Block'd up.
(3) A country-game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*.
(4) Terrors.

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Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take; For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, *and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront[1] with them.
1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported:
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?
Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell,
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, *attended;* Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, *and* Roman *captives. The* Captains *present* Posthumus *to* Cymbeline, *who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV.—A prison. Enter Posthumus, *and two* Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.
2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt* Gaolers.
Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'the gout: since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,[2]
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*

Solemn music[3] *Enter, as an apparition,* Sicilius Leonatus, *father to* Posthumus, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient Matron, his wife, and mother to* Posthumus, *with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to* Posthumus, *with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle* Posthumus *round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he staid
Attending nature's law.
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes:
That from me was Posthúmus ript;
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!
Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?
Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck[4] and scorn
O'the other's villany?
2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthúmus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries:
Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.
2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an Eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

(1) Encounter. (2) Fetters.
(3) This scene is supposed not to be Shakspeare's, but foisted in by the Players for mere show.
(4) The fool.

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Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence: and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress't;
No care of yours it is, you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.
[*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[*Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
Gone; they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow: then shall* Posthumus *end his miseries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump[1] the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.
[*Exeunt* Posthumus *and* Messenger.

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.[2] Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Cymbeline's *tent.* *Enter* Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, *Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Wo is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe[3] of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

(1) Hazard. (2) Forward. (3) Target, shield.

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Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.
By whom, I grant, she lives; 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.
Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.
Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise, my knights o'the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius *and* Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o'the court of Britain.
Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.
Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.
Cym. Pr'ythee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.
Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.
Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.
Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did so, please your highness.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *the* Soothsayer, *and other* Roman *Prisoners, guarded;* Posthumus *behind, and* Imogen.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted;
So, think of your estate.
Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods,
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat,[1] so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir
And spare no blood beside.
Cym. I have surely seen him.
His favour[2] is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.
Imo. I humbly thank your highness
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.
Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing,
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.
Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?
Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?
Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.
[Cymbeline *and* Imogen *converse apart.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

(1) Ready, dextrous. (2) Countenance.

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Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let's see further.
Pis. It is my mistress: [*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.
[Cymbeline *and* Imogen *come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To* Iach.] step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. What's that to him? [*Aside.*
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail[1] to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthúmus
(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye:——
Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthúmus
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom he prais'd (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring,
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,——
Post. Ay, so thou dost, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.[2]
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o'the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthúmus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!
Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear,—
Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her; she falls.*
Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help
Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthúmus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!
Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggers on me?
Pis. Wake, my mistress
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me

(1) Sink into dejection.

(2) Not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.

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To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.
Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.
Cor. O gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.
Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft impórtun'd me
To temper[1] poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.
Gui. This is sure, Fidele.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. Your blessing, sir.
[*Kneeling.*
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't. [*To* Gui. *and* Arv.
Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.
Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forfend![2]
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.
Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could roar so to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.
Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger is
Ours.
Gui. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.
Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my issue?
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,

(1) Mix, compound. (2) Forbid.

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For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brother,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce[1] abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.[2]—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long intergatories. See,
Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.
[*To* Belarius.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd:—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again:
[*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother:
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows[3]
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking, find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air: and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall* Posthumus *end his miseries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being *Leo-natus*, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* Cymbeline—
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier* I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about[4]
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming—

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

(1) Vehement, rapid.
(2) *i. e.* Which ought to be rendered distinct by an ample narrative.
(3) Ghostly appearances.
(4) Embraced.

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Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin :—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice (both on her and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.
Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: So through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt.*

This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.

JOHNSON.

SONG,

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

To fair Fidele's *grassy tomb,*
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks his quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempest shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Saturninus, *son to the late emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared emperor himself.*
Bassianus, *brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*
Titus Andronicus, *a noble Roman, general against the Goths.*
Marcus Andronicus, *tribune of the people; and brother to Titus.*
Lucius, Quintus, Martius, Mutius, } *sons to Titus Andronicus.*
Young Lucius, *a boy, son to Lucius.*
Publius, *son to Marcus the tribune.*
Æmilius, *a noble Roman.*

Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, } *sons to Tamora.*
Aaron, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.
Goths, and Romans.

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths.*
Lavinia, *daughter to Titus Andronicus.*
A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene, Rome; *and the country near it.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Capitol. The tomb of the* Andronici *appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the senate. Enter, below,* Saturninus *and his Followers, on one side; and* Bassianus *and his Followers, on the other; with drum and colours.*

Saturninus.

NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title[1] with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus *aloft, with the crown.*

Mar. Princes that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by their common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited[2] home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.
[*Exeunt the Followers of* Bassianus.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.
[*Exeunt the Followers of* Saturninus.
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor
[Sat. *and* Bas. *go into the Capitol, and exeunt with Senators,* Marcus, *&c.*

(1) *i. e.* Title to the succession. (2) Summoned.

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SCENE II.—The same. Enter a Captain, *and others.*

Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter Mutius *and* Martius: *after them, two men bearing a coffin, covered with black; then* Quintus *and* Lucius. *After them,* Titus Andronicus; *and then* Tamora, *with* Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, Aaron, *and other* Goths, *prisoners; Soldiers and People, following. The bearers set down the coffin, and* Titus *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught,[1]
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,[2]
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*The tomb is opened.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.[3]

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion[4] for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.
[*Exeunt* Lucius, Quintus, Martius, *and* Mutius, *with* Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter Lucius, Quintus, Martius, *and* Mutius, *with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise![5]

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Saturninus, Bassianus, *and others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.

(1) Freight.
(2) Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.
(3) It was supposed that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to solicit the rites of funeral.
(4) Suffering.
(5) He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.

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Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,[1]
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament[2] of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I don[3] this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's[4] rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*
[*A long flourish.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor; [*To* Tamora.
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith[5] true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing* Lavinia.

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The emperor courts* Tamora *in dumb show.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* Marcus *and* Bassianus, *with* Lavinia.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* Lucius, Quintus, *and* Martius.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [Titus *kills* Mutius.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust: and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,

(1) The maxim alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced happy before his death.

(2) A robe. (3) *i. e.* Do on, put it on.
(4) The sun's. (5) Since.

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Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale[1] of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle[2] in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt* Saturninus, *and his followers;* Tamora, *and her Sons;* Aaron *and Goths.*

Tit. I am not bid[3] to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to talk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, *and* Martius.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[Marcus *and the Sons of* Titus *kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[Mutius *is put into the tomb.*

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, Saturninus, *attended;* Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, *and* Aaron: *At the other,* Bassianus, Lavinia, *and others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

(1) A stalking-horse. (2) A ruffler was a bully. (3) Invited.

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In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.
Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
Sat. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome forfend,[1]
I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne,
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone: *Aside.*
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.
Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

(1) Forbid. (2) Favour.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bonjour.*
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exe.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. Before the palace. Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.——
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *braving.*

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all;
And so in this to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;[2]
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
Aar. Clubs, clubs![3] these lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier[4] by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,

(3) This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened.
(4) A sword worn in dancing.

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And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot[1] the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.
Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
Aar. Away, I say.—
Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.
Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.
Aar. To achieve her!—How?
Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,[2] we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.
Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*
Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.
Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
To square[3] for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?
Chi. I'faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me,
So I were one.
Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind[4] for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred[5] wit,
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns:
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice
Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A forest near Rome. *A lodge seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of hounds heard. Enter* Titus Andronicus, *with hunters, &c.* Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, *and* Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a peal. Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, *and Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Bas. Lavinia, how say you?
Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [*To* Tamora.
Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.
Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Ext.*

(1) Know. (2) Slice. (3) Quarrel. (4) By nature. (5) *Sacred* here signifies *accursed;* a Latinism.

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SCENE III.—A desert part of the forest. Enter Aaron, *with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit[1] it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,[2]
[*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel[3] must lose her tongue to-day:
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—
Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel[4] of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes;
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter Bassianus *and* Lavinia.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal emperess,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's: and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day:
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew;
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms,
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.
[*Stabs* Bassianus.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

(1) Possess. (2) Disquiet.
(3) See Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book VI.
(4) Part. (5) Hedgehogs.

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Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.
Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.
Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.
Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—
Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.
Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory
To see her tears: but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman's pity.
[*To* Chiron.
Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard?
Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!
Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.
Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless:—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.
Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.
Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.
Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.
Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——
Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou her husband; [*Dragging off* Lav.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
[*Exeunt.*
Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The same. Enter Aaron, *with* Quintus *and* Martius.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.
Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.
[Martius *falls into the pit.*
Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mart. O, brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.
Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here;
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.
[*Exit* Aaron.
Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stain'd hole?
Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.
[*Falls in*

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Enter Saturninus *and* Aaron.

Sat. Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought thither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.
Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, *with Attendants;* Titus Andronicus, *and* Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*
The complot of this timeless[1] tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
Sat. [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.
O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.
Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*
Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*To* Tit.] fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life:—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!
Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,——
Sat. If it be proved! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.
Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.—The same. Enter Demetrius *and* Chiron, *with* Lavinia, *ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.
Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exeunt* Demetrius *and* Chiron.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honest breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath defloured thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's[2] feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eye?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

(1) Untimely. (2) Orpheus.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A street. Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with* Martius *and* Quintus, *bound, passing on to the place of execution:* Titus *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, these tribunes, in the dust I write
[*Throwing himself on the ground.*
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.*
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, *with his sword drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.
Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.
Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.
Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.
Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?
Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.
Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

(1) The river Nile.

Enter Marcus *and* Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.
Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.
Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!
Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus,[1] it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this wo, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.
Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!
Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here, my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd? like meadows, yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?

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And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And make a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,[1]
Thy napkin[2] cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of wo is this?
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor,
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* Lucius *and* Marcus.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

(1) Know. (2) Handkerchief. (3) Sufferings.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.
[*Aside.*

[*He cuts off* Titus's *hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is despatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villany [*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call;—What, wilt thou kneel with me?
[*To* Lavinia.
Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions[3] bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin[4] with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?[5]
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But, like a drunkard, must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, *with two heads and a hand.*

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That wo is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an everburning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!

(4) The sky. (5) Stir, bustle.

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That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[Lavinia *kisses him.*
Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.
Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?
Mar. Now, farewell flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?
Tit. Ha, ha, ha!
Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.
Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt* Titus, Marcus, *and* Lavinia.
Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A room in Titus's *house. A banquet set out. Enter* Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, *and young* Lucius, *a boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of wo, that thus dost talk in signs!
[*To* Lavinia.
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.
Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thoughts;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still[2] practice, learn to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[Marcus *strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother.
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.
Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
Here's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—

(1) An allusion to brewing.

(2) Constant or continual practice.

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Ah, sirrah![1]—
Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. Before Titus's *house. Enter* Titus *and* Marcus. *Then enter young* Lucius, Lavinia *running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.
Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean:
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.[2]
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
Mar. Lucius, I will.
[Lavinia *turns over the books which* Lucius *has let fall.*
Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see:—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence[3] thus?
Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact:—Ay, more there was:—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;
My mother gave't me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:—
What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes[4] the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless,[5] vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!——
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.
Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—Look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*
Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*
Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.
Mar. What, what!—The lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?
Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,[6]
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad[7] of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind

(1) This was formerly not a disrespectful expression.
(2) Tully's Treatise on Eloquence, entitled *Orator.*
(3) Succession. (4) To quote is to observe.
(5) Pitiless. (6) Husband.
(7) The point of a spear.

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Will blow these sands, like sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?
Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.
Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.
Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir: and we'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt* Titus, Lavinia, *and* Boy.
Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield:
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The same. A room in the palace.
Enter Aaron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *at one door; at another door, young* Lucius, *and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.
Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.
[*Aside.*
Dem. Gramercy,[1] lovely Lucius: What's the news?
Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,
My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains. [*Exeunt* Boy *and Attendant.*
Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let's see;
Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.
Chi. O, tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.
Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace:—right, you have it.
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt; } *Aside.*
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.— } *Aside.*
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.
Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.
Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.
Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.
Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er. [*Aside. Flourish.*
Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, *with a black-a-moor child in her arms.*

Nur. Good-morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or wo betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from Heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. Done! that which thou
Canst not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.
Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Wo to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!
Chi. It shall not live.
Aar. It shall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.
Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

(1) i. e. *Grand merci;* great thanks.

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Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point;
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.
Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
[*Takes the child from the* Nurse, *and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,[1]
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides,[2] nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre,[3] all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.
Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.[4]
Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:[5]
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you:
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.
Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit on the ground.*
Dem. How many women saw this child of his?
Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?
Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.
Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:
To to the empress; tell her, this I said:—
[*Stabbing her.*
Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.
Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?

(1) A giant, the son of Titan and Terra.
(2) Hercules. (3) In spite of.

Aar. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack[6] with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see, that I have given her physic, [*Pointing to the* Nurse.
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.
Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.
Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt* Dem. *and* Chi. *bearing off the* Nurse
Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The same. A public place. Enter Titus, *bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other* Gentlemen, *with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astræa reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.
Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?
Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,

(4) *i. e.* Ignominy. (5) Complexion.
(6) Contrive, bargain with.

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Till time beget some careful remedy.
Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.
Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters? What,
Have you met with her?
Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size:
But metal, Marcus; steel to the very back;
Yet wrung[1] with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:
And sith[2] there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak[3] our wrongs:
Come, to this gear.[4] You are a good archer, Marcus. [*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—
Ad Martem, that's for myself;—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:
O'my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.
Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.
Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.
Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.
Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.
Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.
Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy.

Enter a Clown, *with a basket and two pigeons.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?
Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.
Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?
Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.
Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?
Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.
Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?
Clo. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs,[5] to take up a matter of brawl, betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.
Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.
Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?
Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.
Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?
Clo. Ay, sir.
Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand: see you do it bravely.
Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.
Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.
Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.
Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go:—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The same. Before the palace.
Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, *Lords, and others:* Saturninus, *with the arrows in his hand, that* Titus *shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus: and, for the extent
Of egal[6] justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.
Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,

(1) Strained. (2) Since. (3) Revenge.
(4) Dress, furniture.

(5) The clown means to say *plebeian tribune*, *i. e.* tribune of the people.
(6) Equal.

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Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts.—Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to glozel with all: [*Aside.*
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den:—I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [Saturninus *reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds;
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head; and, with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often overheard them say
(When I have walked like a private man,)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious,[2] like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint[3] their melody:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our embassador; [*To* Æmilius.
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
[*Exit* Æmilius.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.
[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome. *Enter* Lucius, *and* Goths, *with drum and colours.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,[4]
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, *leading* Aaron, *with his child in his arms.*

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam.
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,

(1) Flatter. (2) Imperial. (3) Stop. (4) Harm.

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Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.
Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;[1]
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.
Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.
Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which* Aaron *is obliged to ascend.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!
Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.
Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.
Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;
To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.
Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.
Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!
Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.
Luc. O, détestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?
Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

(1) Alluding to the proverb, 'A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye.'

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them,
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses
Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.
Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!
Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter Æmilius.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?
Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house;
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.
1 *Goth.* What says our general?
Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,

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And we will come.—March away.[1] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. -Rome. *Before* Titus's *house. Enter* Tamora, Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *disguised.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter Titus, *above.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light:
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stand;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit* Titus, *from above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that hath done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him: and when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress, and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house: and he shall feast with them.

(1) Perhaps this is a stage-direction, crept into the text.

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This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.
Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.
[*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Tam. What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
[*Aside.*
And tarry with him, till I come again.
Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.
[*Aside.*
Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.
Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit* Tam.
Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius, *and others.*

Pub. What's your will?
Tit. Know you these two?
Pub. Th' empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.
Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.
[*Exit* Titus.—Publius, *&c. lay hold on* Chiron *and* Demetrius.
Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter Titus Andronicus, *with* Lavinia; *she bearing a bason, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin! I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III.—The same. A pavilion, with tables, &c. Enter Lucius, Marcus, *and* Goths, *with* Aaron, *prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
1 *Goth.* And ours, with thine, befall what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.
Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—
[*Exeunt* Goths, *with* Aaron. *Flourish.*
The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus *and* Tamora, *with* Tribunes, Senators, *and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
Luc. What boots[2] it thee, to call thyself a sun?
Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break[3] the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will.
[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*

Enter Titus, *dressed like a cook,* Lavinia, *veiled, young* Lucius, *and others.* Titus *places the dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord: welcome, dread queen;

(1) Crust of a raised pye.

(2) Advantage, benefit. (3) *i. e.* Begin the parley

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Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.
Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?
Sat. It was, Andronicus.
Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?
Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
[*He kills* Lavinia.
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!
Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was:
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.
Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.
Tit. Will't please you eat; will't please your highness feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?
Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.
[*Killing* Tamora.
Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.
[*Killing* Titus.
Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[*Kills* Saturninus. *A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse.* Marcus, Lucius, *and their partisans, ascend the steps before* Titus's *house.*
Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.
Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To* Lucius.] as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i'the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.
Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.
Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,
[*Pointing to the child in the arms of an Attendant.*
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss? Shew us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.
Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.
Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal emperor!

Lucius, *&c. descend.*

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
[*To an Attendant.*
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gracious governor!
Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I g vern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her wo!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—

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For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof:—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kisses* Titus.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and wo:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, *with* Aaron.

1 *Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt*

All the editors and critics agree in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays.

JOHNSON.

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TO
PUBLIC
ASTOR
TILDE

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PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE. *Act III. — Scene* 2.

Vol. II. — p. 337.

KING LEAR. *Act IV. — Scene* 7.

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PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Antiochus, *king of Antioch.*
Pericles, *prince of Tyre.*
Helicanus, } *two lords of Tyre.*
Escanes, }
Simonides, *king of Pentapolis.*
Cleon, *governor of Tharsus.*
Lysimachus, *governor of Mitylene.*
Cerimon, *a lord of Ephesus.*
Thaliard, *a lord of Antioch.*
Philemon, *servant to Cerimon.*
Leonine, *servant to Dionyza.* *Marshal.*
A Pandar, and his Wife. Boult, *their servant.*
Gower, *as chorus.*

The Daughter *of Antiochus.*
Dionyza, *wife to Cleon.*
Thaisa, *daughter to Simonides.*
Marina, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
Lychorida, *nurse to Marina.*
Diana.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

Scene, *dispersedly in various countries.*[1]

(1) That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe, that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre* a city of Phœnicia, in Asia; *Tarsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capitol of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean sea; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.

ACT I.

Enter Gower.[1] *Before the palace of* Antioch.

To sing a song of old[2] was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales;[3]
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
'Purpose to make men glorious;
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This city then, Antioch the great
Built up for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors say:)
This king unto him took a pheere,[4]
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad father! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom, what they did begin,
Was, with long use, account[5] no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law
(To keep her still, and men in awe,)
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.[6]
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Antioch. *A room in the palace.* *Enter* Antiochus, Pericles, *and Attendants.*

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. [*Music.*
Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd,)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter *of* Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence

(1) Chorus, in the character of Gower, an ancient English poet, who has related the story of this play in his *Confessio Amantis.*
(2) *i. e.* That of old. (3) Whitsun-ales, &c.
(4) Wife, the word signifies a mate or companion.

(5) Accounted.
(6) Pointing to the scene of the palace gate at Antioch, on which the heads of those unfortunate wights were fixed.

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Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,——

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's act, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling wo,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth, from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
[*To the* Daughter *of* Antiochus.
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous!
In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the riddle.]

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[*Takes hold of the hand of the princess.*
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings:
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;
But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear.
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd[1] hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is wrong'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning;—
But I will gloze[2] with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;[3]
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.
[*Exeunt* Antiochus, *his* Daughter, *and Attend.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like a hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where[4] now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean

(1) Rising to a top or head. (2) Flatter, insinuate. (3) To the destruction of your life. (4) Whereas

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To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends on us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call?
Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions to your secresy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough;
Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.
[*Exit* Messenger.
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, prince Pericles is dead.
Thal. My lord, If I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so farewell to your highness.
[*Exit.*
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Tyre. *A room in the palace.* *Enter* Pericles, Helicanus, *and other* Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: Why this charge of thoughts?
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet!
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me;—the great Antiochus
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.
1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!
Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt* Lords.] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what see'st thou in our looks?
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.
Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face!
Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.
Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
Per. Rise, pr'ythee, rise;
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?
Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled;
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years.
And should he doubt it (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

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Hel. Alas, sir!
Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.
Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence—
Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbs[1] we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,[2]
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Tyre. *An ante-chamber in the palace. Enter* Thaliard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and, if I do not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus, Escanes, *and other Lords.*

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.
Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*
Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——
Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*
Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,)
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal. Well, I perceive [*Aside.*
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

(1) In our different spheres. (2) Overcome.
(3) To *jet* is to strut, to walk proudly.

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. *A room in the Governor's house. Enter* Cleon, Dionyza, *and Attendants.*

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?
Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.
Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air: our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.
Dio. I'll do my best, sir.
Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)
For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted[3] and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim[4] them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.
Dio. O, 'tis too true.
Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nouse[5] up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?
Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it
Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!

(4) To dress them by. (5) Nurse fondly.

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The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?
Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.
Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.
Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,[1]
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.
Lord. That's the least fear: for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.
Cle. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, what need we fear?
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.
Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*
Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;[2]
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles, *with Attendants.*

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily[3] may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half dead.
All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.
Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.
Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of Heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exe.*

ACT II.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis,[4] to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation[5]
(To whom I give my benizon,[6])
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb show. Enter at one door Pericles, *talking with* Cleon; *all the train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman with a letter to* Pericles; Pericles *shows the letter to* Cleon; *then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt* Pericles, Cleon, *&c. severally.*

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; forth he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower: this long's the text. [*Ex.*

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. *An open place by the sea-side. Enter* Pericles, *wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche!
2 *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.
1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!
3 *Fish.* What say you, master?
1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.
3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.
1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it griev'd my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

(1) Forces. (2) If he stands on peace.
(3) Perhaps. (4) Know.
(5) *i. e.* Conduct, behaviour. (6) Blessing.

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3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh; a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides!

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of man;
And from their wat'ry empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks,[1] and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the* Fishermen.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir; do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects
He gains the name of good, by his government.
How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney[2] for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires,
I'd wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter the two Fishermen, *drawing up a net.*

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge (even as he left his life,)
Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death (and pointed to this brace:)
For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,
Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though, calm'd, they give't again:
I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with't I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.
Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his bidding[4] on my arm;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—

(1) Pancakes. (2) To tilt, mock-fight. (3) Armour for the arm. (4) Keeping.

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Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.[1]
2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.
Per. Then honour be but a gaol to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. A public way, or platform, leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c. Enter Simonides, Thaisa, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?
1 *Lord.* They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.
Sim. Return them,[2] we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.
[*Exit a* Lord.
Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.
Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.[3]
Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer[4] himself?
Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word,[5] *Lux tua vita mihi.*
Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.
[*The second Knight passes.*
Who is the second, that presents himself?
Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.*[6] [*The third Knight passes.*
Sim. And what's the third?
Thai. The third, of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*
[*The fourth Knight passes.*
Sim. What is the fourth?
Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down:
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*
Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.
[*The fifth Knight passes.*
Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*
[*The sixth Knight passes.*
Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?
Thai. He seems a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*
Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.
1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock,[7] than the lance.
2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.
3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust,
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*
[*Great shouts, and all cry,* The mean knight[1]

SCENE III.—The same. A hall of state.—A banquet prepared. Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, Knights, *and Attendants.*

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are my guests.
Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'the feast
(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.
Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.
Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.
Per. You are right courteous knights.
Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.
Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me,[8] she not thought upon.
Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat;
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.
Sim. He's but
A country gentleman;
He has done no more than other knights have done,
Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.
Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.
Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,

(1) A kind of loose breeches.
(2) *i. e.* Return them notice.
(3) Emblem on a shield. (4) Offer.
(5) The motto.
(6) *i. e.* More by sweetness than by force.
(7) Handle of a whip.
(8) *i. e.* These delicacies go against my stomach.

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Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail[1] their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Sim. What, are you merry, knights?
1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence?
Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink this health to you.
Knights. We thank your grace.
Sim. Yet pause a while;
Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?
Thai. What is it
To me, my father?
Sim. O, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make's entrance more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing bowl of wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me,
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better. [*Aside.*
Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.
Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms;)—
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.
Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.
Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,[2]
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.
[*The Knights dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures[3] are as excellent.
Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.
Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be deny'd
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*
Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To* Pericles.] Pages and lights, conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,
We have given orders to be next our own.
Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.—Tyre. *A room in the Governor's house.* *Enter* Helicanus *and* Escanes.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them,[4] ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
Esca. 'Twas very strange.
Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.
2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof
3 *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.
Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my lords.
1 *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince you love.
1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out:
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd,[5] he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.
2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:[6]
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.
All. Live, noble Helicane!
Hel. Try honour's cause, forbear your suffrages
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,

(1) Lower.
(2) Prepared for combat. (3) Dances.
(4) Which adored them. (5) Satisfied.
(6) Judgment, opinion.

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Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear choice i'the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love;
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.
1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.
Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. *A room in the palace.*
Enter Simonides, *reading a letter, the* Knights *meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.
Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.
2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?
Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.
3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt.*
Sim. So
They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night: my ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask one thing What do you think, sir, of
My daughter?
Per. As of a most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer; wond'rous fair.
Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be; therefore, look to it.
Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. What's here!
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

(1) Quenched.

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [*Aside.*
O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.
Per. Even in his throat (unless it be the king,)
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage. [*Aside.*
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.
Sim. No!—
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame you;
I'll bring you in subjection.—
Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?
(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I) [*Aside.*
Hear, therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—
And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,
Or I will make you—man and wife.—
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleas'd?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.
Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, 'please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked[1] hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded;—Be attent,

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And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;[1]
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter Pericles *and* Simonides *at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets him, kneels, and gives* Pericles *a letter.* Pericles *shows it to* Simonides; *the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter* Thaisa *with child, and* Lychorida. Simonides *shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and* Pericles *take leave of her father, and depart. Then* Simonides, *&c. retire.*

Gow. By many a dearn[2] and painful perch,[3]
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coignes,[4]
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stead the quest[5]. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strong inquire,)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenor these:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny there he hastes t'appease:
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not, in twice six moons, home,
He obedient to their doom,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing!
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen, with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
(Omit we all their dole and wo;)
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood[6]
Varies again; the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near![7]
Doth fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm,
Shall, for itself, itself perform.
I nill[8] relate; action may
Conveniently the rest convey:
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost prince appears to speak. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Enter Pericles, *on a ship at sea.*

Per. Thou God of this great vast,[9] rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still thy deafning,
Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,
Sulphureous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou! venomously[10]
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina,[11] O
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida——

Enter Lychorida, *with an infant.*

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit[12] would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.
Per. How! how, Lychorida!
Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour[13] with yourselves.
Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.
Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou'rt the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows
Thou hast as chiding[14] a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,[15]
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.
Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;[16]
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.
1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins[17] there; thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.
2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.
1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie, till the ship be cleared of the dead.
Per. That's your superstition.
1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still hath been observed; and we are strong in earnest. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.
Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!
Lyc. Here she lies, sir.
Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight

(1) Eke out. (2) Lonely. (3) A measure.
(4) Corners. (5) Help, or assist the search.
(6) Disposition.
(7) An exclamation equivalent to well-a-day.
(8) I shall not. (9) This wide expanse.
(10) Maliciously.
(11) The goddess of child-bearing.
(12) Thought. (13) Contend with you in honour.
(14) As noisy a one.
(15) Than thy entrance into life can requite.
(16) Blast. (17) *Bowlines*, ropes of the sails

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Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining[1] lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper;
My casket, and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[*Exit* Lychorida.

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitum'd ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Ephesus. *A room in* Cerimon's *house. Enter* Cerimon, *a* Servant, *and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*To* Philemon.

[*Exeunt* Philemon, Servant, *and those who had been shipwrecked.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good-morrow, sir.

2 *Gent.* Good-morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals[2] did seem to rend,
And all to topple;[3] pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.[4]

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire[5] about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning[6] were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice,) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That Nature works, and of her cures; which gives me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never——

Enter two Servants *with a chest.*

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look on it.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—
Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O you most potent god! what's here? a corse!

1 *Gent.* Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd
With bags of spices full! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me i'the characters!
[*Unfolds a scroll.*

Here I give to understand, [Reads.
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane[7] cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for wo!—This chanc'd to-night.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again

(1) Ever-burning.
(2) The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.
(3) Tumble.
(4) *i. e.* Economical prudence, early rising.
(5) Attire. (6) Knowledge. (7) Worldly.

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The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The vial once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block!—
The music there.—I pray you, give her air:—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying* Thaisa *away.*

SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A room in* Cleon's *house. Enter* Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, Lychorida, *and* Marina.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord:
Your grace,[1] that fed my country with your corn
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,[2]
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

(1) Favour. (2) The common people.
(3) Appear wilful, perverse by such conduct.

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will[3] in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune,[4] and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A room in* Cerimon's *house. Enter* Cerimon *and* Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning[5] time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,
Welcom'd to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephess,
To Dian there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid
Hight[6] Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she weav'd the sleided[7] silk

(4) Insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile
(5) Groaning. (6) Called. (7) Untwisted.

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With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needl[1] wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records[2] with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute[3] Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead;
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant[4] instrument of wrath
Prest[5] for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open place near the sea-shore. Enter* Dionyza *and* Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i'the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.
Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.
Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here
Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolv'd?
Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina, *with a basket of flowers.*

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus[6] of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.
Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's[7] chang'd
With this unprofitable wo! Come, come;
Give me your wreath of flowers. Ere the sea mar it,
Walk forth with Leonine;[8] the air is quick there,
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;—
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

(1) Needle. (2) Sings.
(3) Accomplished, perfect. (4) Prepared.
(5) Ready.
(6) The earth. (7) Countenance, look.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.
Dion. Come, come.
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports, thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.
Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.
Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.
Leon. I warrant you, madam.
Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.
Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.— [*Exit* Dionyza
Is this wind westerly that blows?
Leon. South-west.
Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.
Leon. Was't so?
Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, *good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
Wash'd off a canvas-climber:[9] *Ha!* says one,
Wilt out? and, with a dropping industry,
They skip from stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.
Leon. And when was this?
Mar. It was when I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent.
Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
Mar. Why, will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger?
Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.
Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

(8) *i. e.* Ere the sea, by the coming in of the tide mar your walk.
(9) A ship-boy.

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Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, *whilst* Marina *is struggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [Leonine *runs away.*
2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!
3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.
[*Exeunt* Pirates *with* Marina.

SCENE II.—The same. Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Mitylene. *A room in a brothel. Enter* Pander, Bawd, *and* Boult.

Pand. Boult.
Boult. Sir.
Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.
Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.
Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.
Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven——
Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?
Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.
Pand. Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome o'conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.
Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market. [*Exit* Boult.
Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.
Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?
Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched.[1] Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.
Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.
Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates, *and* Boult, *dragging in* Marina.

Boult. Come your ways. [*To* Marina.]—My masters, you say she's a virgin?
1 *Pirate.* O, sir, we doubt it not.
Boult. Master, I have gone thorough[2] for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.
Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?
Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.
Bawd. What's her price, Boult?
Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.
Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.
[*Exeunt* Pander *and* Pirates.
Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.
Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit* Boult.
Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates
(Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard
Thrown me, to seek my mother!
Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?
Mar. That I am pretty.
Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.
Mar. I accuse them not.
Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.
Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.
Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.
Mar. No.
Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?
Mar. Are you a woman?
Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?
Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.
Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.
Mar. The gods defend me!
Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?
Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.
Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?
Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.
Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.
Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers[3] i'the hams?
Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?
Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.
Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his dis-

(1) *i. e.* Half-open. (2) Bid a high price for her. (3) Bends.

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ease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere[1] profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,——

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. *A room in* Cleon's *house. Enter* Cleon *and* Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o'the earth,
I'the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!
If thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy feat:[2] what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died by night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the impious innocent,[3]
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

(1) An absolute, a certain profit.
(2) *i. e.* Of a piece with the rest of thy exploit.
(3) An innocent was formerly a common appellation for an idiot.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how cow'd a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,[4]
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me, as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole[5] daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower, *before the monument of* Marina *at* Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;
Making[6] (to take your imagination,)
From bourn to bourn,[7] region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i'the gap to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move a while;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show. Enter at one door, Pericles, *with his train;* Cleon *and* Dionyza *at the other.* Cleon *shows* Pericles *the tomb of* Marina; *whereat* Pericles *makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then* Cleon *and* Dionyza *retire.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!

(4) A coarse wench, not worth a good-morrow.
(5) Only. (6) Travelling.
(7) From one boundary to another.

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This borrow'd passion stands for true old wo;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-shower'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel[1] tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit[2]
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on* Marina's *monument.*
The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter,
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis,[3] being proud, swallow'd some part o'the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, (and swears she'll never stint,[4])
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady Fortune: while our scenes display
His daughter's wo and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A street before the brothel. Enter, from the brothel, two* Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The same. A room in the brothel. Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now? How[5] a dozen of virginities?

(1) His body. (2) To know.
(3) The sea. (4) Never cease.

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter Marina.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; —never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave; a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

[*To* Marina, *whom she takes aside*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. [*Exeunt* Bawd, Pander, *and* Boult.

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester[6] at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

(5) How much? what price? (6) A wanton.

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Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome sty,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i'the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou could'st.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever still in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold; here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me,
It shall be for thy good.

[*As* Lysimachus *is putting up his purse,* Boult *enters.*

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit* Lysimachus.

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,[1] shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit* Bawd.

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the painedst fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel[2]
That hither comes inquiring for his tib;
To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy very food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me? go to the wars, would you; where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;
Any of these ways are better yet than this:
For that which thou professest, a baboon,
Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.
O that the gods would safely from this place
Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain aught by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Cope or canopy of heaven. (2) Paltry fellow.

ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays:
Deep clerks[3] she dumbs; and with her neeld[4] composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art sisters the natural roses:

(3) Learned men. (4) Needle.

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Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.
[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—On board Pericles' *ship, off* Mitylene. *A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* Pericles *within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the* Tyrian *vessel. Enter two* Sailors, *one belonging to the* Tyrian *vessel, the other to the barge; to them* Helicanus.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. [*To the* Sailor *of* Mitylene.
O, here he is.——
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene;
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?
Hel. Gentlemen,
There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,
To greet them fairly.
[*The* Gentlemen *and the two* Sailors *descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, Lysimachus *and* Lords; *the* Tyrian Gentlemen, *and the two* Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.
Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!
Hel. And you, sir, to out-live the age I am,
And die as I would do.
Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.
Hel. First, sir, what is your place?
Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue[1] his grief.
Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?
Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
Lys. May we not see him, then?
Hel. You may, indeed, sir,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.
Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

(1) To lengthen or prolong his grief.

Hel. Behold him, sir: [Pericles *discovered.*] this was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal[2] night,
Drove him to this.
Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Hail, royal sir!
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,[3]
Which now are midway stopp'd;
She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.
[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit Lord, in the barge of* Lysimachus.
Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.
Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it;—
But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, Marina, *and a young Lady.*

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?
Hel. A gallant lady.
Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.
Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [Mar. *sings.*
Lys. Mark'd he your music?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.
Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—
Per. Hum! ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors

(2) Destructive. (3) *i. e.* Ears.

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Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*
[*Aside.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine;—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with wo, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger; from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?[1]

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? Thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king,
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well:—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,

(1) Possess.

(2) *i. e.* No puppet dressed up to deceive me.

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Though doubts did ever sleep.
Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?
Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,)
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.
Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.
Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?
Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.
Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music!—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?
Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. None?
The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds!
Do ye not hear?
Lys. Music? my lord, I hear—
Per. Most heavenly music:
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*
Lys. A pillow for his head;
[*The curtain before the pavilion of* Pericles *is closed.*
So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.
[*Exeunt* Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, *and attendant Lady.*

SCENE II.—The same. Pericles *on the deck asleep;* Diana *appearing to him as in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.[1]
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in wo:
Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [Diana *disappears.*
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,[2]
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter Lysimachus, Helicanus, *and* Marina.

Hel. Sir.
Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown[3] sails; eftsoons[4] I'll tell thee why.—
[*To* Helicanus
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.
Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend your arm.
Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower, *before the temple of* Diana *at* Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.
This, as my last boon, give me
(For such kindness must relieve me,)
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he[5] had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.[6]
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The temple of Diana *at* Ephesus: Thaisa *standing near the altar, as high-priestess; a number of virgins on each side;* Cerimon *and other inhabitants of* Ephesus *attending. Enter* Pericles, *with his train;* Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, *and a lady.*

Per. Hail Dian; to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery.[7] She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.
Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are—you are—O royal Pericles!—[*She faints.*
Per. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!
Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.
Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
Per. 'Tis most certain
Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was

(1) Repeat a lively narrative of your adventures.
(2) *i. e.* Regent of the silver moon.
(3) Swollen. (4) Soon.
(5) *i. e.* Pericles.
(6) Confound here signifies to consume.
(7) *i. e.* Her white robe of innocence.

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Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.
Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.
Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense[1] bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.
Per. Immortal Dian!
Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.
[*Shows a ring.*
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to* Thaisa.
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.
Thai. Bless'd and mine own!
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.
Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.
Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Diana!
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament[2] that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage day, I'll beautify.
Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.
Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way. [*Exe.*

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antioch,[3] and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye[4] wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit* Gower.

That this tragedy has some merit, it were vain to deny; but that it is the entire composition of Shakspeare, is more than can be hastily granted. I shall not venture, with Dr. Farmer, to determine that the hand of our great poet is only visible in the last act, for I think it appears in several passages dispersed over each of these divisions. I find it difficult, however, to persuade myself that he was the original fabricator of the plot, or the author of every dialogue, chorus, &c.

STEEVENS.

The story is of great antiquity; and is related by various ancient authors in Latin, French, and English.

(1) Sensual passion. (2) *i. e.* His beard. (3) *i. e.* The king of Antioch. (4) Ever.

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KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Lear, *king of Britain.*
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloster.
Edgar, *son to Gloster.*
Edmund, *bastard son to Gloster.*
Curan, *a courtier.*
Old Man, tenant to Gloster.
Physician.
Fool.
Oswald, *steward to Goneril.*

An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, } *daughters to Lear.*

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene, *Britain.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A room of state in King Lear's *palace. Enter* Kent, Gloster, *and* Edmund.

Kent.

I THOUGHT, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity[1] in neither can make choice of either's moiety.[2]

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.[3]

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

(1) Most scrupulous nicety.
(2) Part or division. (3) Handsome.

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, *and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exe.* Glo. *and* Edm.

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our darker[4] purpose.
Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent[5]
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent. [*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

(4) More secret. (5) Determined resolution.

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With shadowy forests and with champains[1] rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.
Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—That I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square[2] of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate[3]
In your dear highness' love.
Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.
Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity,[4] and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interess'd: what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? Haply,[5] when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes this with thy heart?
Cor. Ay, good my lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so.—Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity[6] and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this,[7] for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation[8] messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—
[*To* Cordelia.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of a hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions[9] to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,[10]
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs[11] no hollowness.
Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank[12] of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo,—
Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.
Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear;)
Our potency make good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

(1) Open plains. (2) Comprehension.
(3) Made happy. (4) Value.
(5) Perhaps. (6) Kindred.
(7) From this time. (8) His children.
(9) Titles. (10) All other subjects.
(11) Reverberates. (12) The mark to shoot at.

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Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
[*To* Cordelia.
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To* Regan *and* Goneril.
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course[1] in a country new. [*Ex.*

Re-enter Gloster; *with* France, Burgundy, *and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?[2]
Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming[3] substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,[4]
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up[5] on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To* France.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert[6] your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.
France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd[7] affection
Fall into taint:[8] which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beseech your majesty
(If for[9] I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.
France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point.[10] Will you have her
She is herself a dowry.
Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.
Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.
Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.
Cor. Peace be with Burgundy.
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.
France. Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where[11] to find.
Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.[12]—
Come, noble Burgundy.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, *and Attendants.*
France. Bid farewell to your sisters.
Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.
Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.
Reg. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited[13] cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!
France. Come, my fair Cordelia.
[*Exeunt* France *and* Cordelia.
Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.
Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

(1) Follow his old mode of life.
(2) Amorous expedition. (3) Specious.
(4) Owns, is possessed of. (5) Concludes not.
(6) Turn. (7) Former declaration of.
(8) Reproach or censure. (9) Because.
(10) 'Who seeks for aught in love but love alone.'
(11) Place. (12) Blessing. (13) Folded, doubled.

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Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition,[1] but therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'the heat.[2]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A hall in the Earl of Gloster's *castle. Enter* Edmund, *with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague[3] of custom; and permit
The curiosity[4] of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd[5] his power!
Confin'd to exhibition![6] All this done
Upon the gad![7]—Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay[8] or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [Reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond[9] bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,* Edgar.—Humph—Conspiracy!—*Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue,*—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where,[10] if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour,[11] and to no other pretence[12] of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.[13]

(1) Qualities of mind.
(2) *Strike while the iron is hot.*
(3) The injustice.
(4) The nicety of civil institution.
(5) Yielded, surrendered. (6) Allowance.
(7) Suddenly. (8) Trial.
(9) Weak and foolish. (10) Whereas.
(11) The usual address to a lord. (12) Design.
(13) Give all that I am possessed of, to be certain of the truth

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Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey[1] the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent[2] effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason: and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers,[3] by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*,[4] so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.[5]

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts,[6] nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent[7] forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.— [*Exit* Edgar.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A room in the Duke of Albany's *palace. Enter* Goneril *and* Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him. [*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question;
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister
To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—A hall in the same. Enter Kent, *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse,[8] my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd[9] my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,

(1) Manage. (2) Following. (3) Traitors.
(4) Great Bear, the constellation so named.
(5) These sounds are unnatural and offensive in music.
(6) For *cohorts* some editors read *courts*.
(7) Temperate.
(8) Disorder, disguise. (9) Effaced.

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Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, *and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldest thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse[1] with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldest thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldest thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:—

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clot-poll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken: for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity,[2] than as a very pretence[3] and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter, I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away: I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to Have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes the* Steward *out*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving* Kent *money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb. [*Giving* Kent *his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banished two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living,[4] I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach,[5] may stand by the fire, and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,[6]
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,[7]
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd

(1) Keep company.
(2) Punctilious jealousy.
(3) Design.
(4) Estate or property.
(5) Bitch hound.
(6) Ownest, possessest.
(7) Believest.

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awyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*To* Kent.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i'the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace[1] *in a year;* [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'the middle: Here comes one o'the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet[2] on? Methinks, you are too much of late i'the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O[3] without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*To* Gon.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod.[4] [*Pointing to* Lear.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance;[5] which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep:
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,[6]
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by his young.

So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught;[7] and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking? —Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;
This admiration is much o'the favour[8]
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: Be then desired
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,[9]
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

(1) Favour.
(2) Part of a woman's head-dress, to which Lear compares her frowning brow.
(3) A cypher.
(4) A mere husk which contains nothing.
(5) Approbation. (6) Well governed state.
(7) Stored
(8) Complexion. (9) Continue in service.

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Enter Albany.

Lear. Wo, that too late repents,—O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? [*To* Alb.] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To* Goneril.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didts thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine,[1] wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,
[*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate[2] body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent[3] tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir!

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
[*To* Goneril.
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented[4] woundings of a father's curs
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so:—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt* Lear, Kent, *and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

(1) The rack. (2) Degraded. (3) Falling.
(4) Undressed.

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
[*To the* Fool

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.
A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—A hundred knights!
'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point,[5] a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—How now, Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit* Stew.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd[6] for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Court before the same. Enter Lear, Kent, *and* Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly: for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i'the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

(5) Armed. (6) Liable to reprehension.

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Lear. I did her wrong:—
Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?
Lear. No.
Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.
Lear. Why?
Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.
Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?
Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.
Lear. Because they are not eight?
Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou would'st make a good fool.
Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!
Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.
Lear. How's that?
Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.
Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?
Gent. Ready, my lord.
Lear. Come, boy.
Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A court within the castle of the Earl of Gloster. *Enter* Edmund *and* Curan, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.
Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.
Edm. How comes that?
Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?
Edm. Not I; Pray you, what are they?
Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?
Edm. Not a word.
Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy[1] question,
Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word; descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter Edgar.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i'the night, i'the haste,
And Regan with him; Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise[2] yourself.
Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.
Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light ho, here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.— [*Exit* Edgar.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloster, *and Servants with torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?
Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress:—
Glo. But where is he?
Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?
Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—
Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit Serv.*] By no means,—what?
Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted[3] by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.
Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Despatch.——The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch[4] and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.
Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight[5] to do it, with curst[6] speech
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,!) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.
Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him. [*Trumpets within.*

(1) Delicate. (2) Consider, recollect yourself. (3) Frighted. (4) Chief. (5) Pitched, fixed. (6) Severe, harsh. (7) Hand-writing.

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Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him: and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.[1]

Enter Cornwall, Regan, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?
Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!
Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?
Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.—
Edm. Yes, madam, he was.
Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.
Glo. He did bewray[2] his practice;[3] and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he pursued?
Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.
Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be feared of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
Glo. For him I thank your grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—
Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,[4]
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.
Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Before Gloster's *castle.* *Enter* Kent *and* Steward, *severally.*

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of the house?
Kent. Ay.
Stew. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I'the mire.
Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Stew. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldest be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.[5]
Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee!
Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me! Is it two days ago, since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'the moonshine of you: Draw, you whoreson cullionly barbermonger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*
Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.
Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take Vanity[6] the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.
Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!
Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*
Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, *and Servants.*

Edm. How now? what's the matter? Part.
Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.
Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?
Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies that strikes again: What is the matter?
Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.
Corn. What is your difference? speak.
Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.
Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.
Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?
Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.
Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?
Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,
At suit of his grey beard,—
Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted[7] villain into mortar, and dash

(1) *i. e.* Capable of succeeding to my land.
(2) Betray. (3) Wicked purpose. (4) Weight.
(6) A character in the old moralities. (5) Titles.
(7) Unrefined

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the wall of a jakes[1] with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?
Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?
Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.
Corn. Why art thou angry?
Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain,
Which are too intrinse[2] t'unloose: smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege,[3] affirm, and turn their halcyon[4] beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.[5]
Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?
Glo. How fell you out?
Say that.
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.
Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?
Kent. His countenance likes me not.[6]
Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.
Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly[7] ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.
Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—
Corn. What mean'st by this?
Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.
Corn. What was the offence you gave him?
Stew. Never any:
It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.
Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.[8]
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:
As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.
Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[*Stocks brought out.*
Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.
Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpose'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings, and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.
Corn. I'll answer that.
Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—
[Kent *is put in the stocks.*
Come, my good lord; away.
[*Exeunt* Regan *and* Cornwall.
Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.
Kent. Pray do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!
Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit*
Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw![9]
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery;—I know 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies:—All weary and o'erwatch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*He sleeps.*

SCENE III.—A part of the heath. Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;

(1) Privy. (2) Perplexed. (3) Disown.
(4) The bird called the king-fisher, which, when dried and hung up by a thread, is supposed to turn his bill to the point from whence the wind blows.
(5) In Somersetshire, where are bred great quantities of geese.
(6) *i. e.* Pleases me not. (7) Simple or rustic.
(8) *i. e.* Ajax is a fool to them.
(9) Saying or proverb.

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And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf[1] all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks,[2] nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans,[3] sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [*Ex.*

SCENE IV.—Before Gloster's *castle. Enter* Lear, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!
Lear. How!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel[4] garters! Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.[5]
Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?
Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear. No, no; they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.
Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no.
Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.
Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.
Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny,[6] straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.
Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.
Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—
But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours[7] for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.
Lear. O, how this mother[8] swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?
Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.
Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*
Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?
Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?
Fool. An thou hadst been set i'the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.
Kent. Why, fool?
Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.
That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry, the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.
Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?
Fool. Not i'the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, *with* Gloster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.
Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.
Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife

(1) Hair thus knotted, was supposed to be the work of elves and fairies in the night.
(2) Skewers. (3) Curses.
(4) A quibble on *crewel, worsted.*
(5) The old word for stockings.
(6) People, train, or retinue.
(7) A quibble between *dolours* and *dollars.*
(8) The disease called the *mother.*

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Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.
Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?
Glo. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore
[*Looking on* Kent.
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion[1] of the duke and her
Is practice[2] only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*
Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*
Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.
Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i'the paste[3] alive; she rapp'd 'em o'the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down:* 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd the hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, *and Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Hail to your grace!
[Kent *is set at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to see your highness.
Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepúlchring an adultress.—O, are you free?
[*To* Kent.
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—
[*Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality——O Regan!
Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant[4] her duty.
Lear. Say, how is that?
Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curses on her!
Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.
Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:[5]
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,
[Kneeling.
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.
Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.
Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
Corn. Fie, fie, fie!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!
Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on
Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,[6]
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.
[*Trumpets within.*
Lear. Who put my man i'the stocks?
Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?
Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!
Corn. What means your grace?
Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know of't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter Goneril.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow[7] obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
[*To* Goneril.
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i'the stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.
Lear. You! did you?

(1) Removing from their own house.
(2) Artifice. (3) Crust of a pye.
(4) Be wanting in.
(5) The order of families.
(6) Contract my allowances. (7) Approve.

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Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage[1] against the enmity o'the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot:—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I prᵉythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed[2] carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan;
I, and my hundred knights.
Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.
Lear. Is this well spoken now?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith[3] that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.
Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could control them: If you will come to me
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.
Lear. I gave you all—
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number: What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?
Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;
[*To* Goneril.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!
[*Exeunt* Lear, Gloster, Kent, *and* Fool.
Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.
[*Storm heard at a distance.*
Reg. This house
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter Gloster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.
Glo. The king is in high rage.
Corn. Whither is he going?
Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.
Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.
Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.
Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense[4] him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counsels well: come out o'the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A heath. A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, *and a* Gentleman, *meeting.*

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

(1) War. (2) Swelling. (3) Since. (4) Instigate.

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Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
Kent. I know you; where's the king?
Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear[1] would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,[2]
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings[3] of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;[4]—
[But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.]
Gent. I will talk further with you.
Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow[5] is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.
Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king (in which your pain
That way; I'll this;) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—Another part of the heath. Storm continues. Enter Lear *and* Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing[6] fires,
Vaunt couriers[7] to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!
Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water[8] in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o'door.—Good nuncle, in and ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.
Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription;[9] why then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!
Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.
Kent. Who's there?
Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wise man, and a fool.
Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow[10] the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.
Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother[11] o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular[12] man of virtue,
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming[13]
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.[14]—I am a man,

(1) Whose dugs are drawn dry by its young.
(2) Which teaches us 'to find the mind's construction in the face.'
(3) *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings*, underhand contrivances.
(4) Samples. (5) Companion.
(6) Quick as thought. (7) *Avant couriers*, French
(8) A proverbial phrase for *fair words*.
(9) Obedience. (10) Scare or frighten.
(11) Blustering noise. (12) Counterfeit.
(13) Appearance. (14) Favour.

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More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding[1] after you,
Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel,
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—*
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.[2]

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt* Lear *and* Kent.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors:
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i'the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A room in Gloster's *castle. Enter* Gloster *and* Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed:[3] we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—A part of the heath, with a hovel. Enter Lear, Kent, *and* Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i'the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
In, boy; go first.—[*To the* Fool.] you houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[Fool *goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!
[*The* Fool *runs out from the hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'the straw?
Come forth.

Enter Edgar, *disguised as a madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,

(1) Inquiring.
(2) Part of the Clown's song in *Twelfth Night.*
(3) A force already landed.

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and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking![1] Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[*Storm continues.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed of the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap,[2] served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand: Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin, my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.

[*Storm still continues.*

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.[3] [*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart: a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin,[4] squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold[5] *footed thrice the wold*;[6]
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint[7] *thee, witch, aroint thee!*

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter Gloster, *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water;[8] that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything,[9] and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin;[10] peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he's called, and Mahu.[11]

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,

(1) To *take* is to blast, or strike with malignant influence.

(2) It was the custom to wear gloves in the hat, as the favour of a mistress.

(3) The words *unbutton here*, are probably only a marginal direction crept into the matter.

(4) Diseases of the eye.

(5) A saint said to protect his devotees from the disease called the *night-mare.*

(6) Wild downs, so called in various parts of England.

(7) Avaunt. (8) *i. e.* The water-newt.

(9) A tything is a division of a county.

(10) Name of a spirit. (11) The chief devil.

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But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
[*Storm continues.*
The grief hath crazd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace,—
Lear. O, cry you mercy,
Noble philosopher, your company.
Edg. Tom's a-cold.
Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.
Lear. Come, let's in all.
Kent. This way, my lord.
Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.
Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.
Glo. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
Lear. Come, good Athenian.
Glo. No words, no words: Hush.
Edg. *Child*[1] *Rowland to the dark tower came,*
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A room in Gloster's *castle. Enter* Cornwall *and* Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.
Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.
Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.
Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!
Corn. Go with me to the duchess.
Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.
Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.
Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.
Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—A chamber in a farm-house, adjoining the castle. Enter Gloster, Lear, Kent, Fool, *and* Edgar.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.
Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit* Gloster.
Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent,[2] and beware the foul fiend.
Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?
Lear. A king, a king!
Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.
Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them:—
Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.
Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.
Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—
[*To* Edgar.
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the* Fool.]—Now, you she foxes!—
Edg. Look, where he stands and glares?—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?
Come o'er the bourn,[4] *Bessy, to me:—*
Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.
Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly, for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.
Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?
Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
[*To* Edgar.
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the* Fool.
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [*To* Kent.
Edg. Let us deal justly.
Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.
Pur[5] the cat is grey.
Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.
Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?
Lear. She cannot deny it.
Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.
Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?
Edg. Bless thy five wits!
Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?
Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*
Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.
Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—
Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;[5]
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:

(1) *Child* is an old term for knight.
(2) Addressed to the fool, who was anciently called an innocent.
(3) Edgar is speaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he sees the fiend.
(4) Brook or rivulet. (5) A blood-hound.

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For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market-towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be changed. [*To* Edgar.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i'the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [*To the* Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt* Kent, Gloster, *and the* Fool, *bearing off the King.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i'the mind;
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises;[1] and thyself bewray,[2]
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—A room in Gloster's *castle. Enter* Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, *and Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.[3]

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists[4] after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt* Goneril *and* Edmund.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy[5] to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, *with* Gloster.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky[6] arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find— [Regan *plucks his beard.*

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken,[7] and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours[8]
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore
To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril—

(1) The great events that are approaching.
(2) Betray, discover.
(3) Meaning Edmund, invested with his father's titles.
(4) Inquirers. (5) Bend to our wrath.
(6) Deceitful. (7) Live. (8) Features.

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Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.
Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled[1] fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*
All cruels else subscrib'd:[2]—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.
[Gloster *is held down in the chair, while* Cornwall *plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it.*
Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!
Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.
Corn. If you see vengeance,—
Serv. Hold your hand, my lord.
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog?
Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?
Corn. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*
Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.
[*Draws. They fight.* Cornwall *is wounded.*
Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*To another* Servant.] A peasant stand up thus!
[*Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*
Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
[*Tears out* Gloster's *other eye, and throws it on the ground.*
Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit[3] this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture[4] of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.
[*Exit* Cornwall, *led by* Regan;—Servants *unbind* Gloster, *and lead him out.*

(1) Starred.
(2) Yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion.
(3) Requite. (4) Laid open. (5) Madman.

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.
2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam[5]
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.
2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The heath. Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd.[6] To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance,[7] lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter Gloster, *led by an* Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations[8] make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.
Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.
Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.
Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.
Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!
Old Man. How now? Who's there?
Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*
I am worse than e'er I was.
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not,
So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*
Old Man. Fellow, where goest?
Glo. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman and beggar too.
Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I'the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since:
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

(6) *i. e.* It is better to be thus contemned and know it, than to be flattered by those who secretly contemn us.
(7) In hope. (8) Changes.

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Edg. How should this be?—
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee, master!
Glo. Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man. Ay, my lord.
Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I'the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.
Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.
Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.
Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*
Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.
Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold—I cannot daub[1] it further. [*Aside.*
Glo. Come hither, fellow.
Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.
Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?
Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless the good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut; Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!
Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance,[2] that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?
Edg. Ay, master.
Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.
Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of Albany's *palace. Enter* Goneril *and* Edmund; Steward *meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your master?
Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse:* of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out.—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.
Gon. Then shall you go no further. [*To* Edmund.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects.[3] Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; [*Giving a favour.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.
Gon. My most dear Gloster! [*Exit* Edmund.
O, the difference of man, and man! To thee
A woman's services are due; my fool
Usurps my bed.
Stew. Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit* Steward.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.[4]
Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver[5] and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.
Gon. No more; the text is foolish.
Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.
Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cri'st,
Alack! why does he so?
Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.
Gon. O vain fool!

(1) Disguise.
(2) *i. e.* To make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it.
(3) *i. e.* Our wishes on the road may be completed.
(4) Worth calling for. (5) Tear off.

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Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,[1]
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.
Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?
Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.
Alb. Gloster's eyes!
Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master: who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.
Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?
Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.
Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.
[*Exit.*
Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?
Mess. Come with my lady hither.
Alb. He is not here.
Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.
Alb. Knows he the wickedness?
Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.
Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The French *camp near* Dover. *Enter* Kent, *and a* Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?
Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.
Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?
Gent. The mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.
Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?
Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.
Kent. O, then it mov'd her.
Gent. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.
Kent. Made she no verbal question?
Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of *father*
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*
Kent! father! sisters! What? i'the storm? i'the night?
Let pity not be believed![3]—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.
Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions:[4]
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?
Gent. No.
Kent. Was this before the king return'd?
Gent. No, since.
Kent. Well, sir; The poor distress'd Lear is i'the town:
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.
Gent. Why, good sir?
Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.
Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!
Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers[5] you heard not?
Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.
Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause[6]
Will in concealment wrap me up a while;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The same. A tent. Enter Cordelia, Physician, *and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter,[7] and furrow-weeds,
With harlocks,[8] hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]—
What can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.
Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power

(1) Inclination. (2) Discourse, conversation.
(3) *i. e.* Let not pity be supposed to exist.
(4) Dispositions. (5) Forces.
(6) Important business. (7) Fumitory.
(8) Charlocks.

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Will close the eye of anguish.
Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.[1]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about,
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important[2] tears, hath pitied.
No blown[3] ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A room in Gloster's *castle. Enter* Regan *and* Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Stew. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself
In person there?
Stew. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Stew. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Stew. I know not, lady.
Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life;[4] moreover, to descry
The strength o'the enemy.
Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads,[5] and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.
Stew. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:[6]
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.[7]
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exe.*

SCENE VI.—The country near Dover. *Enter* Gloster, *and* Edgar, *dressed like a peasant.*

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.
Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep:
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.
Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.
Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—Stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs,[8] that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire;[9] dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock;[10] her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple[11] down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
[*He leaps, and falls along.*
Edg. Gone, sir? Farewell.—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?

(1) *i. e.* The reason which should guide it.
(2) Importunate. (3) Inflated, swelling.
(4) *i. e.* His life made dark as night.
(5) A cast, or significant glance of the eye.
(6) Observe what I am saying. (7) Infer more.
(8) Daws. (9) A vegetable gathered for pickling.
(10) Her cock-boat. (11) Tumble.

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Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed:[1]—Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?
Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fallen, or no?
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:[2]
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd[3] lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o'the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd,[4] and wav'd, like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest[5] gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.
Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and, *die*. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter Lear, *fantastically dressed up with flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.
Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.[6]—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.[7]—O, well flown, bird!—i'the clout, i'the clout:[8] hewgh!—Give the word.[9]
Edg. Sweet marjoram.
Lear. Pass.
Glo. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said!—Ay, and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding: there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o'their words: they told me I was every thing; 'Tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.
Glo. The trick[10] of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?
Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.—
I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause?
Adultery.—
Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But[11] to the girdle do the gods inherit,[12]
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness,
There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.
Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!
Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.
Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?
Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny[13] at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.
Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.
Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.
Lear. Read.
Glo. What, with the case of eyes?
Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.
Glo. I see it feelingly.
Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
Glo. Ay, sir.
Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

(1) Thus might he die in reality.
(2) *i. e.* This chalky boundary of England.
(3) Shrill-throated.
(4) Twisted, convolved. (5) The purest.
(6) An arrow of a cloth-yard long.
(7) Battle-axes.
(8) The white mark for archers to aim at.
(9) The watch-word. (10) Likeness, manner.
(11) Only. (12) Possess. (13) Look asquint.

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Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.
Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!
Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.
Glo. Alack, alack the day!
Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools;——This a good block?[1]
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, *with Attendants.*

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter——
Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.
Gent. You shall have any thing.
Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,[2]
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.
Gent. Good sir,—
Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: What?
I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?
Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.
[*Exit, running. Attendants follow.*
Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch:
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.
Edg. Hail, gentle sir.
Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?
Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?
Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.
Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?
Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.[3]
Edg. I thank you, sir; that's all.
Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.
Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Ex.* Gent
Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit[4] tempt me again
To die before you please!
Edg. Well pray you, father
Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?
Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's blows:
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.
Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benizon[5] of heaven
To boot, and boot![6]

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly[7] thyself remember:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.
Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [Edgar *opposes.*
Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.
Edg. Ch'ill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.
Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.
Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait,[8] and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard[9] or my bat[10] be the harder: Ch'ill be plain with you.
Stew. Out, dunghill!
Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor your foins.[11]
[*They fight: and* Edgar *knocks him down.*
Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party:——O, untimely death!
[*Dies.*
Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.
Glo. What, is he dead?
Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.[12]

[Reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth*

(1) *Block* anciently signified the *head-part* of a hat.
(2) *i. e.* A man of tears.
(3) The main body is expected to be descried every hour.
(4) Evil genius. (5) Blessing. (6) Reward.
(7) Quickly recollect the offences of thy life.
(8) Go your way.
(9) Head. (10) Club. (11) Thrusts.
(12) To rip their papers is more lawful.

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whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your wife (so I would say,) and your affectionate servant,
GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life:
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands;
Thee I'll rake up,[1] the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.
[*Exit* Edgar, *dragging out the body.*

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Give me your hand.
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exe.*

SCENE VII.—A tent in the French *camp.* Lear *on a bed asleep;* Physician, Gentleman, *and others, attending: Enter* Cordelia *and* Kent.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better-suited:[2]
These weeds are memories[3] of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:[4]
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the king? [*To the* Physician.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu![5])
With this thin helm?[6] Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o'the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been?—Where am I?—Fair day-light?—
I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man:
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even[7] o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.
[*Exeunt* Lear, Cordelia, Physician, *and Attendants.*

Gent. Holds it true, sir,

(1) I'll cover thee (the dead steward) in the sands.
(2) Dressed. (3) Memorials. (4) Intent formed.
(5) French, *enfans perdus.*
(6) Thin covering of hair.
(7) To reconcile it to his apprehension.

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That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?
Kent. Most certain, sir.
Gent. Who is conductor of his people?
Kent. As 'tis said,
The bastard son of Gloster.
Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.
Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers[1] o'the kingdom
Approach apace.
Gent. The arbitrement[2] is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The camp of the British forces, near Dover. *Enter, with drums and colours,* Edmund, Regan, *Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.[3]
[*To an officer, who goes out.*
Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.
Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.
Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?
Edm. In honour'd love.
Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended[4] place?
Edm. That thought abuses[5] you.
Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.
Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.
Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear me not:
She, and the duke her husband,——

Enter Albany, Goneril, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*
Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It touches us as France invades our land,
Not bolds[6] the king; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.[7]
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.
Reg. Why is this reason'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.
Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?
Gon. No.

(1) Forces. (2) Decision
(3) His settled resolution. (4) Forbidden.
(5) Imposes on you.
(6) *i. e.* Emboldens him. (7) Opposition.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter Edgar, *disguised.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.
[*Exeunt* Edmund, Regan, Goneril, *Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases.[8] Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time.[9] [*Exit.*
Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,[10]
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A field between the two camps. Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, *and their forces; and exeunt. Enter* Edgar *and* Gloster.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace go with you, sir!
[*Exit* Edgar

Alarums; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.
Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.
Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all:[11] Come on.
Glo. And that's true too.
[*Exeunt.*

(8) *i. e.* All designs against your life will have an end.
(9) Be ready to meet the occasion.
(10) *i. e.* Make my party good.
(11) *i. e.* To be ready prepared, is all.

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SCENE III.—The British camp near Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lear *and* Cordelia, *as prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure[1] them.
Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i'the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujers[2] shall devour them, flesh and fell,[3]
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.
Come. [*Exe.* Lear *and* Cor. *guarded.*
Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; [*Giving a paper.*] go, follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear question;[4] either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.
Offi. I'll do't, my lord.
Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.
Offi. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit* Officer.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, *Officers, and Attendants.*

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.
Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.[5]
Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.
Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy[6] may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.
Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your advancement.
Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holloa, holloa!
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.[7]
Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let-alone[8] lies not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine. [*To* Edmund.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent: [*Pointing to* Gon.]—For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.
Gon. An interlude!
Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick, O, sick!
Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*
Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a glove,*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

(1) Pass judgment on them.
(2) The French disease. (3) Skin.
(4) Admit of debate.
(5) To be discoursed of in greater privacy.
(6) Authority to act on his own judgment.
(7) Alluding to the proverb: 'Love being jealous makes a good eye look *a-squint.*'
(8) The hindrance.

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Alb. A herald, ho!
Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!
Alb. Trust to thy single virtue;[1] for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit* Regan, *led.*
Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.
Offi. Sound, trumpet. [*A trumpet sounds.*

Herald *reads.*

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, *supposed earl of* Gloster, *that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound. [1 *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. [2 *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. [3 *Trumpet.*
[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter Edgar, *armed, preceded by a trumpet.*

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o'the trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.
Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?
Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Maugre[2] thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—Thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.
Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;[3]
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say[4] of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head:
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.
[*Alarums. They fight.* Edmund *falls.*
Alb. O save him, save him!

(1) *i. e.* Valour. (2) Notwithstanding.
(3) Because if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat.

Gon. This is mere practice,[5] Gloster:
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
[*Gives the letter to* Edmund.
Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?
Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?
Gon. Ask me not what I know
[*Exit* Goneril.
Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*
Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.
Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!
Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List[6] a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness:
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.
Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

(4) Sample. (5) Stratagem. (6) Hear.

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Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.
Alb. But who was this?
Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman *hastily, with a bloody knife.*

Gent. Help! help! O help!
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, man.
Edg. What means that bloody knife?
Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—
Alb. Who, man? speak.
Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.
Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.
Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit* Gentleman.

Enter Kent.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.
Alb. O! it is he.
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye[1] good night;
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
See'st thou this object, Kent?
[*The bodies of* Goneril *and* Regan *are brought in.*
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.
Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:
Nay, send in time.
Alb. Run, run, O, run—
Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.
Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit* Edgar.
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid[2] herself.
Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence a while. [Edmund *is borne off*

Enter Lear, *with* Cordelia *dead in his arms;* Edgar, Officer, *and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone for ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?[3]
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Alb. Fall, and cease![4]
Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*
Lear. Pr'ythee, away.
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.
Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o'the best:—I'll tell you straight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same;
Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—
Lear. I'll see that straight.
Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.
Edg. Very bootless.[5]

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here.—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay[6] may come,
Shall be applied: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;
[*To* Edgar *and* Kent.

(1) For even. (2) Destroyed herself.
(3) The end of the world, or the horrible circumstances preceding it.
(4) *i. e.* Die; Albany speaks to Lear.
(5) Useless. (6) *i. e.* Lear.

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With boot,[1] and such addition[2] as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool[3] is hang'd! No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost:—O, let him pass![4] he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general wo. Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To* Kent *and* Edgar.
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

The tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking oppositions of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct to the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warton,[5] who has in *The Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloster's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villany is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that in his opinion, *the tragedy has lost half its beauty.* Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato, the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or that, if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided. Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play, till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the critics concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critic, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes, with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

(1) Benefit. (2) Titles.
(3) *Poor fool* in the time of Shakspeare, was an expression of endearment.

(4) Die. (5) Dr. Joseph Warton.

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The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Hollinshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakspeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind; and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakspeare.

JOHNSON.

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ROMEO AND JULIET. *Act V. — Scene* 3.

Vol. II. — p. 391.

HAMLET. *Act III. — Scene* 4.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Escalus, *prince of Verona.*
Paris, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.*
Montague, } *heads of two houses, at variance with*
Capulet, } *each other.*
An Old Man, uncle to Capulet.
Romeo, *son to Montague.*
Mercutio, *kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.*
Benvolio, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*
Tybalt, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*
Friar Lawrence, *a Franciscan.*
Friar John, *of the same order.*
Balthazar, *servant to Romeo.*
Sampson, } *servants to Capulet.*
Gregory, }
Abram, *servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Chorus. Boy.
Page to Paris.
Peter. *An Officer.*

Lady Montague, *wife to Montague.*
Lady Capulet, *wife to Capulet.*
Juliet, *daughter to Capulet.*
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Scene, *during the greater part of the play, in Verona: once, in the fifth act, at Mantua.*

PROLOGUE.

TWO households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A public place. Enter Sampson *and* Gregory, *armed with swords and bucklers.*

Sampson.

GREGORY, o'my word, we'll not carry coals.[1]

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.[2] Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.[3]

Enter Abram *and* Balthazar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

(1) A phrase formerly in use to signify *the bearing injuries.*

(2) Poor John is hake, dried and salted.

(3) The disregard of concord is in character.

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Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?
Gre. No.
Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.
Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?
Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.
Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.
Abr. No better.
Sam. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio, *at a distance.*

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.
Sam. Yes, better, sir.
Abr. You lie.
Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*
Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.
Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.
Tyb. What, drawn and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

Enter several Partizans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, *with clubs.*

1 *Cit.* Clubs,[1] bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter Capulet, *in his gown; and Lady* Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!
La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?
Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Montague *and Lady* Montague.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.
La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, *with Attendants.*

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd[2] weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

(1) Clubs! was the usual exclamation at an affray in the streets, as we now call Watch!

For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
[*Exe.* Prince, *and Attendants;* Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens, *and Servants.*
Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?
Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.
La. Mon. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd[3] forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.
Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.
Ben. Have you impórtun'd him by any means?
Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo, *at a distance.*

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.
Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt* Montague *and* Lady.
Ben. Good morrow, cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

(2) Angry. (3) Appeared.

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Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that, which having, makes them short.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out—
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health;
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.
Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [*Going.*
Ben. Soft, I will go along;
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness,[1] who she is you love.
Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve,[2] but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A street. Enter Capulet, Paris, *and* Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning[3] are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit[4] at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning[5] none.
Come, go with me;—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*Gives a paper.*] and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasures stay.
[*Exeunt* Capulet *and* Paris.
Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

(1) In seriousness.
(2) *i. e.* What end does it answer.
(3) Account, estimation.
(4) To *inherit*, in the language of Shakspeare, is to *possess*.
(5) Estimation.

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Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.
Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.
Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

Signior Martino, *and his wife, and daughters; County* Anselme, *and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely nieces;* Mercutio, *and his brother* Valentine: *Mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife, and daughters; My fair niece* Rosaline; Livia; *Signior* Valentio, *and his cousin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.

A fair assembly; [*Gives back the note.*] Whither should they come?
Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither?
Serv. To supper; to our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.
Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.
Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.[1] Rest you merry. [*Exit.*
Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.
Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd[2] with herself in either eye:
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant[3] show well, that now shows best.
Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

(1) We still say in cant language—*to crack a bottle.*
(2) Weighed. (3) Scarce, hardly.
(4) To my sorrow.

SCENE III.—A room in Capulet's *house. Enter Lady* Capulet *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head, at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?
Nurse. Your mother.
Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?
La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave a while,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
La. Cap. She's not fourteen.
Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen[4] be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?
La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.
Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen:
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:[5]—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,[6]
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man;—took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and by my holy-dam,[7]
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay:*
To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it stinted,[8] and said—*Ay.*
La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.
Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay:*
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;

(5) *i. e.* I have a perfect remembrance or recollection.
(6) The cross.
(7) Holy dame, *i. e.* the blessed Virgin.
(8) It stopped crying.

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A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—*Ay.*
Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.
Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace![1]
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.
La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married!
Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.
Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I d say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.
La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years,
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.
Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.[2]
La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.[3]
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea;[4] and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.
Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.
La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.
La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.
Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Favour.
(2) Well made, as if he had been modelled in wax.
(3) The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin.
(4) *i. e.* Is not yet caught, whose skin was wanted to bind him.
(5) *i. e.* Long speeches are out of fashion.
(6) A scare-crow, a figure made up to frighten crows

SCENE IV.—A street. Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:[5]
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;[6]
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure,[7] and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch,[8]—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull wo:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in:
[*Putting on a mask*
A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote[9] deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.
Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes[10] with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.[11]
Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not so.
Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.
Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.

(7) A dance.
(8) A torch-bearer was a constant appendage to every troop of maskers.
(9) Observe.
(10) It was anciently the custom to strew rooms with rushes.
(11) This is equivalent to phrases in common use—*I am done*, for, *it is over with me.*

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Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies[1]
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazle-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:[2]
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks[3] in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This, this is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Atoms. (2) A place in court.
(3) *i. e.* Fairy-locks, locks of hair clotted and gled in the night.

SCENE V.—A hall in Capulet's *house. Musicians waiting. Enter* Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher? he scrape a trencher?

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,[4] look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane;[5] and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind.*

Enter Capulet, *&c. with the Guests and the Maskers.*

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen: I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall![6] give room, and foot it, girls.
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir:
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure[7] done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—

(4) A cupboard set in a corner, like a beaufet, on which the plate was placed.
(5) Almond-cake. (6) *i. e.* Make room.
(7) The dance

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Fetch me my rapier, boy :—What ! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity ?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?
Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe ;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is't ?
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman ;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth :
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement :
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will ; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
And ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.
1 *Cap.* He shall be endur'd ;
What, goodman boy !—I say, he shall ;—Go to ;—
Am I the master here, or you ? go to.
You'll not endure him !—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests !
You will set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
1 *Cap.* Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy :—Is't so, indeed ?—
This trick may chance to scath[1] you ;—I know what.
You must contrary me ! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts :—You are a princox ;[2] go :—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame !—
I'll make you quiet ; What !—Cheerly, my hearts.
Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*
Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [*To* Juliet.
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

(1) Do you an injury. (2) A coxcomb.
(3) A collation of fruit, wine, &c.

Rom. What is her mother ?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous :
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal ;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account ! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, begone ; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear ; the more is my unrest.
1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;
We have a trifling foolish banquet[3] towards.—
Is it e'en so ? Why, then I thank you all ;
I thank you, honest gentlemen ; good night :—
More torches here !—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, [*To* 2 Cap.] by my fay,[4] it waxes late ;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but* Juliet *and* Nurse.
Jul. Come hither, nurse : What is yon gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door ?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance ?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name :—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague ;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !
Too early seen unknown, and known too late !
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What's this ? what's this ?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within*, Juliet.
Nurse. Anon, anon :—
Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir ;
That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks ;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks :
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where :
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An open place, adjoining Capulet's *garden. Enter* Romeo.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here ?
Turn back, dull earth,[5] and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter Benvolio, *and* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo ! my cousin Romeo !
Mer. He is wise ;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard all :

(4) Faith. (5) *i. e.* Himself.

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Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.[1]—
He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape[2] is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be consorted with the humorous[3] night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Capulet's *garden.* *Enter* Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid,[4] since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

(1) Alluding to the old ballad of the king and the beggar.
(2) This phrase in Shakspeare's time was used as an expression of tenderness.

Jul. Ah me!
Rom. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white up-turned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*
Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,[5]
Without that title:—Romeo, doff[6] thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let[7] to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me,[8] let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,

(3) Humid, moist.
(4) A votary to the moon, to Diana.
(5) Owns, possesses. (6) Do off.
(7) Hindrance. (8) Unless thou love me.

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I would adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny,
What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour[1] light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.[2]
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?
Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love—
Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank,[3] and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[Nurse *calls within.*
I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent[4] of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world:
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.
Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.
Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soul,—
Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring slowly.*

Re-enter Juliet, *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle[5] back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My sweet!
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,[6]
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap[7] to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's *cell. Enter Friar* Laurence, *with a basket.*

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked[8] darkness like a drunkard reels

(1) Behaviour. (2) Shy.
(3) Free. (4) Inclination.
(5) The male of the goshawk.
(6) Fetters. (7) Chance, fortune.
(8) Spotted, streaked.

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From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's[1] wheels:
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must fill up this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace,[2] that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father!
Fri. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth, with unstuff'd brain,
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's wo.
Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.
Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.[3]
Fri. Wisely, and slow; they stumble, that run fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A street. *Enter* Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—Came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.
Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
Mer. A challenge, on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answer it.
Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.
Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;[4] And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?
Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?
Mer. More than prince of cats,[5] I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song,[6] keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay![7]
Ben. The what?
Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—*By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable

(1) The sun. (2) Virtue.
(3) *i. e.* It is of the utmost consequence for me to be hasty.

(4) Arrow. (5) See the story of Reynard the fox.
(6) By notes pricked down.
(7) Terms of the fencing-school.

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thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moys*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*![1]

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—Marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop.[2] You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip;[3] Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump[4] well flowered.

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled[5] jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chace,[6] I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;[7] it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel,[8] that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down, to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse *and* Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.[9]

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den,[10] fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick[11] of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,[12]
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.[13] [*Exs.* Mer. *and* Ben.

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, what saucy merchant[14] was this, that was so full of his ropery?[15]

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and

(1) In ridicule of Frenchified coxcombs.
(2) Trowsers or pantaloons, a French fashion in Shakspeare's time.
(3) A pun on counterfeit money, called slips.
(4) Shoe. (5) Slight, thin.
(6) A horse-race in any direction the leader chooses to take.
(7) An apple. (8) Soft stretching leather.
(9) It was the custom for servants to carry the lady's fan.
(10) Good even. (11) Point.
(12) Hoary, mouldy.
(13) The burden of an old song.
(14) A term of disrespect in contradistinction to gentleman.
(15) Roguery.

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twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirtgills; I am none of his skains-mates:[1]—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift[2]
This afternoon;
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant[3] of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit[4] thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Capulet's *garden.* *Enter* Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him: that's not so.—
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy[5] her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse *and* Peter.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am weary, give me leave a while;—
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu! What haste? Can you not stay a while?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o't'other side,—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew[6] your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

(1) A mate or companion of one wearing a skain; a short sword.
(2) Confession.
(3) The highest extremity of the mast of a ship.
(4) Requite.
(5) Drive her, as a ball struck with a bandy; *i. e.* a bat or battledore.
(6) Ill betide.

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Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?
Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st!
Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?
Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here's such a coil,[1]—come, what says Romeo?
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's *cell. Enter Friar* Laurence *and* Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare.
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers[2]
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.
Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon[3] it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit,[4] more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

(1) Noise, bustle.
(2) The long white filament which flies in the air.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A public place. Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *Page, and Servants.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.
Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.
Ben. Am I like such a fellow?
Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.
Ben. And what to?
Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!
Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.
Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.
Mer. By my heel, I care not.
Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.
Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.
Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.
Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?
Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—
Mer. Consort? what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!
Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men;
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.
Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

(3) Paint, display. (4) Imagination.

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Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir; here comes my man.
Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.
Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.
Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.
Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.
Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.
Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata[1] carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?
Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?
Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher[2] by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.
Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*
Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.
Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*
Rom. Draw, Benvolio;
Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets:—Hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.
[*Exeunt* Tybalt *and his Partizans.*
Mer. I am hurt:—
A plague o'both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?
Ben. What, art thou hurt?
Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit* Page.
Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o'both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.
Rom. I thought all for the best.
Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o'both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!
[*Exeunt* Mercutio *and* Benvolio.
Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.
Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the wo, others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective[3] lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct[4] now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort[5] him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This shall determine that.
[*They fight;* Tybalt *falls.*
Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!
Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!
Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit* Romeo.

Enter Citizens, *&c.*

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
1 *Cit.* Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, *attended;* Montague, Capulet, *their wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!
Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,[6]
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!
Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice[7] the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hands beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo, he cries aloud,

(1) The Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier.
(2) Case or scabbard.
(3) Cool, considerate gentleness.
(4) Conduct for conductor. (5) Accompany
(6) Just and upright. (7) Slight, unimportant

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Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce[1] you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will;
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A room in Capulet's *house. Enter* Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil[2] night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,[3]
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo!—come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him, and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish[4] sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, *with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
[*Throws them down.*

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever could have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,[5]
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make the answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say *I*; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or wo.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here, on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

(1) Punish by fine. (2) Grave, solemn.
(3) These are terms of falconry.
(4) Gaudy, showy.

(5) In Shakspeare's time the affirmative particle ay was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling.

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In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?—
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to wo,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.[1] Tybalt's death
Was wo enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour wo delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern[2] lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that wo sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot[3] well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's *cell. Enter Friar* Laurence *and* Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips;
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.
Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,[4]
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?
Fri. Thou fond madman, hear me but speak a word.
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again on banishment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.
Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,

(1) *i. e.* Is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts.

(2) Common. (3) Know. (4) Worth, value

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Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself. [*Knocking within.*
Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
[*Knocking.*
Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while: stand up;
[*Knocking.*
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!
What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come.
[*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!
Fri. O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse!
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.[1]
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.
Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
[*Exit* Nurse.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!
Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here stands all your state;[2]
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A room in Capulet's *house. Enter* Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. These times of wo afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

(1) Torn to pieces with thine own weapons.

(2) The whole of your fortune depends on this.

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La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-
morrow;
To-night she's mew'd up[1] to her heaviness.
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate[2] tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft; What day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.
Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is
too soon,
O' Thursday let it be;—O' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-
morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone:—O' Thursday be it
then:—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—Good night. [*Exe.*

SCENE V.—Juliet's *chamber*. *Enter* Romeo *and* Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;[3]
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care[4] to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;[5]
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now, I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up[6] to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

(1) Shut up. (2) Bold.
(3) Reflection of the moon. (4) Inclination.
(5) Division was the technical phrase for musical composition.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and
dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!
Jul. Nurse?
Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your
chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.
[*Exit* Nurse.
Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll de-
scend. [Romeo *descends.*
Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my
friend!
I must hear from thee every day i'the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.
Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eyes so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit* Romeo.
Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.
La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures[7] her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of
love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the
friend
Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer
lives.
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my
hands.
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death.

(6) A tune played to wake hunters, also a morning song to a woman the day after marriage.
(7) Brings.

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La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!
La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child:
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!
La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and* Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Ever more showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?
La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

(1) Base woman.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud;—Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o'Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me:
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding![1]
Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.
Cap. O, God ye good den!
Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,*
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems

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Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar Laurence's *cell. Enter Friar* Laurence *and* Paris.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Friar. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. [*Aside.*
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

(1) Decide the struggle between me and my distresses.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit* Paris.

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire;[1] arbitrating that
Which the commission[2] of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself:
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless sculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,

(2) Authority or power.

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To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.
Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow-night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is,)
In your best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua,
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.
Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.
Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A room in Capulet's *house. Enter* Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Nurse, *and* Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit* Servant.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.
2 *Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.
Cap. How canst thou try them so?
2 *Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.
Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit* Servant.
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?
Nurse. Ay, forsooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift[1] with merry look.
Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?
Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests;[2] and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.
Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed[3] love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.
Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?
La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.
Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* Juliet *and* Nurse.
La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.
Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exe*

*SCENE III.—*Juliet's *chamber. Enter* Juliet *and* Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons[4]
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?
Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.
La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet *and* Nurse.
Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[*Laying down a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo

(1) Confession. (2) Commands. (3) Becoming. (4) Prayers.

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Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;[1]—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,[2]
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*She throws herself on the bed.*

SCENE IV.—Capulet's *hall. Enter Lady* Capulet *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.
Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.[3]

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.
Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.
Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.
La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt[4] in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.
[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet *and* Nurse
Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, *with spits, logs, and baskets.*

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.
Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* Serv.]—Sirrah, fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.
2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit*
Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight,
[*Music within*
For so he said he would. I hear him near:—
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Juliet's *chamber; Juliet on the bed. Enter* Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week: for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day.
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.
Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled; and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Paris, *with Musicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

(1) The fabulous accounts of the plant called *mandrake* give it a degree of animal life, and say that when it is torn from the ground it groans, which is fatal to him that pulls it up.

(2) Distracted.
(3) The room where pies were made.
(4) *Mouse* was a term of endearment to a woman.

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Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.
Nurse. O wo! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most détestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried.
Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But she's best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.
Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.
[*Exe.* Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Paris *and* Friar.
1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.
Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up; put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.
[*Exit* Nurse.
1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, O musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease;* O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease.*
1 *Mus.* Why *heart's ease?*
Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full of wo:* O, play me some merry dump,[1] to comfort me.
2 *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
2 *Mus.* No.
Pet. I will then give it you soundly.
1 *Mus.* What will you give us?
Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek:[2] I will give you the minstrel.
1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?
1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.
2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.
Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound;

Why, *silver sound?* why, *music with her silver sound?*
What say you, Simon Catling?
1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?[3]
2 *Mus.* I say—*silver sound,* because musicians sound for silver.
Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?
3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.
Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is *music with her silver sound,* because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:—

Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.
[*Exit, singing.*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?
2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A street. Enter* Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord[4] sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?

(1) *Dumps* were heavy mournful tunes.
(2) *To gleek* is to scoff, and a *gleekman* signified a minstrel.
(3) 'And the jocund *rebecks* sound.' MILTON.
(4) *i. e.* Love.

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Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.
Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.
Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.
Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.
Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
Bal. No, my good lord.
Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit* Balthasar.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples;[1] meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer[2]
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.—Friar Laurence's *cell. Enter Friar* John.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?
John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,[3] but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.
John. Brother, I'll go and bring't thee. [*Exit.*
Lau. Now must I to the monument alone:
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the Capulets. *Enter* Paris; *and his* Page, *bearing flowers and a torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof:—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure.
[*Retires.*
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,

(1) Herbs. (2) Stuff. (3) *i. e.* On a trivial or idle subject.

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With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!
[*The boy whistles.*
The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.
[*Retires.*

Enter Romeo *and* Balthasar, *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take hence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring that I must use
In dear employment:[1] therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.
Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.
Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*
Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which grief,
It is supposed the fair creature died;—
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—
[*Advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.
Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself:
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, begone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy conjurations,[2]
And do attach thee as a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight.*
Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch. [*Exit* Page.
Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

(1) *i. e.* Action of importance.
(2) I do refuse to do as thou *conjurest* me to do, *i. e.* depart.

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern,[3] slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence[4] full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying* Paris *in the monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah! dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct,[5] come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*

Enter at the other end of the church-yard, Friar Laurence, *with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's there?
Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.
Fri. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there?

(3) The allusion is to a louvre or turret full of windows, by means of which ancient halls, &c. are illuminated.
(4) Presence-chamber. (5) Conductor.

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Bal. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me:
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri. Romeo! [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [Juliet *wakes and stirs.*
Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?
[*Noise within.*
Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare stay no longer. [*Exit.*
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true-love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end;—
O churl! drink all? and leave no friendly drop
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!
1 Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?
Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [*Snatching* Romeo's *dagger.*
This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself.*] there rust, and let me die.
[*Falls on* Romeo's *body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, *with the* Page *of* Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody; Search about the church-yard:
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt some.*
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—
[*Exeunt the other* Watchmen.
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, *with* Balthasar.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.
1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, *with Friar* Lawrence.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.
1 *Watch.* A great suspicion; Stay the friar too

Enter the Prince *and Attendants.*

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?
La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry toward our monument.
Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?
1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.
Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.
Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.
La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague *and others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.
Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further wo conspires against mine age?
Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.
Mon. O thou untaught!.what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?
Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemn'd and myself accus'd.
Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You—to remove that siege[2] of grief from her,—

(1) *i. e.* The scabbard. (2) Seat.

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Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping-potion: which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come at this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was staid by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems,) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:[1]—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more wo,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Mercutio and Paris.

This play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third Act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed*, without danger to the poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, in a pointed sentence, that more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakspeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The Nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.*

JOHNSON.

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HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Claudius, *king of Denmark.*
Hamlet, *son to the former king, and nephew to the present king.*
Polonius, *lord chamberlain.*
Horatio, *friend to Hamlet.*
Laertes, *son to Polonius.*
Voltimand, Cornelius, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, } *courtiers.*
Osric, *a courtier.*
Another Courtier.
A Priest.
Marcellus, Bernardo, } *officers.*
Francisco, *a soldier.*
Reynaldo, *servant to Polonius.*
A Captain. An Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's father.
Fortinbras, *prince of Norway.*

Gertrude, *queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet.*
Ophelia, *daughter of Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave diggers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene, *Elsinore.*

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Elsinore. *A platform before the castle.* Francisco *on his post. Enter to him* Bernardo.

Bernardo.

WHO'S there?
Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold Yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals[1] of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit* Francisco.
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him, along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve[2] our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like:—it harrows[3] me with fear, and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak.
Mar. It is offended.

(1) Partners. (2) Make good, or establish. (3) Conquers.

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Ber. See! it stalks away.
Hor. Stay; speak: speak I charge thee, speak.
[*Exit* Ghost.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in angry parle,[1]
He smote the sledded[2] Polack[3] on the ice.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump[4] at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart,[5]
And carriage of the article design'd,[6]
His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,[7]
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd[8] up a list of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach[9] in't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state,)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsatory, those 'foresaid lands
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage[10] in the land.
[*Ber.* I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort,[11] that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars.

(1) Dispute. (2) Sledged.
(3) Polander, an inhabitant of Poland.
(4) Just. (5) Joint bargain.
(6) The covenant to confirm that bargain.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy[12] state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,[13]
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen[14] coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—]

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'Tis here!
Hor. 'Tis here!
Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit* Ghost.
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring[15] spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.[16]
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
Hor. So I have heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know

(7) Full of spirit without experience.
(8) Picked. (9) Resolution. (10) Search.
(11) Suit. (12) Victorious. (13) The moon.
(14) Event. (15) Wandering. (16) Proof.

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Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.—The same. A room of state in the same. Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, *Lords, and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of wo;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,[1]
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands,
Lost by his father, with all bands[2] of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait[3] herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.
Farewell: and let your haste commend your duty.
Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.
[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou have, Laertes?
Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?
Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung from me my slow leave,
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:]
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,——
Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.[4]
[*Aside.*
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i'the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids[5]
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of wo.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: But to perséver
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing wo; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde[6] to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you madam.
King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,

(1) Grief. (2) Bonds. (3) Way, path.

(4) Nature: a little more than a kinsman, and less than a natural one.

(5) Lowering eyes. (6) Contrary.

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No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse[1] the heaven shall bruit[2] again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *Lords, &c.* Polonius, *and* Laertes.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve[3] itself into a dew!
Or, that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon[4] 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely.[5] That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion[6] to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem[7] the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married:—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart: for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship.
Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord,——
Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so:
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio: the funeral-bak'd meats[8]
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest[9] foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.
Hor. Where,
My lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw! who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent[10] ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; while they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me,
In dreadful secrecy, impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
All. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
All. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe
All. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not
His face?
Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver[11] up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.

(1) Draught. (2) Report. (3) Dissolve.
(4) Law. (5) Entirely. (6) Apollo. (7) Suffer.
(8) It was anciently the custom to give a cold entertainment at a funeral.
(9) Chiefest. (10) Attentive.
(11) That part of the helmet which may be lifted up.

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Ham. I would, I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like,
Very like: Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw it.
Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant, it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.
[*Exeunt* Horatio, Marcellus, *and* Bernardo.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A room in Polonius's *house. Enter* Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent,[1] does not grow alone
In thews,[2] and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel,[3] doth besmirch[4]
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear.
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state:
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head: Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent[5] ear you list[6] his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd[7] importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest[8] maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless[9] libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.[10]
Laer. O fear me not.
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for: There,—my blessing with you; [*Laying his hand on* Laertes' *head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character.[11] Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm[12] with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure,[13] but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous,[14] chief[15] in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.[16]
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season[17] this in thee!
Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.[18]
Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.
Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. [*Exit* Laertes.
Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

(1) Increasing. (2) Sinews.
(3) Subtlety, deceit. (4) Discolour.
(5) Believing. (6) Listen to. (7) Licentious.
(8) Most cautious. (9) Careless.

(10) Regards not his own lessons.
(11) Write. (12) Palm of the hand.
(13) Opinion. (14) Noble. (15) Chiefly.
(16) Economy. (17) Infix. (18) Wait.

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Pol. Marry, well bethought:
Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted[1] in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wronging it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My lord, he hath impórtun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.[2]
Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.
Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments[3] at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young;
And with a larger tether[4] may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers,[5]
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere implorators[6] of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The platform. Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager[7] air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,[8]
Keeps wassel,[9] and the swaggering up-spring[10] reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe[11] us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,[12]
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,)
Shall, in the general censure, take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout,[13]
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable[14] shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in cómplete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,[15]
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed[16] ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;[17]
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,

(1) Untempted. (2) Manner. (3) Company. (4) Longer line; a horse fastened by a string to a stake, is *tethered.*
(5) Pimps. (6) Implorers. (7) Sharp.
(8) Jovial draught. (9) Jollity. (10) A dance.
(11) Call. (12) Humour.
(13) Do out. (14) Conversable. (15) Frame.
(16) Remote. (17) Value.

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That beetles[1] o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys[2] of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—
[Ghost *beckons.*
Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets[3] me:—
I say, away:—Go on, I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt* Ghost *and* Hamlet.
Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A more remote part of the platform. Re-enter Ghost *and* Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit:
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an-end,
Like quills upon the fretful Porcupine:
But this eternal blazon[4] must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—List, list, O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,——
Ham. O heaven!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder?
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,[5]
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is, by a forged process of my death,
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven:
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate[6] itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon[7] in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment: whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine:
And a most instant tetter[8] bark'd about,
Most lazar-like,[9] with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:[10]
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd,[11] disappointed,[12] unanel'd;[13]
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*
Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;

(1) Hangs. (2) Whims. (3) Hinders.
(4) Display. (5) Garden. (6) Satiate.
(7) Henbane. (8) Scab, scurf. (9) Leprous.
(10) Bereft.
(11) Without having received the sacrament.
(12) Unappointed, unprepared.
(13) Without extreme unction.

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And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe.[1] Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws[2] of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,[3]—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have sworn't.
Hor. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord,——
Mar. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet,——
Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!
Ham. So be it.
Mar. [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No;
You will reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be secret,——
Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you;—
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes, 'Faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord?
We will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear't.
Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. *Hic et ubique?*[4] then we'll shift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands upon my sword:
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear by his sword.
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i'the earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;——
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times, seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *Well, well, we know;*—or, *We could, an if we would;*—or, *If we list to speak;*—or, *There be, an if they might;*—
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—This do you swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A room in Polonius's *house. Enter* Polonius *and* Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry

(1) Head. (2) Sayings, sentences.
(3) Memorandum-book.
(4) Here and every where.

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Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers[1] are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him;—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. *And, in part, him;—but,* you may say, *not well:*
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord.
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—You may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty:
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness[2] in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.
Rey. But, my good lord,——
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.
Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate[3] crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good sir, or so; or *friend,* or *gentleman,*—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was about to say something:—Where did I leave?
Rey. At, closes in the consequence.
Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay, marry;*
He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;*
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(*Videlicet,*[4] a brothel,) *or so forth.*—
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So, by former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well
Rey. Good my lord,——
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.
Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?
Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved[5] to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,[6]
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o'doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstacy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes[7] itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted[8] him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Danes. (2) Wildness.
(3) Already named. (4) That is to say.
(5) Hanging down, like fetters. (6) Body.
(7) Destroys. (8) Observed.

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SCENE II.—A room in the castle. Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, *and Attendants.*

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him;
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,—
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry,[1] and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,[2]
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt* Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, *and some Attendants.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The embassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail[3] of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the embassadors;
My news shall be the fruit[4] to that great feast.

(1) Complaisance. (2) Utmost exertion.
(3) Scent. (4) Dessert.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit* Polonius.
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, *with* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;[5]
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,[6]—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Gives a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions, for this enterprise;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well:
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate[7]
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather and surmise.
—*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,*——
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified* is a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

(5) Poland. (6) Imposed on. (7) Discuss

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Pol. Good madam, stay a while; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [Reads.
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, *I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.*

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round[1] to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed (a short tale to make,)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that,)
That I have positively said, *'Tis so,*
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise?
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras[2] then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, *reading.*

Queen. But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

(1) Roundly, without reserve. (2) Tapestry.
(3) Accost. (4) Understanding.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board[3] him presently:—O, give me leave.—
[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and Attendants.*
How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,——Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'the sun: conception[4] is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,[5]—friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly, in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'the air.—How pregnant[6] sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity[7] could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir! [*To* Polonius.
[*Exit* Polonius.

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

(5) Be pregnant. (6) Ready, apt.
(7) Soundness of mind.

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Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world is grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither.

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you: for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [*To* Guildenstern.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aside.*] —if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises. and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten[1] entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted[2] them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o'the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel?[3] their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases,[4] that cry out on the top of question,[5] and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted?[6] Will they pursue the quality? no longer than they can sin? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre[8] them on to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.[9]

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty,

(1) Spare. (2) Overtook.
(3) Become strollers. (4) Young nestlings.
(5) Dialogue. (6) Paid.
(7) Profession. (8) Provoke.
(9) *i. e.* The globe, the sign of Shakspeare's Theatre.

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forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little.[1] 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply[2] with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o'Monday morning: 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you; When Roscius was an actor in Rome,——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz!

Pol. Upon my honour,——

Ham. *Then came each actor on his ass,*——

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral [tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral,] scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ,[3] and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. *O Jephthah, judge of Israel,*—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—*One fair daughter and no more,*
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i'the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God wot,* and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was,*—The first row of the pious chanson[4] will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; Welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valenced[5] since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard[6] me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.[7] Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked with the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality;—come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play.* What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare[9] to the general:[10] but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top[11] of mine,) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallads in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite[12] the author of affection:[13] but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—

'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules;[14] *horridly trick'd*[15]
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks;—So proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 Play. *Anon he finds him*
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i'the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack[16] *stand still,*
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death; anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,[17]
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

(1) Miniature. (2) Compliment. (3) Writing.
(4) Christmas carols. (5) Fringed.
(6) Defy. (7) Clog. (8) Profession.
(9) An Italian dish, made of the roes of fishes.
(10) Multitude. (11) Above. (12) Convict.
(13) Affectation. (14) Red. (15) Blazoned.
(16) Light clouds. (17) Eternal.

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Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on: come to Hecuba.

1 Play. *But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled*[1] *queen*——

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. *Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames*
With bisson[2] *rheum; a clout upon that head,*
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch[3] *the burning eye of heaven,*
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time; After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, airs.

[*Exit* Polonius, *with some of the* Players.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit* Player.] My good friends, [*To* Ros. *and* Guil.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord! [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat[4] was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i'the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless,[5] villain!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him[6] to the quick; if he do blench,[7]
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[*Exit.*

(1) Muffled. (2) Blind. (3) Milky.
(4) Destruction. (5) Unnatural.

(6) Search his wounds. (7) Shrink or start.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A room in the castle. *Enter* King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, *and* Guildenstern.

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause, he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands

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Most free in his reply.
Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught[1] on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros. We shall, my lord. [*Exe.* Ros. *and* Guil.
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront[2] Ophelia:
Her father, and myself (lawful espials,[3])
Will so bestow ourselves, that seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly[4] judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you:
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wish it may.
[*Exit* Queen.
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow[5] ourselves:—Read on this book;
[*To* Ophelia.
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,[6]—that with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden! [*Aside.*
Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord
[*Exeunt* King *and* Polonius

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,[7]
Must give us pause: There's the respect,[8]
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,[9]
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus[10] make
With a bare bodkin?[11] who would fardels[12] bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn[13]
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons[14]
Be all my sins remember'd.
Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thank you; well.
Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.
Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.
Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.
Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?
Oph. My lord?
Ham. Are you fair?
Oph. What means your lordship?
Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.
Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?
Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.
Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.
Ham. You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.
Oph. I was the more deceived.
Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck,[15] than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?
Oph. At home, my lord.
Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

(1) Overtook. (2) Meet. (3) Spies.
(4) Freely. (5) Place. (6) Too frequent.
(7) Stir, bustle. (8) Consideration.
(9) Rudeness. (10) Acquittance.
(11) The ancient term for a small dagger.
(12) Packs, burdens. (13) Boundary, limit.
(14) Prayers. (15) Call.

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Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to; I'll no more of't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould[1] of form,
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy:[2] O, wo is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King *and* Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down; He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round[3] with him:
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—A hall in the same. Enter Hamlet, *and certain* Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings;[4] who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod:[5] Pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.[6] Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of which one, must, in your allowance,[7] o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question[8] of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.— [*Exeunt* Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, *and* Guildenstern.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.— [*Ex.* Pol.
Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant[9] hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

(1) The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves.
(2) Alienation of mind.
(3) Reprimand him with freedom.
(4) The meaner people then seem to have sat in the pit.
(5) Herod's character was always violent.
(6) Impression, resemblance. (7) Approbation.
(8) Conversation, discourse. (9) Quick, ready.

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Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted[1] guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy.[2] Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure[3] of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
Get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, *and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say? [*To* Polonius.

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i'the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay[4] upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the* King.

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
[*Lying down at* Ophelia's *feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.[5] O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb show follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho;[6] it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief,[7] my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King *and a* Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart[8] gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus'[9] orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,[10]
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, wo is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women fear too much, even as they love;
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd,[11] my fear is so.

(1) Secret. (2) Shop: stithy is a smith's shop.
(3) Opinion. (4) Wait.
(5) The richest dress. (6) Secret wickedness.
(7) Short. (8) Car, chariot. (9) The earth's.
(10) Shining, lustre.
(11) Magnitude, proportion.

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Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant[1] powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou——
P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.
Ham. That's wormwood.
P. Queen. The instances,[2] that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak:
But, what we do determine, oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures[3] with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye;[4] nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.
P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's[5] cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!
Ham. If she should break it now,—— [*To* Oph.
P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*
P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain!
[*Exit.*
Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

(1) Active. (2) Motives. (3) Determinations.
(4) Ever. (5) Anchoret's.
(6) ——————the thing
In which he'll catch the conscience of the king.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.
King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i'the world.
King. What do you call the play?
Ham. The Mouse-trap.[6] Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince,[7] our withers are unwrung.—

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.
Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.
Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.
Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.
Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.
Oph. Still better, and worse.
Ham. So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come;——
——The croaking raven
Doth bellow for revenge.
Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban[8] thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.*
Ham. He poisons him i'the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.
Oph. The king rises.
Ham. What! frighted with false fire?
Queen. How fares my lord?
Pol. Give o'er the play.
King. Give me some light:—away!
Pol. Lights, lights, lights!
[*Exeunt all but* Hamlet *and* Horatio.
Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away.—
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers[9] (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk[10] with me,) with two Provencial roses on my razed[11] shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry[12] of players, sir?
Hor. Half a share.
Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock.
Hor. You might have rhymed.
Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?
Hor. Very well, my lord.
Ham. Upon the talk of poisoning,——
Hor. I did very well note him.
Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.[13]—

(7) This is a proverbial saying. (8) Curse.
(9) For his head. (10) Change conditions.
(11) Slashed. (12) Pack, company.
(13) A kind of flute.

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For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.[1]—

Enter Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,——

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,——

Ros. Then thus she says; Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade[2] with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.[3]

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, *with recorders.*

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages,[4] with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.[5]—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt* Ros. Guil. Hor. *&c.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent,[6]
To give them seals[7] never, my soul, consent! [*Ex*

SCENE III.—A room in the same. Enter King Rosencrantz, *and* Guildenstern.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you,
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.[8]

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance: but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,

(1) *Par Dieu.* (2) Business. (3) Hands.
(4) Holes. (5) Utmost stretch. (6) Reproved.
(7) Authority to put them in execution.
(8) Lunacies.

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Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.
King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Ros. Guil. We will haste us.
[*Exeunt* Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras[1] I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[*Exit* Polonius.
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed[2] soul; that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't; and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:[3]
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole[4] son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary,[5] not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad-blown, as flush as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:[6]
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

The King *rises and advances.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Another room in the same. Enter Queen *and* Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him:
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.
Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[Polonius *hides himself*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood,[7] not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And,—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!
Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws*
Dead, for a ducat, dead.
[Hamlet *makes a pass through the arras*
Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.
[*Falls, and dies*
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not
Is it the king?
[*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth* Polonius.

(1) Tapestry. (2) Caught as with bird-lime.
(3) Should be considered. (4) Only.
(5) Reward.
(6) Seize him at a more horrid time. (7) Cross.

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Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
[*To* Polonius.
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction[1] plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow:
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful[2]-visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?[3]
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's[4] curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station[5] like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten[6] on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense,[7] sure, you have,
Else, could you not have motion: But, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy[8] was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?[9]
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans[10] all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.[11]
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
Queen. O, Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.[12]
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed[13] bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty;——
Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet.
Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice[14] of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king
Of shreds and patches:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?
Queen. Alas, he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!
Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit[15] in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady:
Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,[16]
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.[17]—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects:[18] then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance,[19] for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is, I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit* Ghost.
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:

(1) Marriage-contract. (2) Sorrowful.
(3) Index of contents prefixed to a book.
(4) Apollo's. (5) The act of standing.
(6) To grow fat. (7) Sensation. (8) Frenzy.
(9) Blindman's buff. (10) Without.
(11) Be so stupid. (12) Colour. (13) Greasy.
(14) Mimic. (15) Imagination.
(16) The hair of animals is excrementitious, that is, without life or sensation.
(17) Intelligent. (18) Actions. (19) Perhaps.

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This bodiless creation ecstasy!
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost[2] on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb[3] and woo, for leave to do him good.
Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to* Polonius.
I do repent: But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
But one word more, good lady.
Queen. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse;[4]
And let him, for a pair of reechy[5] kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know:
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock,[6] from a bat, a gib,[7]
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions,[8] in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.
Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England; you know that?
Queen. Alack,

(1) Frenzy. (2) Manure.
(3) Bend. (4) A term of endearment.
(5) Steaming with heat.
(6) Toad. (7) Cat. (8) Experiments.

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.
Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school fellows,—
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,[9]—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar:[10] and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—
Good night, mother.
[*Exeunt severally;* Hamlet dragging in Polonius.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, *and* Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves;
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your son?
Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—
[*To* Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern, *who go out.*
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!
King. What, Gertrude? how does Hamlet?
Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.
King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,[11]
This mad young man: but, so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral[12] of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.
King. O, Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body

(9) Having their teeth.
(10) Blown up with his own bomb.
(11) Company. (12) Mine.

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Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,[1]
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O come away;
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another room in the same. Enter Hamlet.

Ham.——Safely stowed,——[Ros. *&c. within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But soft!—what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Ros. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?
Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?
Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.
Ros. I understand you not, my lord.
Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.
Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.
Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing——
Guil. A thing, my lord?
Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.[2] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another room in the same. Enter King, *attended.*

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter Rosencrantz.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?
Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

(1) Mark. (2) A sport among children.

King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet *and* Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper? Where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.
King. Alas, alas!
Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
King. What dost thou mean by this?
Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.
King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i'the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.
King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*
Ham. He will stay till you come.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,[3]
The associates tend,[4] and every thing is bent
For England.
Ham. For England?
King. Ay, Hamlet.
Ham. Good.
King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.
Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.
King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.
Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*
King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
Away; for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: Pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set[5]
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters cónjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps,[6] my joys will ne'er begin. [*Ex.*

SCENE IV.—A plain in Denmark. *Enter* Fortinbras, *and Forces, marching.*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him, that, by his license, Fortinbras

(3) Right, ready. (4) Attend.
(5) Value, estimate. (6) Successes.

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Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,[1]
And let him know so.
Cap. I will do't, my lord.
For. Go softly on. [*Exe.* For. *and Forces.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, *&c.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers[2] are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.
Ham. How purpos'd, sir,
I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who
Commands them, sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the Polack[3] never will defend it.
Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.
Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace:
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.
Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit* Captain.
Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market[4] of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,[5]
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust[6] in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven[7] scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do;*
Sith[8] I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness, this army of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [*Ex.*

(1) Presence. (2) Forces. (3) Polander.
(4) Profit. (5) Power of comprehension.
(6) Grow mouldy. (7) Cowardly. (8) Since.

SCENE V.—Elsinore. *A room in the castle.*
Enter Queen *and* Horatio.

Queen. ——I will not speak with her.
Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.
Queen. What would she have?
Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
There's tricks i'the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim[9] at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures, yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
Queen. 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [*Exit* Horatio.
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy[10] seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Horatio, *with* Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?
Queen. How now, Ophelia?
Oph. *How should I your true-love know*
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.[11] [Singing
Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?
Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady, [Sings.
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
O, ho!
Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,——
Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow.
[Sings.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.
Oph. *Larded*[12] *all with sweet flowers;*
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.
King. How do you, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, God 'ield[13] you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!
King. Conceit upon her father.
Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

(9) Guess. (10) Trifle. (11) Shoe.
(12) Garnished. (13) Reward.

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Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:

Then up he rose, and don'd[1] *his clothes,*
And dupp'd[2] *the chamber door;*
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!
Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

By Gis,[3] *and by Saint Charity,*[3]
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:

[He answers.]

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?
Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i'the cold ground; My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night. [*Ex.*
King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* Horatio.
O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death: And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: The people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,[4]
In hugger-mugger[5] to inter him: Poor Ophelia
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death! [*A noise within.*
Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.
Where are my Switzers?[6] Let them guard the door:
What is the matter?
Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,[7]
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!
Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail[8] they cry!
O, this is counter,[9] you false Danish dogs.
King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

Enter Laertes, *armed;* Danes *following.*

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.
Dan. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you, give me leave.
Dan. We will, we will.
[*They retire without the door.*
Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.
Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.
Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched[10] brow
Of my true mother.
King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.
Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.
King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,[11]
As day does to your eye.
Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.
Laer. How now! what noise is that?

(1) Do on, *i. e.* put on. (2) Do up.
(3) Saints in the Roman-catholic calendar.
(4) Without judgment. (5) Privately.
(6) Guards. (7) Bounds. (8) Scent.
(9) Hounds run counter when they trace the scent backwards.
(10) Clean, undefiled. (11) Appear.

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Enter Ophelia, *fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine[1] in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him barefac'd on the bier;*
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down-a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel[2] becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it, herb of grace o'Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.[3]—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,——

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,— [Sings.

Laer. Thought[4] and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?* [Sings.
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God 'a mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you! [*Exit* Ophelia.

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall:
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall:
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Artful. (2) The burthen.
(3) *i. e.* By its Sunday name 'herb of grace;' mine is merely rue, *i. e.* sorrow.

SCENE VI.—Another room in the same. Enter Horatio, *and a Servant.*

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir;
They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—
[*Exit* Servant.
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads.*] Horatio, *when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am.* Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern *hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.*

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Another room in the same. Enter King *and* Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith[5] you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,[6]
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,

(4) Melancholy. (5) Since.
(6) Deprived of strength.

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Is, the great love the general gender[1] bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring[2] that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not;
They were given me by Claudio; he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—
Leave us. [*Exit* Messenger.

[Reads.] *High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.*
Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,*—
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone:*
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking[3] at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality,
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.[4]

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch,[5] indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence.[6]
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers[7] of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,——

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father;
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,[8]
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o'the ulcer
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake
To show yourself in deed your father's son
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize:
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber:
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame

(1) Common people.
(2) Petrifying springs are common in many parts of England.
(3) Objecting to. (4) Place.
(5) Ornament.
(6) Science of defence, *i. e.* fencing.
(7) Fencers. (8) Daily experience.

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The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated,[1] and, in a pass of practice,[2]
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:
And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof.[3] Soft,—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,[4]—
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd[5] him
A chalice for the nonce;[6] whereon but sipping,
If be by chance escape your venom'd stuck.[7]
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One wo doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,[8]
That liberal[9] shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable[10] of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.[11]—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Not blunted as foils are. (2) Exercise.
(3) As fire-arms sometimes burst in proving their strength.
(4) Skill. (5) Presented.
(6) A cup for the purpose. (7) Thrust.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A churchyard. Enter two Clowns, *with spades, &c.*

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; therefore make her grave straight:[12] the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water: good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't: crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity; that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even[13] Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.[14]

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

(8) *Orchis morio mas.* (9) Licentious.
(10) Insensible. (11) Tears will flow
(12) Immediately. (13) Fellow.
(14) Give over.

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2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio, *at a distance.*

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 Clown.

1 Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,[1]
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. *But age, with his stealing steps,*
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.
[Throws up a scull.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which would say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worms; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats[2] with them? mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo. *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,* [Sings.
For—and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.
[Throws up a scull.

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits[3] now, his quillets,[4] his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce[5] with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

(1) The song entire is printed in Percy's Reliques of ancient English Poetry, vol. i. It was written by Lord Vaux.

(2) An ancient game, played as *quoits* are at resent.

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow: —Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 *Clo.* Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [Sings.
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 *Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 *Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clo.* For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 *Clo.* For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 *Clo.* One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card,[6] or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,[7] that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 *Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 *Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die (a we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

(3) Subtilties. (4) Frivolous distinctions.
(5) Head.
(6) By the compass, or chart of direction.
(7) Spruce, affected.

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1 *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This? [*Takes the scull.*

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Alas! poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour[1] she must come; make her laugh at that. Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o'this fashion i'the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [*Throws down the scull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious[2] Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw![3]

But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king.

Enter Priest, *&c. in procession; the corpse of* Ophelia, Laertes *and Mourners following;* King, Queen, *their trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites![4] This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Fordo[5] its own life. 'Twas of some estate:[6]
Couch we a while, and mark. [*Retiring with* Horatio.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd,
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards,[7] flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,[8]
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest.* No more be done
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem*,[9] and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i'the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell! [*Scattering flowers.*
I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble wo
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms: [*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick[10] and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To c'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*

Laer. The devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,——

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet. [*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up Esil?[11] eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:

(1) Countenance, complexion.
(2) Imperial. (3) Blast.
(4) Imperfect obsequies. (5) Undo, destroy.
(6) High rank.
(7) Broken pots or tiles. (8) Garlands.
(9) A mass for the dead. (10) Living.
(11) *Eisel* is vinegar; but Mr. Steevens conjectures the word should be *Weisel*, a river which falls into the Baltic ocean.

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And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,[1]
His silence will sit drooping.
Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*
King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.— [*Exit* Horatio.
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech; [*To* Laertes.
We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A hall in the castle. Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;—
You do remember all the circumstance?
Hor. Remember it, my lord!
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines[2] in the bilboes.[3] Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it,—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall:[4] and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is most certain.
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,—
Larded[5] with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs[6] and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise,[7] no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
Hor. Is't possible?
Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?
Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,
Or[8] I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play:—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists[9] do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
Hor. Ay, good my lord.
Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them, like the palm, might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma[10] 'tween their amities;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving[11]-time allow'd.
Hor. How was this seal'd?
Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model[12] of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known: Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent[13]
Thou know'st already.
Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.
Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.
Hor. Why, what a king is this!
Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit[14] him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?
Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.
Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count[15] his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.
Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter Osric.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.
Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?[16]
Hor. No, my good lord.
Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough;[17] but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.
Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.
Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit: Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.
Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.
Ham. No, believe me, tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

(1) Hatched. (2) Mutineers.
(3) Fetters and hand-cuffs, brought from *Bilboa* in Spain.
(4) Fail. (5) Garnished. (6) Bugbears.
(7) Looking over. (8) Before.
(9) Statesmen. (10) A note of connection.
(11) Confessing. (12) Copy.
(13) Following. (14) Requite.
(15) For *count* some editors read *court*.
(16) *Water-flies* are gnats.
(17) A bird like a jackdaw.

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Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion——

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember——

[Hamlet *moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith.[1] Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences,[2] of very soft society, and great showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card[3] or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent[4] of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, this definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.[5]

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination[6] of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant——

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve[7] me;—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is——

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed[8] he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impawned,[9] as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers,[10] and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margent,[11] ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german[12] to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing[13] runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply[14] with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy[15] age dotes on.) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty[16] collection, which carries them through and through the most fond[17] and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit* Lord.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,——

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving,[18] as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I

(1) The affected phrase of the time.
(2) Distinguishing excellencies.
(3) Compass or chart.
(4) The country and pattern for imitation.
(5) This speech is a ridicule of the court jargon of that time.
(6) Mentioning. (7) Recommend.
(8) Praise. (9) *Imponed*, put down, staked.
(10) That part of the belt by which the sword was suspended.
(11) Margin of a book which contains explanatory notes.
(12) Akin.
(13) A bird which runs about immediately as it is hatched.
(14) Compliment. (15) Worthless.
(16) Frothy. (17) For *fond* read *fann'd*.
(18) Misgiving.

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will forestal[1] their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osric, *and Attendants, with foils, &c.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The* King *puts the hand of* Laertes *into that of* Hamlet.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
This presence[2] knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd:[3] But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i'the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both:—
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: these foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups[4] of wine upon that table:—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union[5] shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn; Give me the cups
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.*

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while
Come.—Another hit; What say you? [*They play.*

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin,[6] rub thy brows:
The queen carouses[7] to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,——

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

[*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you do but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard, you make a wanton[8] of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet; *then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The* Queen *falls.*

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd! [*Dies.*

Ham. O villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [Laertes *falls.*

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated,[9] and envenom'd: the foul practice

(1) Prevent. (2) The king and queen's presence.
(3) Unwounded. (4) Large jugs.
(5) A precious pearl. (6) Handkerchief.
(7) Drinks good luck to you. (8) Boy.
(9) The foil without a button, and poisoned at the point.

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Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.
Ham. The point
Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.
[*Stabs the* King.
Osr. & Lords. Treason! treason!
King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—Is the union here?
Follow my mother. [King *dies.*
Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd[1] by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell sergeant,[2] death,
Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have it.—
O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—
[*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?
Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows[3] my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents,[4] more or less,
Which have solicited,[5]—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart;—Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

Enter Fortinbras, *the* English Ambassadors, *and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it, you would see?
If aught of wo, or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry[6] cries on havoc![7]—O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck?
1 *Amb.* The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,[8]
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump[9] upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack[10] wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things come about: So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.
Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead march.*
[*Exeunt, bearing off the bodies; after which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

If the dramas of Shakspeare were to be characterised, each by the particular excellence which distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity: with merriment that includes judicious and instructive observations; and solemnity not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life, and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that, in the first act, chills the blood with horror, to the fop in the last, that exposes affectation to just contempt.

The conduct is, perhaps, not wholly secure against objections. The action is, indeed, for the most part, in continual progression; but there are some scenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the

(1) Mixed. (2) A sergeant is a sheriff's officer.
(3) O'ercomes. (4) Incidents. (5) Incited.
(6) Heap of dead game.

(7) A word of censure when more game was destroyed than was reasonable.
(8) *i. e.* The king's. (9) By chance.
(10) Polish.

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madman most, when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him; and his death is at last effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

The catastrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity, than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be formed, to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl.

The poet is accused of having shown little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose: the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification, which would arise from the destruction of a usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.

JOHNSON.

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OTHELLO. *Act V. — Scene 2.*

Vol. II. — p. 455.

(19.)

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OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice.
Brabantio, *a senator.*
Two other Senators.
Gratiano, *brother to Brabantio.*
Lodovico, *kinsman to Brabantio.*
Othello, *the Moor.*
Cassio, *his lieutenant.*
Iago, *his ancient.*
Roderigo, *a Venetian gentleman.*
Montano, *Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.*
Clown, servant to Othello.

Herald.

Desdemona, *daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello.*
Emilia, *wife to Iago.*
Bianca, *a courtezan, mistress to Cassio.*

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

Scene, *for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the play, at a sea-port in Cyprus.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A street. Enter* Roderigo *and* Iago.

Roderigo.

TUSH, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd[1] to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,[2]
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators; *for, certes,*[3] says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;[4]
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,[5]
Wherein the toged consuls[6] can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster:[7]
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's ancient.
Rod. By heaven I rather would have been his hangman.
Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd[8]
To love the Moor.
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old, cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves: Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern,[9] 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

(1) Saluted.
(2) Circumlocution. (3) Certainly.
(4) For *wife* some read *life*, supposing it to allude to the denunciation in the Gospel, *wo unto ou when all men shall speak well of you.*
(5) Theory. (6) Rulers of the state.
(7) It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with counters.
(8) Related.
(9) Outward show of civility.

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Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,[1]
If he can carry't thus!
Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.
Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.
Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.
Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!
Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves. thieves!

Brabantio, *above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put on your gown:
Your heart is burst,[2] you have lost half your soul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; What are you?
Rod. My name is—Roderigo.
Bra. The worse welcome:
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering[3] draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.
Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir,——
Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.[4]
Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.
Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you: you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.[5]
Bra. What profane wretch art thou?
Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a villain.
Iago. You are—a senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Roderigo.
Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even[6] and dull watch o'the night,
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,[7]
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,[8]
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant[9] and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already:—
Light, I say! light! [*Exit from above.*
Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast[10] him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Ex.*

Enter below, Brabantio, *and Servants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time,[11]
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, thou deceiv'st me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred,—Are they married think you?
Rod. Truly, I think, they are.
Bra. O heaven!—How got she out!—O treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?
Rod. Yes, sir; I have indeed.

(1) Own, possess.
(2) *i. e.* Is broken. (3) Intoxicating.
(4) A lone farm-house. (5) Relations.
(6) Midnight. (7) A waterman.
(8) Approbation.
(9) Wandering. (10) Dismiss. (11) Old age

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Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. Another street. Enter Othello, Iago, *and Attendants.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,—
That the magnifico[1] is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.
Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege;[2] and my demerits[3]
May speak, unbonneted,[4] to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused[5] free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Enter Cassio, *at a distance, and certain Officers with torches.*

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.
Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Janus, I think no.
Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent[6] messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,[7]
To search you out.
Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*
Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;[8]
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Cas. I do not understand.
Iago. He's married.
Cas. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, *and* Officers *of night, with torches and weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Hola! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.[9]
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That waken motion:—I'll have it disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?
Bra. To prison: till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.
Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?
Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

(1) Brabantio: Magnifico is his title as a senator.
(2) Seat or throne.
(3) Demerits has the same meaning in Shakspeare as merits.
(4) Uncovered.
(5) Unsettled.
(6) Following.
(7) Searchers.
(8) A rich vessel.
(9) To terrify, not delight.

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Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans,[1] shall our statesmen be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The same. A council-chamber. The Duke, *and* Senators, *sitting at a table; Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no composition[2] in these news,
That gives them credit.
1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account
(As in these cases, where the aim[3] reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor. [*Within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, *with a* Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.
Duke. Now? the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question[4] bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,[5]
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of this,
We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake, and wage,[6] a danger profitless.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.
Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after-fleet.
1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?
Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes towards Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccheseé, is he not in town?
1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us; wish him post-post-haste: despatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and *Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
[*To* Brabantio.
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.
Duke. Why, what's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind or lame of sense,
Sans[7] witchcraft could not——
Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.[8]
Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.
Duke & Sen. We are very sorry for it.
Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this? [*To* Othello.
Bra. Nothing but, this is so.
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action[9] in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.
Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,

(1) The pagans and bond-slaves of Africa.
(2) Consistency. (3) Conjecture.
(4) Easy dispute. (5) State of defence.
(6) Combat. (7) Without.
(8) Accusation. (9) Best exertion.

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That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.
Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test,[1]
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming,[2] do prefer against him.
1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak;—
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?
Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,[3]
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.
Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.
Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.— [*Exeunt* Iago *and Attendants.*
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.
Duke. Say it, Othello.
Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i'the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance[4] in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres[5] vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means,
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels[6] she had something heard,
But not intentively:[7] I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best;
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?
Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.
Bra. God be with you!—I have done:—
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor,
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.
Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise,[8] or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd, when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.
Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.[9]

(1) Open proof. (2) Weak show.
(3) The sign of the fictitious creature so called.
(4) My behaviour. (5) Caves and dens.
(6) Parts.

(7) Intention and attention were once synonymous.
(8) *Grise* from degrees.
(9) *i. e.* That the wounds of sorrow were ever cured by the words of consolation.

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I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you: And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber[1] the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize[2]
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition;[3]
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords:—'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven; I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,[4]
In my distinct and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend[5] your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For[6] she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel[7] with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet[8] of my helm,[9]
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[*To* Brabantio
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 *Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *Senators, Officers, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Desdemona.

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently[10] drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond;[11] but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted[12] lust; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect,[13] or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard;[14] I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in

(1) Obscure. (2) Acknowledge.
(3) Allowance. (4) Affections.
(5) Forbid. (6) Because. (7) Blind.
(8) A small kettle. (9) Helmet.
(10) Immediately. (11) Foolish. (12) Unbridled.
(13) A sect is what the gardeners call a cutting.
(14) Change your countenance with a false beard.

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thy purse;—nor he his to her it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring[1] barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way; seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse;[2] go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse. [*Exit* Roderigo.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds[3] me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will;
A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A sea-port town in Cyprus. *A platform. Enter* Montano *and two* Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land:
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation[4] of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,[5]
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On th' enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done;
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronesé; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: The Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full[6] soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;[7]
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4 *Gent.* The town is empty: on the brow o'the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
[*Guns heard.*

(1) Wandering.
(2) An ancient military word of command.
(3) Esteems. (4) Separation.
(5) The constellation near the polar star.
(6) Complete.
(7) Allowed and approved expertness.

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Our friends, at least.
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
2 *Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*
Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal[1] natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, *and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees;—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.
[*Cry within,* A sail, a sail! *Then guns heard.*
2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. See for the news.—
[*Exit* Gentleman.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:— [*To* Emilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.
[*Kissing her.*
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.
Des. Alas, she has no speech.
Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list[2] to sleep,
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Emil. You have little cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.
Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.
Emil. You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.
Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st praise me?
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.[3]
Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour?
Iago. Ay, madam.
Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how would'st thou praise me?
Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.
Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?
Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.
Des. Worse and worse.
Emil. How, if fair and foolish?
Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.
Des. These are old fond[4] paradoxes, to make fools laugh i'the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?
Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.
Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?
Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may,*
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She, that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—
Des. To do what?
Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.
Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio! is he not a most profane and liberal[5] counsellor?
Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.
Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve[6] thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in.[7] Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy![8] 'tis so, indeed. Yet again, your fingers to

(1) Deadly, destructive. (2) Desire.
(3) Censorious. (4) Foolish.
(5) Licentious, free-spoken. (6) Shackle, fetter.
(7) Your good-breeding and gallantry.
(8) Courtesy, in the sense of obeisance, was applied to men as well as women.

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your lips? would they were clyster-pipes, for your sake.——[*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
[*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd[1] in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion,[2] and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* Othello, Desdemona, *and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me.[3] The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me, with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave, a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds[4] look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.[5]

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion:—Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting[6] his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply,[7] with his truncheon, may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer[8] them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor

(1) Much solicited by invitation.
(2) Out of method, without order.
(3) Listen to me. (4) Minds unripe.
(5) Qualities, disposition of mind.
(6) Throwing a slur upon his discipline.
(7) Perhaps. (8) To advance them.

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At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash[1] of Venice, whom I trash[2]
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,[3]—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A street. Enter a Herald, *with a proclamation; people following.*

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere[4] perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revel his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices[5] are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A hall in the castle. Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.
Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.
Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
[*To* Desdemona.
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* Oth. Des. *and Attend.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast[6] us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.
Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.
Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.
Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.
Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.
Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.
Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?
Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.
Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

(1) Worthless hound.
(2) The term for a clog put on a hound, to hinder his running.
(3) In the grossest manner. (4) Entire.
(5) Rooms, or places in the castle.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.
Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.
Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified[7] too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.
Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.
Cas. Where are they?
Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.
Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit* Cassio.
Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter Cassio; *with him* Montano, *and Gentlemen.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse[8] already.
Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.
Iago. Some wine, ho!
And let me the canakin clink, clink; [Sings.
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why then, let a soldier drink.
Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*
Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.
Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.
Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?
Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.
Cas. To the health of our general.
Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.[9]
Iago. O sweet England!
King Stephen *was a worthy peer,*[10]
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.[11]

(6) Dismissed. (7) Slily mixed with water
(8) A little more than enough.
(9) Drink as much as you do.
(10) A worthy fellow. (11) Clown.

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He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, or any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,[1]
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Aside.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit* Rod.

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft[2] infirmity:
It were an honest action, to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?
[*Cry within.*—Help! help!

Re-enter Cassio, *driving in* Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen[3] bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?
[*Striking* Roderigo.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*

(1) While the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours.
(2) Rooted, settled.

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aside to* Rod. *who goes out*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings.*
Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise; God's will, lieutenant! hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—he dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant, sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed: and then, but now
(As if some planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?[4]

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity[5] be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,[6]
Assays to lead the way: If once I stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

(3) A wicker bottle.
(4) *i. e.* You have thus forgot yourself.
(5) Care of one's self. (6) Darkened.

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Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd[1] in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affin'd,[2] or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour (as it so fell out,)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: when I came back
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter Desdemona, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off.
[*To* Montano, *who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.
[*Exeunt all but* Iago *and* Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood,[3] a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot,[4] and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted, and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay[5] worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit* Cassio.

Iago. And what's he then, that says,—I play the villain?
When this advice is free, I give, and honest,

(1) Convicted by proof.
(2) Related by nearness of office.
(3) Dismissed in his anger.
(4) Talk idly.
(5) Bet or wager.

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Probal to thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor again? For, 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful[1]
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel[2] course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest[3] at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: For while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals[4] him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:
Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rod.] Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump[5] when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before the castle. Enter Cassio, *and some* Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains.
Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow, general. [*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i'the nose thus?

1 *Mus.* How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

1 *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

1 *Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

1 *Mus.* We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air; away. [*Exeunt* Musicians.

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets.[6] There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure;[7] but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,
That he you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he loves you;
And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the saf'st occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A room in the castle. Enter Othello, Iago, *and* Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;

(1) Liberal, bountiful. (2) Even.
(3) Tempt. (4) Recalls.
(5) Just at the time.

(6) Nice distinctions.
(7) The displeasure you have incurred from Otheilo

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nd, by him, do my duties to the state:
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.
Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Before the castle. Enter Desdemona, Cassio, *and* Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.
Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.
Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.
Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and wateriah diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.
Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame,[1] and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, *and* Iago, *at a distance.*

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.
Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well, well,
Do your discretion. [*Exit* Cassio.
Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he.
Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,[2]
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Des. But shall't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,[3]) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check: When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering[4] on. What? Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise[5] and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with* Emil.
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord,——
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?

(1) Hawks are tamed by keeping them from sleep.

(2) Knowledge.
(3) Best men.
(4) Hesitating.
(5) Weight.

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Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife; What didst not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed?*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou dost;
And,- for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why then,
I think that Cassio is an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets,[1] and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects,[2]
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.
Oth. Ha!
Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!
Oth. O misery!
Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough
But riches, fineless,[3] is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:[4]
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.
Iago. I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure!
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks
She lov'd them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to, then
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,[5]
To seel[6] her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever
Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

(1) Courts of inquiry.
(2) Conjectures. (3) Endless, unbounded.
(4) '*Which makes fair gifts fairer.*'

(5) Appearance
(6) An expression from falconry: to seel a hawk is to sew up his eyelids.

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Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love;—But, I do see you are mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues,[1] nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you are mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment[2]
With any strong or vehement opportunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,[3]
Though that her jesses[4] were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers[5] have;—Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken.[6] Desdemona comes:

Enter Desdemona *and* Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.
Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin[7] is too little;
[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt* Oth. *and* Des
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing,—
Emil. Ha!
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.
Iago. Hast stolen it from her?
Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence;
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench: give it me.
Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*
Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.
Iago. Be not you known of't;[8] I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit* Emilia.
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong

(1) Conclusions.
(2) Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office.
(3) A species of hawk: also a term of reproach applied to a wanton.
(4) Straps of leather by which a hawk is held on the fist.
(5) Men of intrigue.
(6) When we begin to live.
(7) In the north of England this term for a handkerchief is still used.
(8) Seem as if you knew nothing of the matter

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As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,[1]
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst[2] yesterday.
Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?
To me?
Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.
Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.
Iago. How now, my lord?
Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am sorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers[3] and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
Iago. Is it possible!—My lord,——
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*Taking him by the throat.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is it come to this?
Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, wo upon thy life!
Iago. My noble lord,——
Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;[4]
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.
Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.
Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.
Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would, I were satisfied!
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?
Oth. Would? nay, I will.
Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?
Oth. Death and damnation! O!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible, you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkies,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.
Oth. Give me a living[6] reason she's disloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office:
But, sith[6] I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—*O, sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried,—*Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift
Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:

(1) The mandrake has a soporific quality.
(2) Possessedst.
(3) The vilest of the camp. Pioneers were generally degraded soldiers.
(4) All tenderness, all pity
(5) Speaking, manifest. (6) Since.

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'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,[1]
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,[2]
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont:
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable[3] and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [*Kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip[4] us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,[5]
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The same. Enter Desdemona, Emilia, *and* Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Ex.*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes.[6] And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;—
Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation,[7] exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault:
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer,[8] and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed of't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:
A sybil, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
And it was died in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

(1) The heart on which thou wast enthroned.
(2) Freight, load.
(3) Capacious. (4) Embrace.
(5) Not of malice to others, but of tenderness for him.
(6) A Portuguese coin.
(7) Penance, discipline. (8) Enchantress.

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Des. Indeed! 'is't true?
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.
Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it.
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?[1]
Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of the way?
Des. Heaven bless us!
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost; But what an if it were?
Oth. Ha!
Des. I say, it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.
Des. Why, so I can, sir; but I will not now:
This is a trick, to put me from my suit;
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief,——
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief,——
Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;——
Oth. The handkerchief,——
Des. In sooth,
You are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit* Othello.
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter Iago *and* Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;
And, lo, the happiness! go, and impórtune her.
Des. How now? good Cassio? what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.
Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour,[2] as in humour, alter'd.
So help me, every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank[3] of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state.— [*Exit* Iago.
Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,[4]
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.[5]—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.
Emil. Pray heaven, it be state-matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.
Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.
Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!
Emil. Lady, amen.
Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* Desdemona *and* Emilia.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate time,[6]
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her* Desdemona's *handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.[7]
Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is it come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Woman, go to!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance.
No, in good troth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will,) I'd have it copied:

(1) Vehement, violent. (2) In countenance.
(3) Within the shot of his anger.
(4) Treason. (5) The nuptial feast.

(6) Time less interrupted.
(7) The meaning is, not pick out the work, but copy this work in another handkerchief.

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Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.
Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. Enter Othello *and* Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,——
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,——
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,[1]—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good, now.
Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied[2] them, cannot choose
But they must blab——
Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.
Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lie——
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will
Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hanged for his labour[3]—First to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!— [*Falls in a trance.*
Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter Cassio.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?
Cas. What is the matter?
Iago. My lord has fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear:
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—
[*Exit* Cassio.
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Dost thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:
'Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.
Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.
Oth. Did he confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper[4] beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you a while apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.[5]
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief
(A passion most unsuiting such a man,)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstacy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave[6] yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.
Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello *withdraws.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,

(1) The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house infected with the plague.
(2) Old spelling of suppled, *i. e.* softened.
(3) A proverbial saying. (4) Common.
(5) Within the bounds of patience. (6) Hide.

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Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish[1] jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,[2]
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of 't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed.

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i'faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [*Aside.*

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph? [*Aside.*

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer![3] I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win. [*Aside.*

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [*Aside.*

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. [*Aside.*

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck;——

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio, as 't were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew![4] marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [*Aside.*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit* Cassio.

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition![5]

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

(1) Ignorant. (2) Title of lieutenant.
(3) A common woman. (4) A polecat.
(5) Of so sweet a disposition.

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Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, *and attendants.*

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!
Oth. With all my heart, sir.
Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.
[*Gives him a packet.*
Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
[*Opens the packet and reads.*
Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My lord?
Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will*—
[*Reads.*
Lod. He did not call: he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone[1] them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed.
Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. How, sweet Othello?
Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*
Des. I have not deserv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my sight!
Des. I will not stay to offend you.
[*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady;—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress,——
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep:
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!
I am commanded home:—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!
[*Exit* Desdemona.
Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats, and monkies! [*Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient?—this the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.
Lod. What, strike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.
Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A room in the castle. Enter Othello *and* Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?
Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm: and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o'the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—
[*Exit* Emilia.
She says enough:—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter Emilia, *with* Desdemona.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes,
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, mistress; [*To* Emil.
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.
[*Exit* Emilia.
Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

(1) Reconcile.

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Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,
Swear—thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?
Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!
Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd[1] up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim,
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.
Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee.—'Would, thou hadst ne'er been born!
Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!
Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?
Des. No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I shall be saved.
Oth. Is it possible?
Des. O, heaven forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains;

(1) Treasured up. (2) His drab.

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*
Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Des. 'Faith, half asleep.
Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
Des. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.
Des. Who is thy lord?
Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.
Emil. Here is a change, indeed! [*Exit.*
Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter Emilia, *with* Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?
Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What's the matter, lady?
Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.
Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.
Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.[2]
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!
Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for it!
How comes the trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eterna. villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that such companions[3] thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!
Iago. Speak within door
Emil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side[4] without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.

(3) Fellows. (4) Inside out.

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Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel —
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition[1] earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
And the great messengers of Venice stay:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt* Desdemona *and* Emilia.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me[2] with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now,) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performance are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance;[3] but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy: and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another room in the castle. Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—O,—Desdemona,——

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* Othello, Lodovico, *and Attendants.*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent;[4]
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

(1) Title. (2) Putt'st me off. (3) Requital. (4 Immediately

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Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.
Emil. Come, come, you talk.
Des. My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,[1]
And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.
Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?
Des. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.
Emil. A very handsome man.
Des. And he speaks well.
Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

Des. *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*
Sing all a green willow; [Singing.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Lay by these:
Sing willow, willow, willow.
Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?
Emil. It is the wind.
Des. *I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?*
Sing willow, &c.
If I court mo[2] women, you'll couch with mo men.
So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?
Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.
Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?
Emil. There be some such, no question.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this heavenly light!
Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i'the dark.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price
For a small vice.
Des. Good troth, I think thou would'st not.
Emil. By my troth, I think I should; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.
Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.
Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.
Des. I do not think there is any such woman.
Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many
To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having[3] in despite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense[4] like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is; And doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too: And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.
Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*

(1) Wild, inconstant. (2) Mo for more.
(3) Our former allowance of expense.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A street. Enter Iago *and* Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare,[5] and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us: think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.
Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.
Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword. [*Retires to a little distance.*
Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.
[*Goes to his stand.*
Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense.[6]
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd[7] from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;

(4) Sensation. (5) Unsheathed.
(6) To the quick. (7) Fished.

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It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou diest.
[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at* Cassio.
Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine.
[*Draws, and wounds* Roderigo.
Rod. O, I am slain!
[Iago *rushes from his post, cuts* Cassio *behind in the leg, and exit.*
Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

Enter Othello, *at a distance.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.
Rod. O, villain that I am!
Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.
Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!
Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace:—Strumpet, I come:
Forth[1] of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit* Othello.

Enter Lodovico *and* Gratiano, *at a distance.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage?[2] murder! murder!
Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.
Cas. O, help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy[3] night:
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, *with a light.*

Lod. Hark!
Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.
Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did you not hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?
Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[*To* Lodovico *and* Gratiano.
Rod. O, help me here!
Cas. That's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave! O villain;
[Iago *stabs* Roderigo.
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—
O! O! O!
Iago. Kill men i'the dark;—Where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt
By villains.
Gra. Cassio?
Iago. How is it, brother?
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?
Iago. Who is't that cried?
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!
Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend; and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said;—the chair:— [*A chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,
[*To* Bianca.
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. [*To* Bian.] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o'the air.—
[Cassio *and* Rod. *are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen:—Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,

(1) Out. (2) No passengers. (3) Thick, cloudy.

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Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—
Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aside.*
That either makes me, or fordoes[1] me quite. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.—A bed-chamber: Desdemona *in bed asleep. A light burning. Enter* Othello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
[*Takes off his sword.*
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:[2]
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—
[*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heaven forfend![3]—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you: for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:[4]
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He'll not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.[5]

Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,——

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho, my lord! my lord!

(1) Undoes. (2) *i. e.* The light of life.
(3) Forbid.

(4) A sacrifice atoning for thy crime.
(5) Has taken measures

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Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.[1]
Emil. [*Within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who's there?
Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.
Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death:
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?
I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.
Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you I may speak with you,
O, good my lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now? [*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Emilia.

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.
Oth. What? now?
Emil. But now, my lord!
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Emil. Cassio, my lord, has killed a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd?
Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!
Emil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity; Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio.
Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,[2]
I'd not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iterance,[3] woman? I say, thy husband.
Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say, that she was false?
Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband: Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt.[4] O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, *and* Iago.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?
Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak;
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.
All. O heavens forfend![5]
Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed

(1) It is supposed that some theatrical direction has been omitted, and that, when Othello says, '*So so*,' he then stabs her. After the repetition of wounds, Desdemona might speak again with propriety, and yet very soon expire.

(2) A precious stone. (3) Repetition.
(4) '*More can I bear than you dare execute.*'
(5) Forbid.

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Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villany, villany, villany!—
I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villany!
I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villany, villany!
Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [*Hanging over his wife.*
Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know, this act shows horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her: I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace, sir? no,
No, I will speak as liberal[1] as the air;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
[Iago *offers to stab his wife.*
Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
But often, with a solemn earnestness
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Villanous whore!
Emil. She gave it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou liest.
Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?
[Iago *stabs* Emilia, *then runs out.*
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; sure he has kill'd his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay; O lay me by my mistress' side!
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exe.* Mon. *and* Gra.
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan
And die in music;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice brook's temper;[2]—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.
Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires;—Where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench,
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,[3]
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio, *carried in a chair, and* Officers, *with* Iago, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet;[4]—but that's a fable:
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[Othello *wounds* Iago.
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd
Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live:
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice[5] of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath in part confessed his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

(1) Free.
(2) Steel is hardened by being put red-hot into very cold water.
(3) Account. (4) To see if his feet be cloven
(5) By the stratage

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Oth. Ay
Cas. Dear general I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!
Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me on the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Júdean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum: Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*
Lod. O bloody period!
Gra. All, that's spoke, is marr'd.
Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No way but this, [*Falling upon* Desdemona.
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [*To* Iago.
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure[1] of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

(1) Judgment.

The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakspeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will, perhaps, not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme.*

There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which, by persuasion, he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind, betrayed by unlawful desires, to a false friend; and the virtue of Emilia is such as we often find, worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villanies.

The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity. JOHNSON

FINIS.

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THE

POEMS OF SHAKSPEARE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

Right Honourable: I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only if your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus mihi flavus Apollo
Poculo Castalia plena ministrat aqua.—Ovid.

Even as the sun with purple-coloured face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn;
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself, (thus she began)
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses,
And, being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens (O how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He says she is immodest, blames her 'miss;
What follows more, she smothers with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still he is sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger, ashy pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a di-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn:
"Oh pity," 'gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy;
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

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I have been wooed as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learned to sport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, daily, smile and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus him that over-rul'd, I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mast'ring her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eye-balls, where thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there be but twain,
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-veined violets whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shews thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be tasted;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-natured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie:
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list, to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narcissus so, himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear;
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou wert begot—to get, it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie! no more of love;
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ah me, (quoth Venus) young, and so unkind!
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs:
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm,
And lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou should'st contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute.
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well painted idol, image, dull and dead,
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss, even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause;
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand;
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers, one in one.

"Fondling, she saith, since I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be the park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough.
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

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At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round-enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn! what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
"Pity—(she cries) some favour—some remorse—"
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud;
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his reign, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girts he breaks asunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thun-
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth, [der;
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane,
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which glistens scornfully like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who would say, Lo! thus my strength is try'd;
And thus I do to captivate the eye,
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his *Stand, I say?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did his horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack;
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares,
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whêr he run, or fly, they knew not whether:
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind;
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails his tail, that like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent;
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love, perceiving how he is enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him;
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the woods they hie them,
Outstripping crows that strive to overfly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love, by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage,
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
(Even as a dying coal revives with wind,)
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was, wistly to view,
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by,
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tender cheeks receive her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them?
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain,
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Shew'd like to silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
"O fairest mover on this mortal round
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Tho' nothing but my body's bane could cure thee."

Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it?
Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it;
O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

"For shame!" he cries; "let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone:
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

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Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
  Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire,
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
  Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to a tree,
  Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
  He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
  Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
  His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
  And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
  Tho' I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
O learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And, once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love (quoth he,) nor will I know it,
  Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
  My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
  Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
  They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
  And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
  To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk, quoth she, hast thou a tongue!
  O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
  I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
Earth's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore [wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
  That inward beauty and invisible;
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
  Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
  And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
  Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling, [ing.
Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by smell-

But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
  Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
  And bid suspicion double-lock the door?
Lest jealousy, that sour, unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast."

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
  Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd,
  Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh;
  Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before it barketh,
  Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun:

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
  For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth.
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
  But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it read;

And in amaze break off his late intent,
  For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
  Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
  He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard;
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks,
  To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd;
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
  Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
  He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye,

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
  As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
  Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.

"O where am I?" quoth she—"in earth or heaven,
  Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
  Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

O thou didst kill me;—kill me once again;
  Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
  That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
  O never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
  To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
  What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
  So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
  And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?
  Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
  Measure my strangeness with my unripe years;
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
  No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

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"Look, the world's comforter, but weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the West:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, *'tis very late;*
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
The coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say *good night*, and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
Good night, quoth she; and ere he says *adieu*,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew,
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain of drought:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glew'd) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught her yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blind-fold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing, [ling,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much hand-
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant, still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woes best, when most his choice is froward,

When he did frown, O had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have pricks? yet is it [pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart;
She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch,
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match!
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter;
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw:
The warm effects that she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle by continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
"Fie, fie!" he says; "you crush me, let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so."

Thou hadst been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me, thou would'st hunt the [boar.
O be advised; thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never-sheathed he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set,
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

His brawny side, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter
His short thick neck cannot be ea's'ly harm'd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eye pays tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends,
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well, take council of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I feared thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Sawest thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms; suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill!*
Distempering gentle love with his desire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissensious Jealousy, [bring,
That sometimes true news, sometimes false doth
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear.

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie,
An image like thyself, all stained with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That trembling at the imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed?
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophecy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

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But if thou needs will hunt, be ruled by me;
  Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtility,
  Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breathed horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
  Mark the poor wretch to overshut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care,
  He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth t' amaze his foes.

Sometimes he runs among the flock of sheep,
  To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometimes where earth-delving conies keep,
  To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometimes sorteth with a herd of deer;
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
  The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
  With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
  Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
  Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore-sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch,
  Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
  Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never relieved by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
  Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
  Unlike thyself, thou hearest me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so,
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave?—"No matter where," quoth he;
  "Leave me, and then the story aptly ends: [she.
The night is spent." "Why, what of that?" quoth
  "I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;
And now, 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.—"
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
  The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
  Rich preys make rich men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:
  Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
  For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
Wherein she framed thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies,
  To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauties with infirmities,
  And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of sad mischances and such misery:

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
  Life-poising pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
  Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies,
  But in one minute's sight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities
  Whereat th' imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on a sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
  Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
  And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
  Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
  If thou destroy them not in their obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away;
  A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or their's, whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
  Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use, more gold begets."

"Nay then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
  Into your idle, over-handled theme;
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
  And all in vain you strive against the stream:
For by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
  And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
  Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
  Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
  In his bed-chamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
  The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger
I hate not love, but your device in love,
  That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase; O strange excuse!
When Reason is the bawd to Lust's abuse.

Call it not Love, for Love to heaven is fled,
  Since sweating Lust on earth usurps his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
  Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth, like sun-shine after rain,
  But Lust's effect is tempest after sun,
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
  Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
Love surfeits not; Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth; Lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say,
  The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore in sadness, now I will away;
  My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
  Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawns runs apace;
  Leaves Love upon her back, deeply distress'd.
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

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Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
Ah me! she cries, and twenty times, *woe, woe!*
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds, resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongued tapsters, answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She said, 'tis so; they answer all, *'tis so;*
And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo! hear the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love;
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn.
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at the bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shud-
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds [der:
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so crust,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
Who overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstacy;
Till, cheering up her senses sore dismay'd,
She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more;—
And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither;
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the paths that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;
Full of respect, yet not at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he had ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death,)
Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath, [mean
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

If he be dead—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weep-
What may a heavy groan advantage thee? [ing?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She veil'd her eye-lids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

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O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving which should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame:
It was not she that call'd him all to nought;
Now she adds honour to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperial supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no, (quoth she) sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess,)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault; the boar provoked my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; and stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eye, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep, dark cabins of her head,

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes:
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terrors, doth men's mind con-
This mutiny each part doth so surprise, [found.
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling sight
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white,
With purple tears that his wound wept was drench'd.
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed,

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly, [three;
That her sight dazzling, makes the wound seem
And then she reprehends her mangling eye, [be:
That makes more gashes where no breach should
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone!
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes, as fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died in him.

Bonnet or veil, henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear; [you;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair;

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep:
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

To see his face, the lion walk'd along [him;
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

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But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave;
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine,
Sheathed, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his: the more I am accurst."
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congeal'd blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woeful tale she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies.

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect;
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophecy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, to high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasure;
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving, when it seems most just
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire;
Sith in his prime, death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their love shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white;
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it with her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise,
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,)
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night
There shall not be one minute of an hour,
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies,
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

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THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would shew greater: mean time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passion for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatched messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the deed and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
  Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathing Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
  And to Collatium bears the lightless fire,
  Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of *chaste* unhapp'ly set
  This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
  To praise the clear unmatched red and white
  Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
  Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
  In the possession of his beauteous mate;
  Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
  And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As in the morning's silver-melting dew
  Against the golden splendour of the sun!
  An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
  The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apology be made
  To set forth that which is so singular?
  Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece's sovereignty
  Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
  Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
  Braving compare, disdainfully did sting [vaunt
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should
The golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
  His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
  Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
  To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
  Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
  Which of them both should underprop her fame;
  When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for [shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
  From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
  Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
  Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece's face was seen,
  Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white,
Of either's colour was the other queen,
  Proving from world's minority their right:
  Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
  Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
  Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
  The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue
  (The niggard prodigal that praised her so)
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
  Which far exceeds his barren skill to shew:
  Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

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This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
  Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream on evil;
  Birds never limed, no secret bushes fear:
  So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd.

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
  Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
  Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
  Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that never coped with stranger eyes,
  Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
  Writ in the glassy margents of such books;
  She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
  Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
  Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
  With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
  He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
  Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
  Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
  Intending weariness with heavy spright;
For, after supper, long he questioned
  With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
  Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest himself betakes, [wakes.
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
  The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
  Tho' weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining;
  Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Tho' death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those who much covet, are with gain so fond,
  That what they have not (not that which they pos-
They scatter and unloose it from their bond, [sess)
  And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
  Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
  With honour, wealth and ease in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
  That one for all, or all for one we gage;
  As life for honour, in fell battles' rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill, we leave to be
  The things we are, for that which we expect;
And this ambitious, foul infirmity,
  In having much, torments us with defect
  Of that we have; so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
  Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself, himself he must forsake:
  Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
  When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched, hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
  When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
  No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries:
  Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While Lust and Murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leaped from his bed,
  Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,
Is madly tost between desire and dread;
  The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm;
  But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too, too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick, rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
  That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch he forthwith lighteth,
  Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
  And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
"As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here, pale with fear, he doth premeditate
  The dangers of his loathsome enterprize,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
  What following sorrow may on this arise:
  Then, looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
  To darken her whose light excelleth thine!
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
  With your uncleanness that which is divine!
  Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed [weed.
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white

O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
  O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
  A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
  True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
  And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
  To cipher me, how fondly I did dote;
  That my posterity, shamed with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
  A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy:
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
  Or sells eternity, to get a toy?
  For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
  Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
  This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
  This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

O what excuse can my invention make,
  When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?
  Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
  The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
  Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
  Might have excuse to work upon his wife;
  As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

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Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love;—*but she is not her own*:
The worst is but denial, and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still:
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shews like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses, that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb, when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dread-
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth; [eth:
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then childish fear avaunt! debating die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye;
Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits,
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate Desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies;
And griping it, the needl his fingers pricks:
As who would say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured; return again in haste:
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial;
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars that stop the hourly dial,
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometimes threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing; [sands,
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heaven should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts:—quoth he, "I must deflower,
The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire, fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide:
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside:
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look as the fair, and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill!
Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admired of lewd, unhallow'd eyes.

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Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Shew'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweet, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Shewing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality,
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These words in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting, [ing,
Nor children's tears, nor mother's groans respect-
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity, [stand
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks he hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view,
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand that yet remains upon her breast
(Rude ram to batter such an ivory wall!)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,)
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide;
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends;
But Will is deaf, and hears no needful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated, even in my soul, [breed;
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under the insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcons' bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "This night I must enjoy thee
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye:
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shall have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband's and thy children's sake
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are Nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice's dead-killing eye,
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause,
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

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Look, when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist, the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their bi-
Hindering their present fall by this dividing; [ding,
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally, [eth;
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse pant-
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remoreless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove, [oath,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human laws, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended:
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me.
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me;
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave
If ever man were moved with woman's moans, [thee.
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans.

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolved to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain thee, [name,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
Thou art not what thou seem'st, and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king?
O be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wiped away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed will make thee only loved for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother;
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing Lust, thy rash relier;
I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will 'prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he, "my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let,
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste
Add to his flow, and alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hersed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride;
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—"
"No more," quoth he, "by heaven, I will not hear
Yield to my love: if not, enforced hate, [thee:
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For Light and Lust are deadly enemies:
Shame, folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries,
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone Lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again.
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk,
They prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will that lived by foul devouring.

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O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
  Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
  Ere he can see his own abomination.
  While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
  With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
  Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
  The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
  Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
  That through the length of time he stands dis-
  Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced; [graced;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
  Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
  Her immortality, and made her thrall
  To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in his thought, thro' the dark night he stealeth,
  A captive victor, that hath lost in gain:
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
  The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
  Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,
  She, like a wearied lamb, lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
  She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
  He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs, a heavy convertite,
  She there remains, a hopeless cast-away;
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
  She prays she never may behold the day: [lay;
  "For day," quoth she, "night-scapes doth open
And my true eyes hath never practised how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
  The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
  To have their unseen sin remain untold;
  For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
  And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
  And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
  Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secresy of night:

"O, comfort-killing night, image of hell!
  Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
  Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
  Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

O hateful, vaporous and foggy night,
  Since thou art guilty of my careless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
  Make war against proportion'd course of time!
  Or, if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet, ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
  Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
  Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick:
  And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child,)
  The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,
  Thro' nights black bosom should not peep again:
  So should I have copartners in my pain:
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

Where now I have no one to blush with me, [mine,
  To cross their arms, and hang their heads with
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
  But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
  Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
  Let not the jealous day behold that face,
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
  Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
  Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

Make me not object to the tale-tell day!
  The night will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
  The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow?
  Yea, the illiterate that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
  And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
  Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:
  Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me—I, Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
  For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
  The branches of another root are rotted,
  And undeserved reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
As I ere this, was pure to Collatine.

O, unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
  O, unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
  And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
  How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
  From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
  Have no perfection of my summer left,
  But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck;
  Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
  For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
  Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue:—O, unlook'd for evil,
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
  Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrow's nests?
Or toads infect their founts with venom mud?
  Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
  Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

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The aged man that coffers up his gold, [fits,
Is plagued with cramps, and gouts, and painful
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring; [ers:
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flow-
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O, Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds?
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Mishapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight, [snare!
Base watch of woes, Sin's pack-horse, Virtue's
Thou nurseest all, and murderest all that are.
O hear me then, injurious shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose?
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to find the hate of foes;
To eat up error by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:

To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled:
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends: [back,
O, this dread night, would'st thou one hour come
I could prevent this storm, and shun this wreck!

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight;
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil,
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bed-rid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to despair:
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live.
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to set his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort:
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill! [spill:
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

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The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay. [day,
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters,
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night;
In vain I cavil with my infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death.
But this, no slaughter-house, no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife!
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O! that is gone, for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy;
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth;
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coined excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell, when lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies, [ing;
And seems to point her out where she sits weep-
To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes, [ing;
Why pry'st thou thro' my window? leave thy peep-
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night."

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometimes her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometimes 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed,
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food:
To see the salve, doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who being stopp'd the bounding banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied with, nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb
Within your hollow swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!
(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:)
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason wear:
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill.

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds."

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed, and Death Reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

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My body or my soul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine,
Whose love of either to myself was nearer?
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it no be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured,
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, Love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged may'st be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives, disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, *So be it.*
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death, when sadly she had laid,
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untuned tongue she hoarsely called her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece's cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery;)
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps, the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts:

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will:
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep:
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own fault's books.

No men inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd!
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece' view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue,
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong.
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining;
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are rain-
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining, [ing?
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there she stayed
Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O peace," quoth Lucrece; "if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
Where more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say?—One of my husband's men,
Bid thou be ready, by and by to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will;
This too curious-good, this blunt and ill;
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,)
Some present speed to come and visit me:
So I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality;
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood hath stain'd her stain'd excuse.

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Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
Speed more than speed, but dull and slow she deems,
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low;
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a due respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistfully on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy:
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burned out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'ciphered either's heart;
Their face their manners so expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher, seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all blown and red;
Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Gripp'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy,
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That, through their light joy, seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and then
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stel'd.
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no God to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

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Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear;
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear,
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here,
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so,
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds;
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow; [row.
She lends them words, and she their looks doth bor-

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused,
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill;
And still on him she gazed, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd
That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile
(She would have said) *can lurk in such a look*;"
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, *can lurk* from *cannot* took;
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguiled
With outward honesty, but yet defiled
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:
Those round, clear pearls of his that move thy pity
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tear doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er; [sore."
"Fool, fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he took her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attired in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrows fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say:—
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

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For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, 'Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favoured groom of thine,' quoth he,
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.'

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word:
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear;
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forced; that never was inclined
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss, [woe,
With head declined, and voice damm'd up with
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arm across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so:
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste;
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forced him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so he sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slacketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece—now attend me;
Be suddenly revenged on my foe, [me
Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost defend
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you, fair lords," quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine)
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms: [harms."
Knights by their oaths, should right poor ladies'

At this request, with noble disposition,
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. "O speak," quoth she,
"How may this forced stain be wiped from me!

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?"

With this they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune carved in it with tears.
"No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuses giving."

Here, with a sigh, as if her heart would break, [says,
She throws forth Tarquin's name; "*He, he*," she
But more than *he* her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that hence her soul unsheathed;
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and as it left the place
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

"Daughter, dear daughter!" old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine, which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-boned death by time out-worn;
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

O Time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer!
If they surcease to be, that should survive,
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive.
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!"

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

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The deep vexation of his inward soul
  Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who mad that sorrow should his use control,
  Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
  Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
  But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
  Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
  At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
  Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, "She's mine!" "O mine she is,"
  Replies her husband: "Do not take away
  My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life,
  Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."
"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "She was my wife,
  I owned her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd."
  My daughter and *my wife* with clamours fill'd
The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answered their cries, *my daughter* and *my wife*.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
  Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
  Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
  He with the Romans was esteem'd so
As silly jeering idiots are with kings
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
  Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
  To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
  "Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise;
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe? [deeds?
  Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
  For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
  Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
  In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
  To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
  That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
  And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's store,
  By all our country's rights in Rome maintained,
  And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
  And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation urged the rest,
  Who wondering at him, did his words allow:
  Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
  They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show the bleeding body thorough Rome,
  And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
  Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent,
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

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SONNETS.

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
  That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decrease,
  His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
  Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
  Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel,
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
  And only herald to the gaudy spring.
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
  And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding,
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
  And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
  Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
  Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
  Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
  If thou could'st answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse"—
  Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new-made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
  Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
  Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb
  Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
  Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
  Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
  Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
  Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend.
  And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
  The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
  So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
  Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
  What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
  The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
  And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
  To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
  Beauty o'ersnow'd, and barenness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
  A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
  Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Lose but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
  In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial, treasure thou some place
  With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
  Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
  Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
  If ten of thine ten times refigured thee;
Then, what could death do if thou should'st depart,
  Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient, when the gracious light
  Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
  Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
  Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
  Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
  Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
  From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
  Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly
  Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
  By unions marred, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee who confounds
  In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
  Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
  Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
  That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
  The world will wail thee, like a mateless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
  That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
  By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
  Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
  And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

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X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lov'st, is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind:
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine and thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth con-
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase; [vertest.
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay;
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away.
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish;
Look whom she best endowed, she gave thee more,
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty che-
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby, [rish;
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer your's, than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty, which you hold in lease,
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay, [bear.
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts:—Dear, my love, you know,
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert:
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge state presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens yet unset
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men,
To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by our own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your
If I could write the beauty of your eyes, [parts.
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

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XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So it is not with me as with that muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare, [gems,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in his huge rondure hems
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hear-say well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate,
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd-for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vasselage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see,
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo, thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy, contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

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XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
  I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
  And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
  For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
  And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
  And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
  Which I new pay as if not pay'd before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
  Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
  And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
  Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
  But things removed, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
  Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
  That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
  When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
  These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
  And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
  Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
  Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
  To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
  Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
  Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
  With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
  Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
  With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
  The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why did'st thou promise such a beauteous day,
  And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
  Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
  To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
  That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
  Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
  To him that bears the strong offence's cross
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
  Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
  And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
  Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
  Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
  (Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence;
  Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
  Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
  Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
  Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
  Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
  Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
  Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
  To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
  Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
  Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
  I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
  Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am sufficed,
  And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
  While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
  For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
  Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
  When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
  Than those old nine, which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
  Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O how thy worth with manners may I sing,
  When thou art all the better part of me!
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
  And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
  And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
  That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,
  Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
  (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,)
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

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XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou had'st this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my property;
And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a two-fold truth;
Her's, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me, [her;
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed;
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee, [me.
And nights bright days, when dreams do show thee

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee.
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan,
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life being made of four, with two alone,
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy:
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is empannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part,
As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That, to my use, it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Are left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and
And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear, [part;
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast its utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects,
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

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L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring and foizon of the year:
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds dis-
But for their virtue only is their show, [closes.
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish
When wasteful war shall statues overturn, [time.
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars's sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst Death and all oblivious Enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find
Even in the eyes of all posterity [room,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fu-
To-morrow see again, and do not kill [ness,
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view:
Or call it winter, which being full of care, [rare.
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make those:
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
Oh let me suffer, (being at your beck)
The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time:
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which labouring for invention bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child?
O that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

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LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of Nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all-to-near

LXII

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
'Bated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of out-worn bury'd age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with his rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O, fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry.—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should pure beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood, to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead
The right of sepulchres was shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to make his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their tho'ts, altho' their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
To solve is this,—that thou dost common grow.

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LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou presentest a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Then you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it: for love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse
But let your love even with my life decay
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds [sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more [strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground,
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look:
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
Oh know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee.
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

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LXXX.

O how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear,
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die.
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen,)
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
In true plain words, by the true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured in the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse, [worse.
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses filled.
I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say, *'Tis so, 'tis true*,
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hind-most, holds his rank be-
Then others for the breath of words respect, [fore.
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That bid my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving. [ing,
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not know-
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet, beloved name no more shall dwell;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

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XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now:
  Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of Fortune, make me bow,
  And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scaped this sorrow,
  Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
  To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
  When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
  At first the very worst of Fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
  Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
  Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath its adjunct pleasure,
  Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure,
  All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
  Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
  And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
  For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
  For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
  When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
  Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
  Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O what a happy title do I find,
  Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
  Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new;
  Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
  Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many looks the false heart's history
  Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree,
  That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
  Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not the show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
  That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
  Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
  And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
  Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
  Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
  The basest weed out-braves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
  Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name?
  O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
  Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
  Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O what a mansion have those vices got,
  Which for their habitation chose out thee!
What beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
  And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness,
  Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;
  Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
  The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
So are those errors that in thee are seen,
  To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
  If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
  If thou would'st use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
  From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen?
  What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
  The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
  Like widow'd wombs after their lords decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
  But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
  And thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
  When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
  That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
  Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
  Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
  Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
  Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—
  Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
  Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
  The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
  The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
  A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
  But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
  More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
  But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

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C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

CI.

O, truant Muse! what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends:
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fixed,
Beauty no pencil beauty's truth to lay:
But best is best, if never intermix'd?—
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse: I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, tho' more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where,
Our love was new, and then but in the spring.
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived,
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idle show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and even so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wond'rous scope af-
Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone, fords.
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrant's crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify,
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

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CX.

Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most [dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast

CXI

O for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide.
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure yo,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

XII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth lack;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
For his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
Or whether shall I say mine eyes saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchymy,
To make of monsters and things indigest,
Such cherubims as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup;
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering
Alas! why fearing of time's tyranny, [things;
Might I not then say, *Now I love you best*,
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark, [taken.
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
Love's not Time's fool, tho' rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come,
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay:
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your
Book both my wilfulness and errors down, [sight.
And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge:
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

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CXX

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by your's, you have pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosom fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransom your's, and your's must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No,—I am that I am: and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be [shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or at the least so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste;
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gath-
No, it was builded far from accident: [er'd.
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it not grows with heat, nor drowns with
To this I witness call the fools of time, [showers.
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or lay'd great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st!
If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou go'st onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or, if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame.
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited: and they mourners seem
At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should do so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream;
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

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CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun:
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,— [ground;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she bely'd with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd,
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet I am not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And will to boot, and will in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still.
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechs kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy will
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is Will

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool Love, what dost thou to mine eye
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not, [place?
To put fair truth upon so foul a face;
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies;
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue,
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress't.
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O call not me to justify the wrong,
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy
Is more than my oppress'd defence can 'bide? [might
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so, but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

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CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with to much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
(As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know:)
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world has grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd, [wide.
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote.
Nor are my ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;
Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be denied!

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful house-wife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch,
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breathed forth the sound that said, *I hate*,
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying—*Not you.*

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with ever-more unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse, as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight?
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no.
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
O, cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

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CL.

O from what power hast thou this powerful might,
  What insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
  And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
  That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warranties of skill,
  That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
  The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
  With others thou should'st not abhor my state;
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
  Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
  Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
  My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
  Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
  As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
  To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
  But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
  In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
  When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
  And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
  Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
  Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie.

CLIII.

Cupid lay'd by his brand, and fell asleep:
  A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
  In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrowed from this holy fire of love
  A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
  Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fired,
  The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I sick withal, the help of bath desired,
  And thither hied, a sad distempered guest,
But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
  Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vowed chaste life to keep,
  Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
  Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
  Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
  Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and helpful remedy
  For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came here for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

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PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment,
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

III.

"If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Tho' to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
Those tho'ts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend. [fice;
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suf-
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing the heaven's praise with such an earthly [tongue."

IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adon used to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him:
He spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood;
"O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

V.

"Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass is, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A little pale, with damask die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.
Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing;
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.
She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing,
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning,
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

"If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain."

VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
* * * * *
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh, (quoth she,) here was the sore:"
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

"Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.
I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy Will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me."

IX.

Fair Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him. [me;"
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embraced
And then she clip'd Adonis in her arms: [me;"
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlaced
As if the boy should use such like loving charms.
"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips;
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

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X.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold.
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defy thee;
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XII.

"Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:"
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
And daft me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
"Farewell," quo' she, "and come again to-morrow;"
Farewell I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

"Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
May be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
May be, again to make me wander thither:
Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XIII.

"Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

"For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come tomorrow.

"Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems an hour;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers! [row;
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now bor-
Short, Night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow."

XIV.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye
Her fancy fell a turning. [could see,
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love
did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas! it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.
But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain.
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain.
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
Alas, she could not help it! [disdain:
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air,
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath:
"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom even Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

XVI.

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O, frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see,
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.
In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(O cruel speeding!)
Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no dell,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep,
Procures to weep,
In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight
Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth; they die:
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully.
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for love is dead.
Farewell, sweet love,
Thy life ne'er was

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For sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Coridon
Must live alone,
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVII.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial might:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell;
(A cripple soon can find a halt:)
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set her person forth to sale.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft; enough—too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song;
She'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secret's so bewray'd.

XVIII.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the doleful'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by!

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.

Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call:
And with such like flattering
"*Pity but he were a king.*"
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

XIX.

Take, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XX.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou, shrieking harbinger,
Foul precursor of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy are dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

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So they loved as love in twain
  Had the essence but in one;
  Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
  Distance, and no space was seen
  'Twixt the turtle and his queen;
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
  That the turtle saw his right
  Flaming in the phœnix' sight:
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
  That the self was not the same;
  Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
  Saw division grow together:
  To themselves, yet either-neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried how true a twain
  Seemeth this concordant one!
  Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
  To the phœnix and the dove,
  Co-supremes and stars of love;
As chorus to the tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair,
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb rĕworded
  A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
  And down I lay to list the sad-tuned tale:
  Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a plaited hive of straw,
  Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
  The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
  Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
  Which on it had conceited characters,
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
  That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
  And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
  As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are ty'd
  To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
  Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plat,
  Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,
  Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
  Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
  Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
  Upon whose weeping margent she was set,—
  Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall,
Where want cries *some*, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
  Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
  Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
  Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secresy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
  And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried, O, false blood! thou register of lies,
  What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
  Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh,
  (Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
  The swiftest hours,) observed as they flew;
  Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
  And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
  Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
  If that from him there may be aught apply'd
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
  The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
  Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
  I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But, woe is me! too early I attended
  A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
  That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face:
  Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged and newly deified.

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His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.

Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authorized youth,
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,
"*That horse his mettle from his rider takes:*
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway, [*he makes!*"
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

But quickly on his side the verdict went,
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purposed trim
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserved the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded;
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But, ah! who ever shunn'd with precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O, appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath, that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry, *It is thy last.*

For further I could say, *this man's untrue,*
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought, characters, and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor ever vow.

All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind:
Love made them not; with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind: [find;
They sought their shame that so their shame did
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have received from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invised properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold; each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smiled, or made some moan.

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensive and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender:
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I, their altar, you enpatron me.

O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

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But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
  The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?
Playing the place which did no form receive,
  Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves:
  She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
  The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue.
  And now she would the caged cloister fly:
  Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be enmured,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
  The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
  And mine I pour your ocean all among:
  I, strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
  Who disciplined and dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when I the assail begun,
  All vows and consecrations giving place.
  O, most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
  Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
  Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
  Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame,
And sweetens in the suffering pangs it bears,
  The aloes of all forces, shocks and fears.

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
  Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
  And leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
  Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bounded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
  Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face,
Each cheek a river running from a fount
  With brinish current downward flowed apace.
  O how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who, glazed with crystal, gave the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue incloses.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
  In the small orb of one particular tear?
But with the inundation of the eyes
  What rocky heart to water will not wear?
  What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O, cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
  Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
  Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears;
  Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plentitude of subtle matter,
  Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
  Of swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
  In either's aptness as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white, and swoon at tragic shows;

That not a heart which in his level came,
  Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame; [maim;
  And veil'd in them, would win whom he would
  Against the thing he sought, he would exclaim;
When he most brunt in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
  The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That the unexperienced gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubim above them hover'd.
  Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

O, that infected moisture of his eye,
  O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
  O, that sad breath his spungy lungs bestow'd,
  O, all that borrowed motion, seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!"

THE END.

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